





ONE THOUSAND POEMS
FOR CHILDREN



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A list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

ONE THOUSAND POEMS FOR CHILDREN



A CHOICE OF THE BEST VERSE
OLD AND NEW
EDITED BY ROGER INGPEN

Revised and Enlarged Edition
Illustrated by Ethel Franklin Betts

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Prefatory Note

As perhaps nothing leaves a more lasting impression on the memory than the poems one learns in childhood, it is important that children should be provided with poetry that is both pleasant to read and profitable to remember, and it is to meet these two needs that the present volume has been prepared.

In compiling the work, the two objects which have primarily been kept in mind are the claim of poetry and the demand of the children; but, since the collection is intended chiefly for the pleasure of our boys and girls, the demand of the children has been considered first. For this reason, most of the old favorites which, because of their very familiarity, deserve a place in all collections of children's verse, have been selected, together with a generous quantity of nursery rhymes; but it has been deemed wise also to include the most desirable specimens of recent juvenile poetry. The form of verse that first appeals to the young is that of a mere pleasing repetition of sound and rhythm without regard to meaning; but this soon gives way to the little story, quite simple and simply told, it is true, but which nevertheless conveys an idea. The story continues to hold its place in the affection of the child until the period of youth is reached, when abstract subjects in poetry begin to offer attraction, and a child cannot be said really to care for poetry in the true sense until this time arrives.

The sections into which the book are divided do not seem to demand much explanation, as it can be seen at a glance that the volume embraces poems for children of all ages, from the very little tot to the average child of fifteen years. The first part, of course, is intended for young children; the second part for older boys and girls who have reached an age at which they can appreciate such material as is included therein. The sections entitled "Ballads," "Girlhood" and "Miscellaneous," contain most of the real poetry in the volume, the earlier divisions being intended to lead up to these later groups. It is believed that every single piece in the book has some special merit, and that the volume will be of particular value to parents and teachers.

The editor's thanks are due the following authors, publishers and author's representatives who have kindly granted permission to use their poems in this volume:—

Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson, for "Chanticleer."

Prefatory Note

Frederick Petersen, for "Wild Geese." Also *Harper's Weekly* in which this poem originally appeared, and its successor *The Independent*.

Mrs. John W. Chadwick, for "King Edwin's Feast" by John W. Chadwick.

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POEMS FOR CHILDREN

PART I

I

Rhymes for Little Ones

EARLY RISING.

GET up, little sister: the morning is
bright,
And the birds are all singing to wel-
come the light;
The buds are all opening: the dew's
on the flower:
If you shake but a branch, see there
falls quite a shower.

By the side of their mothers, look
under the trees,
How the young lambs are skipping
about as they please;
And by all those rings on the water,
I know,
The fishes are merrily swimming be-
low.

The bee, I dare say, has been long on
the wing
To get honey from every flower of the
Spring;
For the bee never idles, but labours
all day,
And thinks, wise little insect, work
better than play.

The lark's singing gaily; it loves the
bright sun,
And rejoices that now the gay Spring
is begun;
For Spring is so cheerful, I think
'twould be wrong
If we did not feel happy to hear the
lark's song.

Get up; for when all things are merry
and glad,
Good children should never be lazy
and sad;
For God gives us daylight, dear sister,
that we
May rejoice like the lark, and may
work like the bee.

Flora Hastings.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD- MORNING.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see,
Then smoothed her work, and folded
it right,
And said, "Dear work, good-night!
good-night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her
head,
Crying "Caw! caw!" on their way to
bed;
She said as she watched their curious
flight,
"Little black things, good-night!
good-night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen
lowed;
The sheep's "bleat! bleat!" came over
the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet de-
light,
"Good little girl, good-night! good-
night!"

She did not say to the sun "Good-night!"
 Though she saw him there like a ball
 of light,
 For she knew he had God's time to
 keep
 All over the world and never could
 sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head,
 The violets curtsied and went to bed;
 And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
 And said, on her knees, her favourite
 prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly
 lay,
 She knew nothing more till again it
 was day:
 And all things said to the beautiful
 sun,
 "Good-morning, good-morning! our
 work is begun."

Lord Houghton.

MY LITTLE BROTHER

LITTLE brother, darling boy,
 You are very dear to me!
 I am happy—full of joy,
 When your smiling face I see.

How I wish that you could speak,
 And could know the words I say!
 Pretty stories I would seek
 To amuse you every day,—

All about the honey-bees,
 Flying past us in the sun;
 Birds that sing among the trees,
 Lambs that in the meadows run.

Shake your rattle—here it is—
 Listen to its merry noise;
 And, when you are tired of this,
 I will bring you other toys.

Mary Lundie Duncan.

INFANT JOY.

I HAVE no name,
 I am but two days old.
 What shall I call thee?
 I happy am,
 Joy is my name—
 Sweet joy befall thee.

Pretty joy!
 Sweet joy but two days old;
 Sweet joy I call thee.
 Thou dost smile,
 I sing the while,
 Sweet joy befall thee!

William Blake.

CHOOSING A NAME.

I HAVE got a new-born sister;
 I was nigh the first that kissed her.
 When the nursing woman brought her
 To papa, his infant daughter,
 How papa's dear eyes did glisten!—
 She will shortly be to christen;
 And papa has made the offer,
 I shall have the naming of her.
 Now I wonder what would please her.
 Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa?
 Ann and Mary, they're too common;
 Joan's too formal for a woman;
 Jane's a prettier name beside;
 But we had a Jane that died.
 They would say, if 'twas Rebecca,
 That she was a little Quaker.
 Edith's pretty, but that looks
 Better in old English books;
 Ellen's left off long ago;
 Blanche is out of fashion now.
 None that I have named as yet
 Are so good as Margaret.
 Emily is neat and fine,
 What do you think of Caroline?
 How I'm puzzled and perplexed
 What to choose or think of next!
 I am in a little fever

Lest the name that I shall give her
Should disgrace her or defame her;
I will leave papa to name her.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

MY LITTLE SISTER.

I HAVE a little sister,
She is only two years old;
But to us at home, who love her,
She is worth her weight in gold.

We often play together;
And I begin to find,
That to make my sister happy,
I must be very kind;

And always very gentle
When we run about and play,
Nor ever take her playthings
Or little toys away.

I must not vex or tease her,
Nor ever angry be
With the darling little sister
That God has given me.

Unknown.

BARTHOLOMEW.

BARTHOLOMEW is very sweet,
From sandy hair to rosy feet.

Bartholomew is six months old,
And dearer far than pearls or gold.

Bartholomew has deep blue eyes,
Round pieces dropped from out the
skies.

Bartholomew is hugged and kissed:
He loves a flower in either fist.

Bartholomew's my saucy son:
No mother has a sweeter one!

Norman Gale.

I MUST NOT TEASE MY MOTHER.

I MUST not tease my mother,
For she is very kind;
And everything she says to me
I must directly mind;
For when I was a baby
And could not speak or walk,
She let me in her bosom sleep,
And taught me how to talk.

I must not tease my mother;
And when she likes to read,
Or has the headache, I will step
Most silently indeed:
I will not choose a noisy play,
Nor trifling troubles tell,
But sit down quiet by her side,
And try to make her well.

I must not tease my mother;
I've heard dear father say,
When I was in my cradle sick
She nursed me night and day;
She lays me in my little bed,
She gives me clothes and food,
And I have nothing else to pay
But trying to be good.

I must not tease my mother;
She loves me all the day,
And she has patience with my faults,
And teaches me to pray.
How much I'll strive to please her,
She every hour shall see;
For should she go away or die,
What would become of me?

Lydia Huntly Sigourney.

BABY.

From "At the Back of the North Wind."
WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle
and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth
and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm
white rose?
I saw something better than any one
knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of
bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and
hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, where did you come, you darling
things?
From the same box as the cherubs'
wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am
here.

George Macdonald.

"ONLY A BABY SMALL."

ONLY a baby small,
Dropped from the skies,
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes;

Only two cherry lips,
One chubby nose;
Only two little hands,
Ten little toes.

Only a golden head,
Curly and soft;
Only a tongue that wags
Loudly and oft;
Only a little brain,
Empty of thought;
Only a little heart,
Troubled with naught.

Only a tender flower
Sent us to rear;
Only a life to love
While we are here;
Only a baby small
Never at rest;
Small, but how dear to us,
God knoweth best.

Matthias Barr.

THE FIRST TOOTH.

SISTER.

THROUGH the house what busy joy,
Just because the infant boy
Has a tiny tooth to show.
I have got a double row,
All as white, and all as small;
Yet no one cares for mine at all.
He can say but half a word,
Yet that single sound's preferred
To all the words that I can say
In the longest summer day.
He cannot walk; yet if he put
With mimic motion out his foot
As if he thought he were advancing,
It's prized more than my best dancing

BROTHER.

Sister, I know you jesting are;
Yet O! of jealousy beware.
If the smallest seed should be
In your mind of jealousy,

It will spring, and it will shoot,
Till it bear the baneful fruit.
I remember you, my dear,
Young as is this infant here.
There was not a tooth of those
Your pretty even ivory rows,
But as anxiously was watched,
Till it burst its shell new hatched,
As if it a Phoenix were,
Or some other wonder rare.
So when you began to walk—
So when you began to talk—
As now, the same encomiums past.
'Tis not fitting this should last
Longer than our infant days;
A child is fed with milk and praise.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE CRUST OF BREAD.

I MUST not throw upon the floor
The crust I cannot eat;
For many little hungry ones
Would think it quite a treat.

My parents labour very hard
To get me wholesome food;
Then I must never waste a bit
That would do others good.

For wilful waste makes woeful want,
And I may live to say,
Oh! how I wish I had the bread
That once I threw away!

Unknown.

I LOVE LITTLE PUSSY.

I LOVE little Pussy.
Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm.
So I'll not pull her tail,
Or drive her away,
But pussy and I
Very gently will play.

She will sit by my side,
And I'll give her her food,
And she'll like me because
I am gentle and good.

I'll pat little Pussy,
And then she will purr,
And thus show her thanks
For my kindness to her;
I'll not pinch her ears,
Nor tread on her paw,
Lest I should provoke her
To use her sharp claw;
I never will vex her,
Nor make her displeased,
For Pussy can't bear
To be worried or teased.

Jane Taylor.

THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW.

THE north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!

He'll sit in a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing.
Poor thing!

Unknown.

A VISIT TO THE LAMBS.

MAMMA, let's go and see the lambs;
This warm and sunny day
I think must make them very glad,
And full of fun and play.

Ah, there they are! You pretty things,
Now don't you run away;
I'm come on purpose with mamma,
To see you this fine day.

What pretty little heads you've got,
And such good-natured eyes;
And ruff of wool all round your necks,
How nicely curl'd it lies.

Come here, my pretty lambkin, come,
 And lick my hand—now do!
 How silly to be so afraid—
 Indeed, I won't hurt you.

Just put your hand upon its back,
 Mamma—how nice and warm;
 There, pretty lamb, you see I don't
 Intend to do you harm.

Unknown.

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

SUPPOSE the little Cowslip
 Should hang its golden cup
 And say, "I'm such a little flower
 I'd better not grow up!"
 How many a weary traveller
 Would miss its fragrant smell,
 How many a little child would grieve
 To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening Dewdrop
 Upon the grass should say,
 "What can a little dewdrop do?
 I'd better roll away!"
 The blade on which it rested,
 Before the day was done,
 Without a drop to moisten it,
 Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little Breezes,
 Upon a summer's day,
 Should think themselves too small to
 cool

The traveller on his way:
 Who would not miss the smallest
 And softest ones that blow,
 And think they made a great mistake
 If they were acting so?

How many deeds of kindness
 A little child can do,
 Although it has but little strength
 And little wisdom too!

It wants a loving spirit
 Much more than strength, to prove
 How many things a child may do
 For others by its love.

Epes Sargent.

THE LITTLE STAR.

TWINKLE, twinkle little star,
 How I wonder what you are;
 Up above the world, so bright,
 Like a diamond in the night.

When the blazing sun is gone,
 When he nothing shines upon,
 Then you show your little light,
 Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark,
 Thanks you for your tiny spark;
 He could not tell which way to go
 If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
 And often through my curtains peep;
 For you never shut your eye
 Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
 Lights the traveller in the dark,
 Though I know not what you are,
 Twinkle, twinkle little star.

Unknown.

THE MOTHER'S RETURN.

A MONTH, sweet Little-ones, is past
 Since your dear Mother went away,—
 And she to-morrow will return;
 To-morrow is the happy day.

O blessed tidings! thought of joy!
 The eldest heard with steady glee;
 Silent he stood: then laughed amain,—
 And shouted, "Mother, come to
 me!"

Louder and louder did he shout,
With witless hope to bring her near;
“Nay, patience! patience, little boy!
Your tender mother cannot hear!”

I told of hills, and far-off towns,
And long, long vales to travel
through;
He listens, puzzled, sore perplexed,
But he submits; what can he do?

No strife disturbs his sister's breast;
She wars not with the mystery
Of time and distance, night and day;
The bonds of our humanity.

Her joy is like an instinct, joy
Of kitten, bird, or summer fly;
She dances, runs, without an aim,
She chatters in her ecstasy.

Her brother now takes up the note,
And echoes back his sister's glee;
They hug the infant in my arms,
As if to force his sympathy.

Then, settling into fond discourse,
We rested in the garden bower;
While sweetly shone the evening sun
In his departing hour.

We told o'er all that we had done,—
Our rambles by the swift brook's
side
Far as the willow-skirted pool,
Where two fair swans together glide.

We talked of change, of winter gone,
Of green leaves on the hawthorn
spray,
Of birds that build their nests and
sing,
And “all since Mother went away!”

To her these tales they will repeat,
To her our new-born tribes will
show,
The goslings green, the ass's colt,
The lambs that in the meadow go.

But, see, the evening star comes forth!
To bed the children must depart:
A moment's heaviness they feel,
A sadness at the heart:

—'Tis gone—and in a merry fit
They run up-stairs in gamesome
race:
I, too, infected by their mood,—
I could have joined the wanton
chase.

Five minutes past—and O, the change!
Asleep upon their beds they lie;
Their busy limbs in perfect rest,
And closed the sparkling eye.

Dorothy Wordsworth.

HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flow'r!

How skillfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for ev'ry day
Some good account at last.

Isaac Watts.

Poems for Children

BABY-LAND.

“WHICH is the way to Baby-land?”

“Any one can tell;
Up one flight,
To your right;
Please to ring the bell.”

“What can you see in Baby-land?”

“Little folks in white—
Downy heads,
Cradle-beds,
Faces pure and bright!”

“What do they do in Baby-land?”

“Dream and wake and play,
Laugh and crow,
Shout and grow;
Jolly times have they!”

“What do they say in Baby-land?”

“Why, the oddest things;
Might as well
Try to tell
What a birdie sings!”

“Who is the Queen of Baby-land?”

“Mother, kind and sweet;
And her love,
Born above,
Guides the little feet.”

George Cooper.

LET DOGS DELIGHT TO BARK
AND BITE.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the Blessed Virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb,
And, as His stature grew,
He grew in favour both with man,
And God His Father, too.

Now Lord of all, He reigns above,
And from His heavenly throne
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

Isaac Watts.

THE COW.

THANK you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day, and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and
white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslip eat,
That will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

Jane Taylor.

COME HERE LITTLE ROBIN.

COME here, little Robin, and don't be
afraid,

I would not hurt even a feather;
Come here, little Robin, and pick up
some bread,

To feed you this very cold weather.

I don't mean to hurt you, you poor
little thing,
And pussy-cat is not behind me;
So hop about pretty, and put down
your wing,
And pick up the crumbs, and don't
mind me!

Cold Winter is come, but it will not
last long,
And Summer we soon shall be
greeting;
Then remember, sweet Robin, to sing
me a song,
In return for the breakfast you're
eating!

Unknown.

PUSSY-CAT.

PUSSY-CAT lives in the servants' hall.
She can set up her back and purr:
The little mice live in a crack in the
wall,
But they hardly dare venture to
stir.

For whenever they think of taking
the air,
Or filling their little maws,
The pussy-cat says, "Come out if you
dare;
I will catch you all with my claws."

Scrabble, scrabble, scrabble! went all
the little mice,
For they smelt the Cheshire cheese;
The pussy-cat said, "It smells very
nice,
Now *do* come out if you please."

"Squeak!" said the little mouse.
"Squeak, squeak, squeak!"
Said all the young ones too,
"We never creep out when cats are
about,
Because we're afraid of *you*."

So the cunning old cat lay down on a
mat,
By the fire in the servants' hall:
"If the little mice peep they'll think
I'm asleep";
So she rolled herself up like a ball.

"Squeak!" said the little mouse,
"we'll creep out
And eat some Cheshire cheese;
That silly old cat is asleep on the mat,
And we may sup at our ease."

Nibble, nibble, nibble! went all the
little mice,
And they licked their little paws;
Then the cunning old cat sprang up
from the mat,
And caught them all with her claws.

Ann Hawkshawe.

STRANGE LANDS.

WHERE do you come from, Mr. Jay?
"From the land of Play, from the
land of Play."
And where can that be, Mr. Jay?
"Far away—far away."

Where do you come from, Mrs.
Dove?
"From the land of Love, from the
land of Love."
And how do you get there, Mrs.
Dove?
"Look above—look above."

Where do you come from, Baby
Miss?
"From the land of Bliss, from the
land of Bliss."
And what is the way there, Baby
Miss?
"Mother's kiss—mother's kiss."

Laurence Alma-Tadema.

Poems for Children

THE LAMB.

COME, pretty lamb, do stay with me,
 You look so very mild;
 I'll love you very much—now see!
 He's scampered off quite wild.

And do you think I'd hurt you, dear?
 You run away so quick;
 I only want to feed you here,
 And nurse you when you're sick.

I must not fret that you will go,
 And run away from me;
 I love my own mamma, I know,
 And you love yours, I see.

Then keep in sight, do, pretty lamb,
 And crop the meadows gay,
 Or gambol near your sober dam,
 That I may see you play.

Unknown.

THE FLOWERS.

PRETTY flowers, tell me why
 All your leaves do open wide,
 Every morning, when on high
 The noble sun begins to ride?

This is why, my lady fair,
 If you would the reason know;
 For betimes the pleasant air
 Very cheerfully does blow:

And the birds on every tree
 Sing a very merry tune,
 And the little honey bee
 Comes to suck my sugar soon.

This is all the reason why
 I my little leaves undo;
 Lady, lady, wake and try
 If I have not told you true.

Unknown.

THE VIOLET.

DOWN in a green and shady bed,
 A modest violet grew,
 Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
 As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
 Its colour bright and fair;
 It might have graced a rosy bower,
 Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
 In modest tints arrayed;
 And there diffused its sweet perfume,
 Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
 This pretty flower to see;
 That I may also learn to grow
 In sweet humility.

Jane Taylor.

THE ROBIN REDBREASTS.

Two Robin Redbreasts built their nest
 Within a hollow tree;
 The hen sat quietly at home,
 The cock sang merrily;
 And all the little young ones said,
 "Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee!"

One day (the sun was warm and
 bright,
 And shining in the sky),
 Cock Robin said, "My little dears,
 'Tis time you learn to fly;"
 And all the little young ones said,
 "I'll try, I'll try, I'll try!"

I know a child, and who she is
 I'll tell you by-and-bye,
 When mamma says, "Do this," or
 "That,"
 She says, "What for?" and
 "Why?"

She'd be a better child by far
 If she would say, "I'll try."

Ann Hawkshawe.

CRUMBS TO THE BIRDS.

A BIRD appears a thoughtless thing,
He's ever living on the wing,
And keeps up such a carolling,
That little else to do but sing

A man would guess had he.

No doubt he has his little cares,
And very hard he often fares,
The which so patiently he bears,
That listening to those cheerful airs,
Who knows but he may be

In want of his next meal of seeds?
I think for *that* his sweet song pleads.
If so, his pretty art succeeds,
I'll scatter there among the weeds
All the small crumbs I have.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

ELIZA and Anne were extremely dis-
tress'd
To see an old bird fly away from her
nest,
And leave her poor young ones
alone;
The pitiful chirping they heard from
the tree
Made them think it as cruel as cruel
could be,
Not knowing for what she had
flown.

But, when with a worm in her bill she
return'd,
They smil'd on each other, soon hav-
ing discern'd
She had not forsaken her brood!
But like their dear mother was careful
and kind,
Still thinking of them, though she left
them behind
To seek for them suitable food.

Elizabeth Turner.

THE SHEEP.

LAZY sheep, pray tell me why
In the grassy fields you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white,
From the morning till the night?
Every thing can something do,
But what kind of use are you?

Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray;
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back to make you clothes?
Cold, and very cold you'd get,
If I did not give you it.

Sure it seems a pleasant thing
To nip the daisies in the spring,
But many chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,
Or pick a scanty dinner where
All the common's brown and bare.

Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
And cuts my woolly coat away
To warm you in the winter's day;
Little master, this is why
In the grassy fields I lie.

Ann Taylor.

THE PET LAMB.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars
began to blink;
I heard a voice; it said, "Drink,
pretty creature, drink!"
And, looking o'er the hedge, before
me I espied
A snow-white mountain-lamb, with
a Maiden at its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near; the
lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered
to a stone;

Poems for Children

With one knee on the grass did the
little Maiden kneel,
While to that mountain-lamb she
gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he
thus his supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears;
and his tail with pleasure
shook.
“Drink, pretty creature, drink,” she
said in such a tone
That I almost received her heart
into my own.

’Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a
child of beauty rare!
I watched them with delight, they
were a lovely pair.
Now with her empty can the
maiden turned away:
But ere ten yards were gone her
footsteps did she stay.

Right towards the lamb she looked:
and from a shady place
I unobserved could see the workings
of her face;
If Nature to her tongue could meas-
ured numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb the
little Maid might sing:

“What ails thee, young One, what?
Why pull so at thy cord?
Is it not well with thee? well both
for bed and board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green
as grass can be:
Rest, little young One, rest; what
is’t that aileth thee?

“What is it thou wouldst seek? What
is wanting to thy heart?
Thy limbs, are they not strong?
And beautiful thou art:

This grass is tender grass: these
flowers they have no peers:
And that green corn is all day rus-
tling in thy ears!

“If the sun be shining hot, do but
stretch thy woollen chain,
This beech is standing by, its covert
thou canst gain;
For rain and mountain-storms! the
like thou needst not fear,
The rain and storm are things that
scarcely can come here.

“Rest, little One, rest; thou hast for-
got the day
When my father found thee first, in
places far away:
Many flocks were on the hills, but
thou wert owned by none,
And thy mother from thy side for
evermore was gone.

“He took thee in his arms, and in
pity brought thee home;
A blessed day for thee! Then
whither wouldst thou roam?
A faithful nurse thou hast: the
dam that did thee wean
Upon the mountain-tops no kinder
could have been.

“Thou know’st that thrice a day I
have brought thee in this can
Fresh water from the brook, as
clear as ever ran;
And twice in the day, when the
ground is wet with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk—
warm milk it is and new.

“Thy limbs will shortly be twice as
stout as they are now,
Then I’ll yoke thee to my cart like
a pony in the plough;

My playmate shalt thou be; and
when the wind is cold,
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our
house shall be thy fold.

“It will not, will not rest! Poor
creature, can it be
That 'tis thy mother's heart which
is working so in thee?
Things that I know not of belike to
thee are dear,
And dreams of things which thou
canst neither see nor hear.

“Alas! the mountain-tops that look
so green and fair!
I've heard of fearful winds and
darkness that come there;
The little brooks that seem all pas-
time and all play,
When they are angry, roar like
lions for their prey.

“Here thou needst not dread the
raven in the sky;
Night and day thou art safe,—our
cottage is hard by.
Why bleat so after me? why pull so
at thy chain?
Sleep—and at break of day I will
come to thee again!”

As homeward through the lane I
went with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes
repeat;
And it seemed, as I retraced the
ballad line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and
one half of it was *mine*.

Again, and once again, did I repeat
the song,
“Nay,” said I, “more than half to
the damsel must belong,

For she looked with such a look,
and she spoke with such a tone,
That I almost received her heart
into my own.”

William Wordsworth.

THE TURTLE-DOVE'S NEST.

VERY high in the pine-tree,
The little turtle-dove
Made a pretty little nursery,
To please her little love.
She was gentle, she was soft,
And her large dark eye
Often turned to her mate
Who was sitting close by.

“Coo,” said the turtle-dove;
“Coo,” said she;
“Oh, I love thee,” said the turtle-
dove;
“And I love *thee*.”
In the long shady branches
Of the dark pine tree,
How happy were the doves
In their little nursery!

The young turtle-doves
Never quarrelled in the nest;
For they dearly loved each other,
Though they loved their mother
best.

“Coo,” said the little doves,
“Coo,” said she;
And they played together kindly
In the dark pine tree.

Is this nursery of yours,
Little sister, little brother,
Like the turtle-dove's nest—
Do you love one another?
Are you kind, are you gentle,
As children ought to be?
Then the happiest of nests
Is your own nursery.

Ann Hawshawe.

Poems for Children

THE WAVES ON THE SEA-SHORE.

ROLL on, roll on, you restless waves,
That toss about and roar;
But why do you all run back again
When you have reached the shore?

Roll on, roll on, you noisy waves,
Roll higher up the strand;
How is it that you cannot pass
That line of yellow sand?

Make haste, or else the tide will turn;
Make haste, you noisy sea;
Roll quite across the bank, and then
Far on across the lea.

"We must not dare," the waves
reply:

"That line of yellow sand
Is laid along the shore to bond
The waters from the land;

"And all should keep to time and
place.

And all should keep to rule;
Both waves upon the sandy shore,
And little boys at school."

Ann Hawkshawe.

THE CITY MOUSE AND THE GARDEN MOUSE.

THE city mouse lives in a house;—
The garden mouse lives in a bower,
He's friendly with the frogs and
toads,
And sees the pretty plants in
flower.

The city mouse eats bread and
cheese;—

The garden mouse eats what he
can;

We will not grudge him seeds and
stocks,

Poor little timid furry man.

Christina Georgina Rossetti.

THE NEST.

ARTHUR, to Robert, made a sign
That check'd his merry tongue;
And whispered, "See, what luck is
mine,
A blackbird and its young.

"Look through the bush; see, there's
the nest,
The mother, brood, and all;
You shall have her—I'll take the
rest,
But, hold me, lest I fall."

"Stay, Arthur, for a moment, stay,
And think upon the deed;
When you were young and helpless,
say,
Did you a mother need?

"If so, you soon may understand
How these poor birds will fare;
That *you* may *gain* your cruel end,
They lose a mother's care."

Mary Elliott.

BIRDIE.

BIRDIE, birdie, quickly come!
Come and take this little crumb;
Go and fetch your little brother,
And be kind to one another.

Birdie, sing a song to me,
I will very quiet be;
Yes, my birdie—yes, I will
Be so quiet, and so still.

Oh! so still, you shall not hear me;
Fear not, birdie, to come near me;
Tell me, in your pleasant song,
What you're doing all day long.

How you pass the rainy days—
Tell me all about your plays.
Have you lessons, birdie? tell—
Did you learn to read and spell?

Or just fly from tree to tree,
Where you will, at liberty—
Far up in the clear blue sky
Very far, and very high?

Or in pleasant summer hours,
Do you play with pretty flowers?
Birdie, is this all you do?
Then I wish that I were you.

Eliza Lee Follen.

WHAT IS VEAL?

WHEN William asked, how veal was
made,
His little sister smil'd;
"It grew in foreign climes," she said,
And call'd him "silly child."

Eliza, laughing at them both,
Told, to their great surprise,
The meat just cook'd to make them
broth,
Once liv'd—had nose and eyes;

Nay, more, had legs, and walk'd
about;
William in wonder stood;
He could not make the riddle out,
But begged his sister would.

Well, brother, I have had my laugh,
And you shall have yours now;
Veal, when alive, was called a calf;
Its mother was a cow.

Mary Elliott.

THE POPPY.

HIGH on a bright and sunny bed
A scarlet poppy grew;
And up it held its staring head,
And thrust it full in view.

Yet no attention did it win,
By all these efforts made,
And less unwelcome had it been
In some retired shade.

For though within its scarlet breast,
No sweet perfume was found,
It seemed to think itself the best
Of all the flowers around.

From this I may a hint obtain,
And take great care indeed,
Lest I appear as pert and vain
As does this gaudy weed.

Jane Taylor.

THE YOUNG LINNETS.

DID you ever see the nest
Of chaffinch or of linnet,
When the little downy birds
Are lying snugly in it?

Gaping wide their yellow mouths
For something nice to eat?
Caterpillar, worm, or grub,
They reckon dainty meat.

When the mother bird returns,
And finds them still and good,
She will give them each by turns
A proper share of food.

She has hopped from spray to spray,
And peeped with knowing eye
Into all the folded leaves
Where caterpillars lie.

She has searched among the grass,
And flown from tree to tree,
Catching gnats, and flies, to feed
Her little family.

I have seen the linnets chirp,
And shake their downy wings;
They are pleased to see her come,
And pleased with what she brings.

But I never saw them look
Impatient for their food.
Somebody, at dinner time,
Is seldom quite so good.

Ann Hawshawe.

COMMON THINGS.

THE sun is a glorious thing,
That comes alike to all,
Lighting the peasant's lowly cot,
The noble's painted hall.

The moonlight is a gentle thing,
It through the window gleams
Upon the snowy pillow where
The happy infant dreams.

It shines upon the fisher's boat,
Out on the lovely sea;
Or where the little lambkins lie,
Beneath the old oak tree.

The dew-drops on the summer morn,
Sparkle upon the grass;
The village children brush them off,
That through the meadows pass.

There are no gems in monarch's
crowns
More beautiful than they;
And yet we scarcely notice them,
But tread them off in play.

Poor Robin on the pear-tree sings,
Beside the cottage door;
The heath-flower fills the air with
sweets
Upon the pathless moor.

There are as many lovely things,
As many pleasant tones,
For those who sit by cottage-hearths
As those who sit on thrones!

Ann Hawkshawe.

THE GLOW-WORMS.

THE Glow-worm with his horny
wings
Can fly about at will;
And now he settles on the heath,
And now upon the hill.

The while his graceful little wife
And daughters stay at home;
From sheltered nooks and quiet
shades
They could not wish to roam.

The little lady Glow-worms seem
Most gentle little things,
And quite unlike their brothers
bold,
For none of them have wings.

But each within her bosom bears
A tiny lamp that glows
With light as tender as the love
The purest spirit knows.

They would not fly away from
home,
Nor leave it, if they could;
For happy are the homes where all
Are loving, kind, and good.

But he, the little gentleman,
With shining horny wings,
On duty or on pleasure bent,
Forsook the little things.

"He must be weary now, or worn,"
The lady Glow-worm said;
"And soon he will return again,
To rest his weary head.

"And we must kindle up the glow,
Like emeralds at night,
And try to beautify his home
With cheerfulness and light."

Ann Hawkshawe.

THE GREAT BROWN OWL.

THE brown Owl sits in the ivy bush,
And she looketh wondrous wise,
With a horny beak beneath her cowl,
And a pair of large round eyes.

She sat all day on the self-same spray,
From sunrise till sunset;
And the dim, grey light it was all too
bright
For the Owl to see in yet.

“Jenny-Owlet, Jenny-Owlet,” said a
merry little bird,
“They say you’re wondrous wise;
But I don’t think you see, though
you’re looking at ME
With your large, round, shining
eyes.”

But night came soon, and the pale
white moon
Rolled high up in the skies;
And the great brown Owl flew away
in her cowl,
With her round, large, shining eyes.
Ann Hawkshawe.

OH! LOOK AT THE MOON.

Oh! look at the moon,
She is shining up there;
Oh! mother, she looks
Like a lamp in the air.

Last week she was smaller,
And shaped like a bow;
But now she’s grown bigger,
And round as an O.

Pretty moon, pretty moon,
How you shine on the door,
And make it all bright
On my nursery floor!

You shine on my playthings,
And show me their place,
And I love to look up
At your pretty bright face.

And there is a star
Close by you, and may be
That small, twinkling star
Is your little baby.
Eliza Lee Follen.

DAME DUCK’S FIRST LECTURE ON EDUCATION.

OLD Mother Duck has hatched a
brood
Of ducklings, small and callow;
Their little wings are short; their
down
Is mottled grey and yellow.

There is a quiet little stream,
That runs into the moat,
Where tall green sedges spread
their leaves,
And water lilies float.

Close by the margin of the brook
The old duck made her nest,
Of straw, and leaves, and withered
grass,
And down from her own breast.

And there she sat for four long
weeks,
In rainy days and fine,
Until the ducklings all came out—
Four, five, six, seven, eight, nine!

One peeped out from beneath her
wing,
One scrambled on her back;
“That’s very rude,” said old Dame
Duck,
“Get off! quack, quack, quack,
quack.”

“ ’Tis close,” said Dame Duck, shov-
ing out
The egg-shells with her bill;
“Besides it never suits young ducks
To keep them sitting still.”

So, rising from her nest, she said,
“Now, children, look at me:
A well-bred duck should waddle so,
From side to side—d’ye see?”

"Yes," said the little ones, and then
She went on to explain:

"A well-bred duck turns in its toes
As I do—try again."

"Yes," said the ducklings, waddling
on.

"That's better," said their
mother;

"But well-bred ducks walk in a row,
Straight—one behind another."

"Yes," said the little ducks again,
All waddling in a row;

"Now to the pond," said old Dame
Duck—
Splash! splash, and in they go.

"Let me swim first," said old Dame
Duck,

"To this side, now to that;
There, snap at those great brown-
winged flies,
They make young ducklings fat.

"Now, when you reach the poultry-
yard
The hen-wife, Molly Head
Will feed you, with the other fowls,
On bran and mashed-up bread;

"The hens will peck and fight, but
mind,
I hope that all of you
Will gobble up the food as fast
As well-bred ducks should do.

"You'd better get into the dish,
Unless it is too small;
In that case I should use my foot
And overturn it all."

The ducklings did as they were bid,
And found the plan so good
That, from that day, the other
fowls
Got hardly any food.

Ann Hawkshawe.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTHLAND.

AWAY, away in the Northland,
Where the hours of the day are
few,

And the nights are so long in winter
That they cannot sleep them
through;

Where they harness the swift rein-
deer

To the sledges, when it snows;
And the children look like bear's cubs
In their funny, furry clothes:

They tell them a curious story—
I don't believe 'tis true;
And yet you may learn a lesson
If I tell the tale to you.

Once, when the good Saint Peter
Lived in the world below,
And walked about it, preaching,
Just as he did, you know,

He came to the door of a cottage,
In traveling round the earth,
Where a little woman was making
cakes,
And baking them on the hearth;

And being faint with fasting,
For the day was almost done,
He asked her, from her store of cakes,
To give him a single one.

So she made a very little cake,
But as it baking lay,
She looked at it, and thought it
seemed
Too large to give away.

Therefore she kneaded another,
And still a smaller one;
But it looked, when she turned it over,
As large as the first had done.

Then she took a tiny scrap of dough,
And rolled and rolled it flat;
And baked it thin as a wafer—
But she couldn't part with that.

For she said, "My cakes that seem too
small
When I eat of them myself
Are yet too large to give away."
So she put them on the shelf.

Then good Saint Peter grew angry,
For he was hungry and faint;
And surely such a woman
Was enough to provoke a saint.

And he said, "You are far too selfish
To dwell in a human form,
To have both food and shelter,
And fire to keep you warm.

"Now, you shall build as the birds do,
And shall get your scanty food
By boring, and boring, and boring,
All day in the hard, dry wood."

Then up she went through the chim-
ney,
Never speaking a word,
And out of the top flew a woodpecker,
For she was changed to a bird.

She had a scarlet cap on her head,
And that was left the same,
But all the rest of her clothes were
burned
Black as a coal in the flame.

And every country schoolboy
Has seen her in the wood,
Where she lives in the trees till this
very day,
Boring and boring for food.

And this is the lesson she teaches:
Live not for yourself alone,
Lest the needs you will not pity
Shall one day be your own.

Give plenty of what is given to you,
Listen to pity's call;
Don't think the little you give is
great,
And the much you get is small.

Now, my little boy, remember that,
And try to be kind and good,
When you see the woodpecker's sooty
dress,
And see her scarlet hood.

You mayn't be changed to a bird
though you live
As selfishly as you can;
But you will be changed to a smaller
thing—
A mean and selfish man.

Phæbe Cary.

THE CHORUS OF FROGS.

"YAUP, yaup, yaup!"
Said the croaking voice of a frog:
"A rainy day
In the month of May,
And plenty of room in the bog."

"Yaup, yaup, yaup!"
Said the frog, as it hopped away:
"The insects feed
On the floating weed,
And I'm hungry for dinner to-day."

"Yaup, yaup, yaup!"
Said the frog as it splashed about:
"Good neighbours all,
When you hear me call,
It is odd that you do not come out."

"Yaup, yaup, yaup!"
Said the frogs; "it is charming
weather;
We'll come and sup
When the moon is up,
And we'll all of us croak together."

Ann Hawkshawe.

"WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?"

WHO has seen the wind?
 Neither I nor you:
 But when the leaves hang trem-
 bling,
 The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
 Neither you nor I:
 But when the trees bow down
 their heads,
 The wind is passing by.

Christina Georgina Rossetti.

A CAT TO HER KITTENS.

"LITTLE kittens, be quiet—be quiet,
 I say!
 You see I am not in the humour for
 play.
 I've watched a long time every
 crack in the house,
 Without being able to catch you a
 mouse.

"Now, Muff, I desire you will let my
 foot go;
 And, Prinny, how can you keep
 jumping, miss, so?

"Little Tiny, get up, and stand on
 your feet,
 And be, if you can, a little discreet!
 Am I to be worried and harass'd by
 you,
 Till I really don't know what to
 think or to do?

"But hush! hush! this minute! now
 don't mew and cry—
 My anger is cooling, and soon will
 pass by,
 So kiss me and come and sit down
 on the mat,
 And make your dear mother a nice
 happy cat."

Eliza Grove.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

BUTTERFLY, butterfly, brilliant and
 bright,
 How very often I envy your flight!
 I think I should like through the
 whole summer day,
 Like you, pretty insect, to flutter and
 play.

Butterfly, butterfly, onward you fly,
 Now skimming so lowly, now rising
 so high,
 First on the jessamine, then on the
 rose,
 Then you will visit the pinks, I sup-
 pose?

Now you are resting, pray let me
 come near:
 I will not hurt you, nor touch you,
 don't fear;
 For mamma says my hand is too
 heavy by far,
 To touch such little creatures as
 butterflies are.

Now you are off again. Butterfly,
 stay;
 Don't fly away from me, butterfly,
 pray:
 Just let me look at your beautiful
 wings;
 Oh! it does not mind me, but upward
 it springs.

Flora Hastings.

THE CANARY.

MARY had a little bird,
 With feathers bright and yellow,
 Slender legs—upon my word,
 He was a pretty fellow!

Sweetest notes he always sung,
 Which much delighted Mary;
 Often when his cage was hung,
 She sat to hear Canary.

Crumbs of bread and dainty seeds
She carried to him daily:
Seeking for the early weeds,
She deck'd his palace gaily.

This, my little readers, learn,
And ever practise duly;
Songs and smiles of love return
To friends who love you truly.

Elizabeth Turner.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

LITTLE children, never give
Pain to things that feel and live;
Let the gentle robin come
For the crumbs you save at home,—
As his meat you throw along
He'll repay you with a song;
Never hurt the timid hare
Peeping from her green grass lair,
Let her come and sport and play
On the lawn at close of day;
The little lark goes soaring high
To the bright windows of the sky,
Singing as if 'twere always spring,
And fluttering on an untired wing,—
Oh! let him sing his happy song,
Nor do these gentle creatures wrong.

Unknown.

THE CLOCKING HEN.

“WILL you take a walk with me,
My little wife to-day?
There's barley in the barley-fields,
And hay-seed in the hay.”
“Thank you,” said the clocking hen;
“I've something else to do;
I'm busy sitting on my eggs,
I cannot walk with you.”
“Clock, clock, clock, clock,”
Said the clocking hen;
“My little chicks will soon be hatch'd,
I'll think about it then.”

The clocking hen sat on her nest,
She made it in the hay;
And warm and snug beneath her
breast.
A dozen white eggs lay.

Crack, crack, went all the eggs;
Out dropp'd the chickens small!
“Clock,” said the clocking hen,
Now I have you all.

“Come along, my little chick,
I'll take a walk with *you*.”
“Hallo!” said the barn-door cock,
“Cock-a-doodle-doo.”

Ann Hawkshawe.

SLEEPY HARRY.

GET up, little boy, you are sleeping
too long,
Your brother is dressed and singing a
song,
And you must be wakened,—oh! fie!
Come, come open the curtains, and let
in the light,
For children should only be sleepy at
night,
When stars may be seen in the sky.

Unknown.

THE WORLD.

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful
world,
With the wonderful water round
you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your
breast—
World, you are beautifully drest.
The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking
the tree,
It walks on the water and whirls
the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of
the hills.

You friendly Earth! how far you go,
 With the wheat-fields that nod and
 the rivers that flow,
 With cities and gardens, and cliffs
 and isles,
 And people upon you for thousands
 of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so
 small,
 I tremble to think of you, World, at
 all;
 And yet when I said my prayers
 to-day,
 A whisper inside me seemed to say,
 "You are more than the Earth,
 though you are such a dot:
 You can love and think, and the
 Earth cannot!"

William Brighty Rands.

THE LAMB.

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
 Dost thou know who made thee?
 Gave thee life and bid thee feed
 By the stream and o'er the mead;
 Gave thee clothing of delight,
 Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
 Gave thee such a tender voice
 Making all the vales rejoice;
 Little lamb, who made thee?
 Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee,
 Little lamb, I'll tell thee.
 He is called by thy name,
 For He calls Himself a Lamb;
 He is meek and He is mild,
 He became a little child
 I a child and thou a lamb,
 We are called by His Name
 Little lamb, God bless thee,
 Little lamb, God bless thee.

William Blake.

THE LOST LAMB.

STORM upon the mountain,
 Night upon its throne!
 And the little snow-white lamb,
 Left alone, alone!
 Storm upon the mountain,
 Rainy torrents beating,
 And the little snow-white lamb,
 Bleating, ever bleating!

Down the glen the shepherd
 Drives his flock afar;
 Through the murky mist and cloud,
 Shines no beacon star.
 Fast he hurries onward,
 Never hears the moan
 Of the pretty snow-white lamb,
 Left alone, alone!

At the shepherd's doorway
 Stands his little son;
 Sees the sheep come trooping home,
 Counts them one by one;
 Counts them full and fairly—
 Trace he findeth none
 Of the little snow-white lamb,
 Left alone, alone!

Up the glen he races,
 Breasts the bitter wind,
 Scours across the plain and leaves
 Wood and wold behind;—
 Storm upon the mountain,
 Night upon its throne,—
 There he finds the little lamb,
 Left alone, alone!

Struggling, panting, sobbing,
 Kneeling on the ground,
 Round the pretty creature's neck
 Both his arms are wound;
 Soon within his bosom,
 All its bleatings done,
 Home he bears the little lamb,
 Left alone, alone!

Oh! the happy faces,
 By the shepherd's fire!
 High without the tempest roars,
 But the laugh rings higher.
 Young and old together
 Make that joy their own—
 In their midst the little lamb,
 Left alone, alone!

Thomas Westwood.

THE GREEDY PIGGY THAT ATE TOO FAST.

"OH, Piggy, what was in your trough
 That thus you raise your head and
 cough?

Was it a rough, a crooked bone,
 That cookey in the pail had thrown?
 Speak, Piggy, speak! and tell me
 plain

What 'tis that seems to cause you
 pain."

"Oh, thank you, sir! I will speak out
 As soon as I can clear my throat.
 This morning, when I left my sty,
 So eager for my food was I,
 That I began my rich repast—

I blush to own it—rather fast;
 And, what with haste, sir, and ill-
 luck,

A something in my poor throat
 stuck,

Which I discover'd very soon
 To be a silver table-spoon.

This, sir, is all—no other tale
 Have I against the kitchen-pail."

"I hope it is; but I must own
 I'm sorry for my table-spoon;
 And scarcely can I overlook
 The carelessness of Mistress Cook.
 But, Piggy, profit by your pain,
 And do not eat so fast again."

Eliza Grove.

A LITTLE HOBBY-HORSE.

THERE was a little hobby-horse,
 Whose name I do not know,—
 An idle little hobby-horse,
 That said he wouldn't go.

But his master said, "If it be so
 That you will only play,
 You idle rogue, you shall not eat
 My nice sweet clover-hay!"

Then Hobby shook his saucy head,
 And said, "If that's the case,
 Rather than go without my hay,
 I'll try and mend my pace."

Eliza Grove.

THE POND.

THERE was a round pond, and a
 pretty pond too,
 About it white daisies and butter-
 flowers grew;
 And dark weeping willows that
 stoop to the ground,
 Dipp'd in their long branches and
 shaded it round.

A party of ducks to this pond would
 repair,
 To feast on the green water-weeds
 that grew there:
 Indeed, the assembly would fre-
 quently meet,
 To talk over affairs in this pleasant
 retreat.

Now, the subjects on which they
 were wont to converse,
 I'm sorry I cannot include in my
 verse;
 For though I've oft listened, in
 hopes of discerning,
 I own 'tis a matter that baffles my
 learning.

One day a young chicken that lived
thereabout,
Stood watching to see the ducks
pass in and out;
Now standing tail upward, now diving
below;
She thought of all things she should
like to do so.

So this foolish chicken began to declare,
“I’ve really a great mind to venture
in there;
My mother oft tells me I must not
go nigh,
But then, for my part, I can never
tell why.

“Wings and feathers have ducks, and
so have I too;
And my feet, what’s the reason that
they will not do?
Though *my* beak is pointed, and
their beaks are round,
Is that any reason that I should be
drowned?

“So why should not I swim as well
as a duck?
Suppose that I venture, and e’en
try my luck!
For,” said she (spite of all that her
mother had taught her),
“I am so remarkably fond of the
water.”

So in this poor ignorant creature
flew,
But soon found her dear mother’s
cautions were true;
She splashed and she dashed and
she turned herself round,
And heartily wished herself safe on
the ground.

But ’twas too late to begin to repent,
The harder she struggled the deeper
she went;
And when every effort she vainly
had tried,
She slowly sunk down to the bottom
and died!

The ducks, I perceived, began
loudly to quack,
When they saw the poor fowl floating
dead on its back;
And by their grave gestures and
looks ’twas apparent
They discoursed on the sin of not
minding a parent.

Jane Taylor.

THE SPIDER AND HIS WIFE.

IN a dark little crack, half a yard
from the ground,
An honest old spider resided;
So pleasant, and snug, and convenient
’twas found,
That his friends came to see it for
many miles round:
It seemed for his pleasure provided.

Of the cares, and fatigues, and distresses
of life,
This spider was thoroughly tired:
So, leaving those scenes of contention
and strife
(His children all settled), he came
with his wife,
To live in this cranny retired.

He thought that the little his wife
would consume
’Twould be easy for him to provide
her;
Forgetting he lived in a gentleman’s
room,
Where came every morning a maid
and a broom,
Those pitiless foes to a spider!

For when (as sometimes it would
chance to befall),
Just when his neat web was com-
pleted,
Brush—came the great broom down
the side of the wall,
And, perhaps, carried with it, web,
spider, and all,
He thought himself cruelly treated.

One day, when their cupboard was
empty and dry,
His wife (Mrs. Hairy-leg Spinner),
Said to him, "Dear, go to the cobweb
and try
If you can't find the leg or the wing
of a fly,
As a bit of a relish for dinner."

Directly he went, his long search to
resume
(For nothing he ever denied her),
Alas! little guessing his terrible doom,
Just then came the gentleman into his
room
And saw the unfortunate spider.

So while the poor fellow in search of
his pelf,
In the cobweb continued to linger,
The gentleman reached a long cane
from the shelf
(For certain good reasons best known
to himself,
Preferring his *stick* to his *finger*).

Then presently, poking him down to
the floor,
Nor stopping at all to consider,
With one horrid crash the whole bus'-
ness was o'er,
The poor little spider was heard of no
more,
To the lasting distress of his widow!

Jane Taylor.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

COME, take up your hats, and away let
us haste
To the Butterfly's ball and the Grass-
hopper's feast;
The trumpeter Gadfly has summon'd
the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting
for you.

On the smooth shaven grass by the
side of the wood,
Beneath a broad oak that for ages has
stood,
See the children of earth, and the
tenants of air,
For an evening's amusement together
repair.

And there came the Beetle, so blind
and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend,
on his back;
And there was the Gnat, and the
Dragon-fly too,
With all their relations, green, orange,
and blue.

And there came the Moth in his plum-
age of down,
And the Hornet in jacket of yellow
and brown,
Who with him the Wasp his com-
panion did bring,
But they promised that evening to
lay by their sting.

And the sly little Dormouse crept out
of his hole,
And led to the feast his blind brother
the Mole;
And the Snail, with his horns peeping
out from his shell,
Came from a great distance — the
length of an ell.

A mushroom their table, and on it was
laid
A water dock leaf, with a table-cloth
made;
The viands were various, to each of
their taste,
And the Bee brought his honey to
crown the repast.

There close on his haunches, so solemn
and wise,
The Frog from a corner look'd up to
the skies;
And the Squirrel well-pleased such
diversion to see,
Sat cracking his nuts overhead in a
tree.

Then out came the Spider, with fingers
so fine,
To show his dexterity on the tight
line;
From one branch to another his cob-
webs he slung,
Then as quick as an arrow he darted
along.

But just in the middle, oh! shocking
to tell!
From his rope in an instant poor
Harlequin fell;
Yet he touch'd not the ground, but
with talons outspread,
Hung suspended in air at the end of
a thread.

Then the Grasshopper came with a
jerk and a spring,
Very long was his leg, though but
short was his wing;
He took but three leaps, and was soon
out of sight,
Then chirp'd his own praises the rest
of the night.

With step so majestic the Snail did
advance,
And promised the gazers a minuet to
dance;
But they all laugh'd so loud that he
pull'd in his head,
And went in his own little chamber
to bed.

Then as evening gave way to the
shadows of night,
The watchman, the Glow-worm, came
out with his light;
Then home let us hasten while yet we
can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you
and for me.

William Roscoe.

THE BUTTERFLY'S FUNERAL.

OH ye! who so lately were blithesome
and gay,
At the Butterfly's banquet carousing
away;
Your feasts and your revels of pleas-
ure are fled,
For the chief of the banquet, the
Butterfly's dead!

No longer the Flies and the Emmets
advance,
To join with their friends in the
Grasshopper's dance,
For see his fine form o'er the favour-
ite bend,
And the Grasshopper mourns for the
loss of his friend.

And hark to the funeral dirge of the
Bee,
And the Beetle, who follows as solemn
as he!
And see, where so mournful the green
rushes wave,
The Mole is preparing the Butterfly's
grave.

The Dormouse attended, but cold and
forlorn,
And the Gnat slowly winded his shrill
little horn;
And the Moth, being grieved at the
loss of a sister,
Bent over her body and silently kissed
her.

The corpse was embalmed at the set
of the sun,
And enclosed in a case which the Silk-
worm had spun;
By the help of the Hornet the coffin
was laid
On a bier out of myrtle and jessamine
made.

In weepers and scarfs came the
Butterflies all,
And six of their number supported the
pall;
And the Spider came there in his
mourning so black,
But the fire of the Glow-worm soon
frightened him back.

The Grub left his nut-shell to join the
sad throng,
And slowly led with him the Book-
worm along,
Who wept for his neighbour's unfor-
tunate doom,
And wrote these few lines, to be placed
on his tomb:

EPITAPH.

At this solemn spot, where the green
rushes wave,
In sadness we bent o'er the Butter-
fly's grave;
'Twas here the last tribute to beauty
we paid,
As we wept o'er the mound where her
ashes are laid.

And here shall the daisy and violet
blow,
And the lily discover her bosom of
snow;
While under the leaves, in the even-
ings of spring,
Still mourning his friend, shall the
Grasshopper sing.

Unknown.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

"WILL you walk into my parlour?"
said the Spider to the Fly,
" 'Tis the prettiest little parlour that
ever you did spy;
The way into my parlour is up a
winding stair,
And I have many curious things to
show when you are there."
"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly; "to
ask me is in vain;
For who goes up your winding stair
can ne'er come down again."
"I'm sure you must be weary, dear,
with soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?"
said the Spider to the Fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn
around; the sheets are fine and
thin,
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll
snugly tuck you in!"
"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly,
"for I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again, who
sleep upon your bed!"
Said the cunning Spider to the Fly:
"Dear friend, what can I do,
To prove the warm affection I've
always felt for you?
I have within my pantry good store
of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome—will
you please to take a slice?"
"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly,
"kind sir, that cannot be,

I've heard what's in your pantry,
 and I do not wish to see! "

"Sweet creature!" said the Spider,
 "you're witty and you're wise,
 How handsome are your gauzy
 wings, how brilliant are your
 eyes;
 I have a little looking-glass upon
 my parlour shelf,
 If you'll step in one moment, dear,
 you shall behold yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said,
 "for what you're pleased to
 say,
 And bidding you good morning
 now, I call another day."

The Spider turned him round about,
 and went into his den,
 For well he knew the silly Fly
 would soon come back again:
 So he wove a subtle web in a little
 corner sly,
 And set his table ready to dine
 upon the Fly.

Then he came out to his door again,
 and merrily did sing,
 "Come hither, hither, pretty Fly,
 with the pearl and silver wing;
 Your robes are green and purple—
 there's a crest upon your head;
 Your eyes are like the diamond
 bright, but mine are dull as
 lead!"

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly
 little Fly,
 Hearing his wily, flattering words,
 came slowly flitting by;
 With buzzing wings she hung aloft,
 then near and nearer drew,
 Thinking only of her brilliant eyes,
 and green and purple hue—
 Thinking only of her crested head—
 poor foolish thing!—at last
 Up jump'd the cunning Spider,
 and fiercely held her fast.

He dragg'd her up his winding
 stair, into his dismal den,
 Within his little parlour—but she
 ne'er came out again!

And now, dear little children, who
 may this story read,
 To idle, silly, flattering words, I
 pray you ne'er give heed:
 Unto an evil counsellor close heart
 and ear and eye,
 And take a lesson from this tale,
 of the Spider and the Fly.

Mary Howitt.

SNOWDROPS.

GREAT King Sun is out in the cold,
 His babies are sleeping, he misses
 the fun;
 So he knocks at their door with
 fingers of gold:
 "Time to get up," says Great
 King Sun.

Though the garden beds are
 sprinkled with snow,
 It's time to get up in the earth
 below.

Who wakes first? A pale little
 maid,
 All in her nightgown opens the
 door,
 Peering round as if half afraid
 Before she steps out on the win-
 try floor.

All in their nightgowns, snowdrops
 stand,
 White little waifs in a lonely land.

Great King Sun with a smile looks
 down,—
 "Where are your sisters? I
 want them, too!"

Each baby is hurrying into her
 gown,
 Purple and saffron, orange and
 blue,

Great King Sun gives a louder
call,—
“Good morning, Papa!” cry the
babies all.

W. Graham Robertson.

“THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL.”

THERE was a little girl, who had a
little curl

Right in the middle of her forehead,
And when she was good, she was very,
very good,
But when she was bad she was
horrid.

She stood on her head, on her little
trundle-bed,
With nobody by for to hinder;
She screamed and she squalled, she
yelled and she bawled,
And drummed her little heels
against the winder.

Her mother heard the noise, and
thought it was the boys
Playing in the empty attic,
She rushed upstairs, and caught her
unawares,
And spanked her, most emphatic.

Unknown.

THE REFORMATION OF GODFREY GORE.

GODFREY GORDON GUSTAVUS GORE—
No doubt you have heard the name
before—

Was a boy who never would shut a
door!

The wind might whistle, the wind
might roar,
And teeth be aching and throats be
sore,
But still he never would shut the
door.

His father would beg, his mother
implore,

“Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore,
We really *do* wish you would shut
the door!”

Their hands they wrung, their hair
they tore;

But Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore
Was deaf as the buoy out at the
Nore.

When he walked forth the folks
would roar,

“Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore,
Why don’t you think to shut the
door?”

They rigged out a Shutter with sail
and oar,

And threatened to pack off Gus-
tavus Gore

On a voyage of penance to Singa-
pore.

But he begged for mercy, and said,
“No more!

Pray do not send me to Singapore
On a Shutter, and then I will shut
the door!”

“You will?” said his parents; “then
keep on shore!

But mind you do! For the plague
is sore

Of a fellow that never will shut the
door,

Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore!”

William Brighty Rands.

THE MOUSE AND THE CAKE.

A MOUSE found a beautiful piece of
plum-cake,

The richest and sweetest that mortal
could make;

’Twas heavy with citron, and fra-
grant with spice,

And cover’d with sugar all spark-
ling as ice.

“My stars!” said the Mouse, while
 his eye beamed with glee,
 “Here’s a treasure I’ve found; what
 a feast it will be!
 But, hark! there’s a noise; ’tis my
 brothers at play,
 So I’ll hide with the cake, lest they
 wander this way.

“Not a bit shall they have, for I
 know I can eat
 Every morsel myself, and I’ll have
 such a treat”;
 So off went the mouse as he held the
 cake fast,
 While his hungry young brothers
 went scampering past.

He nibbled, and nibbled, and
 panted, but still
 He kept gulping it down till he
 made himself ill;
 Yet he swallow’d it all, and ’tis easy
 to guess,
 He was soon so unwell that he
 groan’d with distress.

His family heard him, and as he
 grew worse,
 They sent for the doctor, who made
 him rehearse
 How he’d eaten the cake to the very
 last crumb,
 Without giving his playmates and
 relatives some.

“Ah, me!” cried the Doctor, “ad-
 vice is too late,
 You must die before long, so pre-
 pare for your fate;
 If you had but divided the cake
 with your brothers
 ’Twould have done you no harm,
 and been good for the others.

“Had you shared it the treat had
 been wholesome enough;
 But all eaten by *one*, it was danger-
 ous stuff;
 So prepare for the worst,” and the
 word had scarce fled,
 When the doctor turned round, and
 the patient was dead.

Now all little people the lesson may
 take,
 And *some* large ones may learn
 from the mouse and the cake;
 Not to be over selfish with what we
 may gain,
 Or the best of our pleasures may
 turn into pain.

Eliza Cook.

THE DEATH OF MASTER TOMMY ROOK.

A PAIR of steady rooks
 Chose the safest of all nooks
 In the hollow of a tree to build their
 home;
 And while they kept within
 They did not care a pin
 For any roving sportsman who might
 come.

Their family of five
 Were all happy and alive,
 And Mrs. Rook was careful as could
 be,
 To never let them out
 Till she looked all round about,
 And saw that they might wander far
 and free.

She had talked to every one
 Of the dangers of a gun,
 And fondly begged that none of them
 would stir
 To take a distant flight,
 At morning, noon, or night,
 Before they prudently asked leave of
 her.

But one fine sunny day,
Toward the end of May,
Young Tommy Rook began to scorn
her power,
And said that he would fly
Into the field close by,
And walk among the daisies for an
hour.

“Stop, stop!” she cried, alarmed,
“I see a man that’s armed,
And he will shoot you, sure as you are
seen;
Wait till he goes, and then,
Secure from guns and men,
We all will have a ramble on the
green.”

But Master Tommy Rook
With a very saucy look,
Perched on a twig and plumed his
jetty breast;
Still talking all the while
In a very pompous style,
Of doing just what he might like the
best.

“I don’t care one bit,” said he,
“For any gun you see;
I am tired of the cautions you bestow;
I mean to have my way,
Whatever you may say,
And shall not ask when I may stay
or go.”

“But, my son,” the Mother cried,
“I only wish to guide
Till you are wise and fit to go alone.
I have seen much more of life,
Of danger, woe, and strife
Than you, my child, can possibly have
known.

“Just wait ten minutes here,—
Let that man disappear;
I am sure he means to do some evil
thing;

I fear you may be shot
If you leave this sheltered spot,
So pray come back, and keep beside
my wing.”

But Master Tommy Rook
Gave another saucy look,
And chattered out, “Don’t care! don’t
care! don’t care!”
And off he flew with glee
From his brothers in the tree,
And lighted on the field so green and
fair.

He hopped about and found
All pleasant things around;
He strutted through the daisies,—but
alas!

A loud shot—bang!—was heard,
And the wounded, silly bird
Rolled over, faint and dying, on the
grass.

“There, there! I told you so!”
Cried his mother in her woe;
“I warned you with a parent’s
thoughtful truth;
And you see that I was right
When I tried to stop your flight,
And said you needed me to guide your
youth.”

Poor Master Tommy Rook
Gave a melancholy look
And cried, just as he drew his latest
breath:

“Forgive me, mother dear,
And let my brothers hear
That disobedience caused my cruel
death.”

Now, when his lot was told,
The rooks, both young and old,
All said he should have done as he
was bid,—

That he well deserved his fate;
And I, who now relate
His hapless story, really think he did.

Eliza Cook.

Poems for Children

HOW THE LITTLE KITE
LEARNED TO FLY.

"I NEVER can do it," the little kite
said,
As he looked at the others high over
his head;
"I know I should fall if I tried to
fly."
"Try," said the big kite; "only try!
Or I fear you never will learn at
all."
But the little kite said, "I'm afraid
I'll fall."

The big kite nodded: "Ah well,
good-by;
I'm off;" and he rose toward the
tranquil sky.
Then the little kite's paper stirred
at the sight,
And trembling he shook himself
free for flight.
First whirling and frightened, then
braver grown,
Up, up he rose through the air
alone,
Till the big kite looking down could
see
The little one rising steadily.

Then how the little kite thrilled
with pride,
As he sailed with the big kite side
by side!
While far below he could see the
ground,
And the boys like small spots mov-
ing round.
They rested high in the quiet air,
And only the birds and the clouds
were there.
"Oh, how happy I am!" the little
kite cried,
"And all because I was brave, and
tried."

Unknown.

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET.

A SILLY young cricket, accustomed to
sing
Through the warm, sunny months of
gay summer and spring,
Began to complain, when he found
that at home
His cupboard was empty and winter
was come.

Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground;
Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on a tree:
"Oh, what will become," says the
cricket, "of me?"

At last by starvation and famine
made bold,
All dripping with wet and all trem-
bling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would
grant
Him shelter from rain:
A mouthful of grain
He wished only to borrow,
He'd repay it to-morrow:
If not, he must die of starvation and
sorrow.

Says the ant to the cricket, "I'm your
servant and friend,
But we ants never borrow, we ants
never lend;
But tell me, dear sir, did you lay
nothing by
When the weather was warm?"
Said the cricket, "Not I.
My heart was so light
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay."
"You sang, sir, you say?
Go then," said the ant, "and dance
winter away."

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the
wicket
And out of the door turned the poor
little cricket.
Though this is a fable, the moral is
good:
If you live without work, you must
live without food.

Unknown.

THE WORLD'S MUSIC.

THE world's a very happy place,
Where every child should dance
and sing,
And always have a smiling face,
And never sulk for anything.

I waken when the morning's come,
And feel the air and light alive
With strange sweet music like the hum
Of bees about their busy hive.

The linnets play among the leaves
At hide-and-seek, and chirp and
sing;
While, flashing to and from the eaves,
The swallows twitter on the wing.

The twigs that shake, and boughs that
sway;
And tall old trees you could not
climb;
And winds that come, but cannot stay,
Are gaily singing all the time.

From dawn to dark the old mill-wheel
Makes music, going round and
round;
And dusty-white with flour and meal,
The miller whistles to its sound.

And if you listen to the rain
When leaves and birds and bees
are dumb,
You hear it pattering on the pane
Like Andrew beating on his drum.

The coals beneath the kettle croon,
And clap their hands and dance in
glee;
And even the kettle hums a tune
To tell you when it's time for tea.

The world is such a happy place,
That children, whether big or small,
Should always have a smiling face,
And never, never sulk at all.

Gabriel Setoun.

GOING DOWN HILL ON A BICYCLE.

(A Boy's Song.)

WITH lifted feet, hands still,
I am poised, and down the hill
Dart, with heedful mind;
The air goes by in a wind.

Swifter and yet more swift,
Till the heart with a mighty lift
Makes the lungs laugh, the throat
cry:—

“O bird, see; see, bird, I fly.

“Is this, is this your joy?
O bird, then I, though a boy,
For a golden moment share
Your feathery life in air!”

Say, heart, is there aught like this
In a world that is full of bliss?
’Tis more than skating, bound
Steel-shod to the level ground.

Speed slackens now, I float
A while in my airy boat;
Till, when the wheels scarce crawl,
My feet to the treadles fall.

Henry Charles Beeching.

PLAYGROUNDS.

IN summer I am very glad
 We children are so small,
 For we can see a thousand things
 That men can't see at all.

They don't know much about the moss
 And all the stones they pass:
 They never lie and play among
 The forests in the grass:

They walk about a long way off;
 And, when we're at the sea,
 Let father stoop as best he can
 He can't find things like me.

But, when the snow is on the ground
 And all the puddles freeze,
 I wish that I were very tall,
 High up above the trees.

Laurence Alma-Tadema.

LOVING AND LIKING.

ADDRESSED TO A CHILD.

SAY not you *love* a roasted fowl,
 But you may love a screaming owl,
 And, if you can, the unwieldy toad
 That crawls from his secure abode,
 Within the grassy garden wall,
 When evening dews begin to fall.
 Oh! mark the beauty of his eye
 What wonders in that circle lie!
 So clear, so bright, our fathers said
 He wears a jewel in his head!
 And when, upon some showery day,
 Into a path or public way,
 A frog leaps out from bordering grass
 Startling the timid as they pass,
 Do you observe him, and endeavour
 To take the intruder into favour;
 Learning from him to find a reason
 For a light heart in a dull season.
 And you may love the strawberry
 flower,
 And love the strawberry in its bower:

But when the fruit, so often praised
 For beauty, to your lip is raised,
 Say not you *love* the delicate treat,
 But *like* it, enjoy it, and thankfully
 eat.

Dorothy Wordsworth.

THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT.

THE days are cold, the nights are long,
 The north-wind sings a doleful song;
 Then hush again upon my breast;
 All merry things are now at rest,
 Save thee, my pretty Love!

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth;
 The crickets long have ceased their
 mirth;
 There's nothing stirring in the house
 Save one *wee*, hungry, nibbling mouse.
 Then why so busy thou?

Nay! start not at that sparkling light;
 'Tis but the moon that shines so
 bright

On the window-pane bedropped with
 rain:

Then, little Darling, sleep again,
 And wake when it is day!

Dorothy Wordsworth.

BIG AND LITTLE THINGS.

I CANNOT do the big things
 That I should like to do,
 To make the earth for ever fair,
 The sky for ever blue.
 But I can do the small things
 That help to make it sweet;
 Tho' clouds arise and fill the skies,
 And tempests beat.

I cannot stay the rain-drops
 That tumble from the skies;
 But I can wipe the tears away
 From baby's pretty eyes.

I cannot make the sun shine,
Or warm the winter bleak;
But I can make the summer come
On sister's rosy cheek.

I cannot stay the storm clouds,
Or drive them from their place;
But I can clear the clouds away
From brother's troubled face.

I cannot make the corn grow,
Or work upon the land;
But I can put new strength and will
In father's busy hand.

I cannot stay the east wind,
Or thaw its icy smart;
But I can keep a corner warm
In mother's loving heart.

I cannot do the big things
That I should like to do,
To make the earth for ever fair,
The sky for ever blue.
But I can do the small things
That help to make it sweet;
Tho' clouds arise and fill the skies
And tempests beat.

Alfred H. Miles.

ADDRESS TO A CHILD DURING A BOISTEROUS WINTER EVENING.

WHAT way does the Wind come?
What way does he go?
He rides over the water, and over the
snow,
Through wood, and through vale; and
o'er rocky height,
Which the goat cannot climb, takes
his sounding flight;
He tosses about in every bare tree,
As, if you look up, you plainly may
see:
But how he will come, and whither he
goes,
There's never a scholar in England
knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning
nook,
And rings a sharp 'larum; but, if you
should look,
There's nothing to see but a cushion
of snow
Round as a pillow, and whiter than
milk,
And softer than if it were covered
with silk.
Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a
rock,
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard
cock.
Yet seek him,—and what shall you
find in his place?
Nothing but silence and empty space;
Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves,
That he's left, for a bed, to beggars
or thieves!

As soon as 'tis daylight, to-morrow,
with me
You shall go to the orchard, and then
you will see
That he has been there, and made a
great rout,
And cracked the branches, and strewn
them about:
Heaven grant that he spare but that
one upright twig
That looked up at the sky so proud
and big,
All last summer, as well you know,
Studded with apples, a beautiful
show!

Hark! over the roof he makes a pause,
And growls as if he would fix his
claws
Right in the slates, and with a huge
rattle
Drive them down, like men in a battle:
But let him range round; he does us
no harm,
We build up the fire, we're snug and
warm;

Untouched by his breath, see the
 candle shines bright,
 And burns with a clear and steady
 light;
 Books have we to read,—but that
 half-stifled knell,
 Alas! 'tis the sound of the eight
 o'clock bell.

Come, now we'll to bed! and when
 we are there
 He may work his own will, and what
 shall we care?
 He may knock at the door,—we'll not
 let him in;
 May drive at the windows,—we'll
 laugh at his din:
 Let him seek his own home, wherever
 it be;
 Here's a *cozie* warm house for Ed-
 ward and me.

Dorothy Wordsworth.

THE SHADOWS.

MAMMA.

THE candles are lighted, the fire blazes
 bright,
 The curtains are drawn to keep out
 the cold air;
 What makes you so grave, little dar-
 ling to-night?
 And where is your smile, little quiet
 one, where?

CHILD.

Mamma, I see something so dark on
 the wall,
 It moves up and down, and it looks
very strange;
 Sometimes it is large, and sometimes
 it is small;
 Pray, tell me what it is, and why
 does it change?

MAMMA.

It is mamma's shadow that puzzles
 you so,
 And there is your own, close beside
 it, my love;
 Now run round the room, it will go
 where you go;
 When you sit 'twill be still, when
 you rise it will move.

CHILD.

I don't like to see it; do please let
 me ring
 For Betsy to take all the shadows
 away.

MAMMA.

No; Betsy oft carries a heavier thing,
 But she could not lift this, should
 she try the whole day.

These wonderful shadows are caused
 by the light
 From fire, and from candles, upon
 us that falls;
 Were we not sitting here, all that
 place would be bright,
 But the candle can't shine through
 us, you know, on the walls.

And, when you are out some fine day
 in the sun,
 I'll take you where shadows of
 apple-trees lie;
 And houses and cottages too,—every
 one
 Casts a shadow when the sun's
 shining bright in the sky.

Now hold up your mouth and give me
 a sweet kiss;
Our shadows kiss too! don't you see
 it quite plain!

CHILD.

Oh, yes! and I thank you for telling
me this;
I'll not be afraid of a shadow again.

Mary Lundie Duncan.

ENVY.

THIS rose-tree is not made to bear
The violet blue, nor lily fair,
Nor the sweet mignonette.
And if this tree were discontent,
Or wished to change its natural bent,
It all in vain would fret.

And should it fret, you would suppose
It ne'er had seen its own red rose,
Nor after gentle shower
Had ever smelled its rose's scent,
Or it could ne'er be discontent
With its own pretty flower.

Like such a blind and senseless tree
As I've imagined this to be,
All envious persons are.
With care and culture all may find
Some pretty flower in their own mind,
Some talent that is rare.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

ANGER.

ANGER in its time and place
May assume a kind of grace.
It must have some reason in it,
And not last beyond a minute.
If to further lengths it go,
It does into malice grow.
'Tis the difference that we see
'Twixt the serpent and the bee.
If the latter you provoke,
It inflicts a hasty stroke,
Puts you to some little pain,
But it never *stings again*.
Close in tufted bush or brake
Lurks the poison-swelled snake

Nursing up his cherished wrath;
In the purlieus of his path,
In the cold, or in the warm,
Mean him good, or mean him harm,
Wheresoever fate may bring you,
The vile snake will *always sting you*.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE SLUGGARD.

'Tis the voice of a sluggard; I
heard him complain,
"You have waked me too soon; I
must slumber again";
As the door on its hinges, so he on
his bed
Turns his sides, and his shoulders,
and his heavy head.

"A little more sleep and a little
more slumber";
Thus he wastes half his days, and
his hours without number;
And when he gets up he sits folding
his hands
Or walks about saunt'ring, or tri-
fling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the
wild brier
The thorn and the thistle grow
broader and higher;
The clothes that hang on him are
turning to rags;
And his money still wastes till he
starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to
find,
That he took better care for improv-
ing his mind;
He told me his dreams, talk'd of
eating and drinking:
But he scarce reads his Bible, and
never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a
 lesson for me";
 That man's but a picture of what I
 might be;
 But thanks to my friends for their
 care in my breeding,
 Who taught me betimes to love
 working and reading.

Isaac Watts.

LITTLE RAIN-DROPS.

OH! where do you come from
 You little drops of rain;
 Pitter patter, pitter patter
 Down the window-pane?

They won't let me walk,
 And they won't let me play,
 And they won't let me go
 Out of doors at all to-day.

They put away my playthings
 Because I broke them all,
 And they locked up all my bricks,
 And took away my ball.

Tell me, little rain-drops,
 Is that the way you play,
 Pitter patter, pitter patter,
 All the rainy day?

They say I'm very naughty,
 But I've nothing else to do
 But sit here at the window;
 I should like to play with you.

The little rain-drops cannot speak,
 But "pitter, patter, pat,"
 Means, "We can play on *this* side,
 Why can't you play on *that*?"

Ann Hawkshawe.

TRY AGAIN.

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
 Try again;
 If at first you don't succeed,
 Try again;
 Then your courage should appear,
 For if you will *persevere*,
 You will conquer, never fear,
 Try again.

Once or twice, though you should fail,
 Try again;
 If you would at last prevail,
 Try again;
 If we strive, 'tis no disgrace
 Though we do not win the race;
 What should we do in that case?
 Try again.

If you find your task is hard,
 Try again;
 Time will bring you your reward,
 Try again;
 All that other folk can do,
 Why, with patience, may not you?
 Only keep this rule in view,
 Try again.

William Edward Hickson.

KING BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

KING BRUCE of Scotland flung him-
 self down
 In a lonely mood to think;
 'Tis true he was monarch, and wore
 a crown,
 But his heart was beginning to
 sink.

For he had been trying to do a
 great deed,
 To make his people glad;
 He had tried, and tried, but
 couldn't succeed;
 And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low de-
spair,
As grieved as man could be;
And after a while as he pondered
there,
"I'll give it all up," said he.

Now just at that moment a spider
dropp'd
With its silken cobweb clue;
And the king in the midst of his
thinking stopp'd
To see what that spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling
dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine;
That how it could get to its cobweb
home
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up with strong endeav-
our;
But down it came with a slippery
sprawl,
As near the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, not a second it stay'd
To utter the least complaint;
Till it fell still lower, and there it
laid,
A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady — again it
went,
And travell'd a half-yard higher;
'Twas a delicate thread it had to
tread,
A road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below,
But again it quickly mounted;
Till up and down, now fast, now
slow,
Nine brave attempts were
counted.

"Sure," cried the King, "that fool-
ish thing
Will strive no more to climb;
When it toils so hard to reach and
cling,
And tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more,
Ah me! 'tis an anxious minute;
He's only a foot from his cobweb
door,
Oh, say will he lose or win it!

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch
Higher and higher he got;
And a bold little run at the very
last pinch
Put him into his native cot.

"Bravo, bravo!" the King cried out,
"All honour to those who *try*;
The spider up there defied despair;
He conquer'd, and why shouldn't
I?"

And Bruce of Scotland braced his
mind,
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried
before,
And that time did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,
And beware of saying, "*I
can't*;"
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to
lead
To Idleness, Folly, and Want.

Whenever you find your heart
despair
Of doing some goodly thing;
Con over this strain, try bravely
again,
And remember the Spider and
King.

Eliza Cook.

LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE drops of water,
 Little grains of sand,
 Make the mighty ocean
 And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
 Humble though they be,
 Make the mighty ages
 Of eternity.

Thus our little errors
 Lead the soul away
 From the path of virtue,
 Far in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
 Little words of love,
 Make our earth an Eden,
 Like the heaven above.

Little seeds of mercy,
 Sown by youthful hands,
 Grow to bless the nations
 Far in heathen lands.

Ebenezer Cobham Brewer.

THE LITTLE SISTER LEFT IN
CHARGE.

SLEEP, little brother, you must not
 awaken
 Till mother comes back to her baby
 again:
 Weary, and long is the way she has
 taken,
 Over the common, and through the
 green glen,
 Up the steep hill by the path that is
 nearest,
 Thinking of you as she hurries
 along:

Sleep, then, and dream that she's
 watching you, dearest,
 Rocking your cradle, and singing
 her song.

In the still room there's no sound to
 disquiet,
 Only the clock ticking even, and
 low,
 Only the bird in his cage hanging by
 it,
 Chirping a note as he hops to and
 fro.
 Out in the sunlight the woodbine is
 stirring,
 Filling the air with its fragrance so
 sweet,
 On the low window seat pussy sits
 purring,
 Washing her face with her little
 white feet.

Far down the lane merry voices are
 ringing,
 Comrades have beckoned me out to
 their play.
 Why did you start? it is I that am
 singing:
 Why did you frown? I'm not go-
 ing away.
 Could I forsake you for play, or for
 pleasure,
 Lying alone in your helplessness
 here?
 How could I leave you, my own little
 treasure,
 No one to rock you, and no one to
 cheer?

In the room corners I watch the dark
 shadows,
 Deepening, and lengthening, as
 evening comes on;
 Soon will the mowers return from the
 meadows;
 Far to the westward the red sun is
 gone.

By the green hedgerow I see her now
coming,
Where the last sunbeam is just on
her track;
Still I sit by you, love, drowsily hum-
ming.
Sleep, little baby, till mother comes
back.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

THE COW AND THE ASS.

BESIDE a green meadow a stream
used to flow,
So clear, you might see the white
pebbles below.
To this cooling brook the warm cat-
tle would stray,
To stand in the shade, on a hot
summer's day.

A cow, quite oppressed by the heat
of the sun,
Came here to refresh, as she often
had done;
And, standing quite still, stooping
over the stream,
Was musing, perhaps; or perhaps
she might dream.

But soon a brown ass of respectable
look
Came trotting up also, to taste of
the brook,
And to nibble a few of the daisies
and grass:
"How d'ye do?" said the Cow.—
"How d'ye do?" said the Ass.

"Take a seat!" said the Cow, gently
waving her hand.
"By no means, dear Madam," said
he, "while you stand!"
Then, stooping to drink with a com-
plaisant bow,
"Ma'am, your health!" said the Ass.
"Thank you, Sir!" said the
Cow.

When a few of these compliments
more had been passed,
They laid themselves down on the
herbage at last;
And waiting politely—as gentle-
men must—
The ass held his tongue, that the
cow might speak first.

Then with a deep sigh, she directly
began:
"Don't you think, Mr. Ass, we are
injured by man?
'Tis a subject which lies with a
weight on my mind:
We really are greatly oppressed by
mankind.

"Pray what is the reason—I see none
at all—
That I always must go when Suke
chooses to call?
Whatever I'm doing—'tis certainly
hard!—
I'm forced to leave off to be milked
in the yard.

"I've no will of my own, but must do
as they please,
And give them my milk to make
butter and cheese:
I've often a great mind to kick
down the pail,
Or give Suke a box on the ear with
my tail!"

"But, Ma'am," said the Ass, "not
presuming to teach—
Oh dear! I beg pardon—pray fin-
ish your speech:
I thought you had finished, in-
deed," said the Swain;
"Go on, and I'll not interrupt you
again."

“Why, Sir, I was just then about to observe,
I’m resolved that these tyrants no longer I’ll serve;
But leave them for ever to do as they please,
And look somewhere else for their butter and cheese.”

Ass waited a moment to see if she’d done,
And then, “Not presuming to teach,” he begun,
“With submission, dear Madam, to your better wit,
I own I am not quite convinced by it yet.

“That you’re of great service to them is quite true,
But surely they are of some service to you;
’Tis their pleasant meadow in which you regale,
They feed you in winter when grass and weeds fail.

“And then a warm covert they always provide,
Dear Madam, to shelter your delicate hide.
For my *own* part, I *know* I receive much from man,
And for him, in return, I do all I can.”

The cow, upon this, cast her eyes on the grass,
Not pleased at thus being reproved by an ass;
“Yet,” thought she, “I’m determined I’ll benefit by ’t;
I really believe that the fellow is right!”

Jane Taylor.

BEASTS, BIRDS AND FISHES.

THE Dog will come when he is called,
The Cat will walk away;
The Monkey’s cheek is very bald;
The Goat is full of play.
The Parrot is a prate-apace,
Yet knows not what he says;
The noble horse will win the race,
Or draw you in a chaise.

The Pig is not a feeder nice,
The Squirrel loves a nut;
The Wolf would eat you in a trice,
The Buzzard’s eyes are shut.
The Lark sings high up in the air,
The Linnet in the tree;
The Swan he has a bosom fair,
And whoso proud as he?

Oh, yes, the Peacock is more proud,
Because his tail has eyes.
The Lion roars so very loud,
He’d fill you with surprise.
The Raven’s coat is shining black,
Or, rather, raven-grey.
The Camel’s hump is on his back,
The Owl abhors the day.

The Sparrow steals the cherry ripe,
The Elephant is wise;
The Blackbird charms you with his pipe,
The false Hyena cries.
The Hen guards well her little chicks,
The useful Cow is meek;
The Beaver builds with mud and sticks;
The Lap-wing loves to squeak.

The little Wren is very small,
The Humming-bird is less;
The Lady-bird is least of all,
And beautiful in dress.
The Pelican, she loves her young;
The Stork, his father loves;
The Woodcock’s bill is very long,
And innocent are Doves.

The spotted Tiger's fond of blood,
The Pigeons feed on peas;
The Duck will gobble in the mud,
The Mice will eat your cheese.
A Lobster's black, when boil'd he's
red;

The harmless Lamb must bleed;
The Codfish has a clumsy head,
The Goose on grass will feed.

The lady in her gown of silk
The little Worm may thank;
The rich man drinks the Ass's milk;
The Weasel's long and lank.
The Buck gives us a ven'son dish,
When hunted for the spoil;
The Shark eats up the little fish;
The Whale produces oil.

The Glow-worm shines the darkest
night,
With lantern in his tail;
The Turtle is the cit's delight—
It wears a coat of mail.
In Germany they hunt the Boar,
The Bee brings honey home;
The Ant lays up a winter store;
The Bear loves honey-comb.

The Eagle has a crooked beak,
The Plaice has orange spots;
The Starling, if he's taught, will
speak;
The Ostrich walks and trots.
The child that does not know these
things
May yet be called a dunce;
But I will up in knowledge grow,
As youth can come but once.

Adelaide O'Keeffe.

CHILD'S SONG IN SPRING.

THE silver birch is a dainty lady,
She wears a satin gown;
The elm tree makes the old church-
yard shady,
She will not live in town.

The English oak is a sturdy fellow,
He gets his green coat late;
The willow is smart in a suit of yel-
low,
While brown the beech trees wait.

Such a gay green gown God gives the
larches—
As green as He is good!
The hazels hold up their arms for
arches
When Spring rides through the
wood.

The chestnut's proud, and the lilac's
pretty,
The poplar's gentle and tall,
But the plane tree's kind to the poor
dull city—
I love him best of all!

Edith Nesbit.

THE BIRD-CATCHER.

THE cat's at the window, and Shock's
at the door;
The pussy-cat mews, and the little
dog barks;
For see! such a sight as I ne'er saw
before—
A boy with a cage full of linnets
and larks!

And pussy the way how to catch them
is seeking,
To kill them, and spoil all their
singing, poor things!
For singing to them is like little boys
speaking,
But fear makes them chirrup and
flutter their wings.

Do not fear, pretty birds! for puss
shall not eat you;
Go, go, naughty pussy! away out of
sight.

With crumbs of good bread, pretty
birds! we will treat you,
And give you fresh water both
morning and night.

Elizabeth Turner.

THE OAK.

OBSERVE, dear George, this nut so
small;

The Acorn is its name;
Would you suppose yon tree so tall
From such a trifle came?

The Acorn, buried in the earth,
When many years are past
Becomes the oak of matchless worth,
Whose strength will ages last.

In Summer, pleasant is its shade,
But greater far its use;
The wood which forms our ships for
trade
Its body can produce.

And many other things beside,
I cannot now explain;
For where its merits have been tried,
They were not tried in vain.

Mary Elliott.

THE CROCUS.

MATILDA, come hither, I pray.
There is something peeps out of the
snow;
It is yellow, and looks, I should say,
Like a bud that is ready to blow.

But surely, in weather so cold,
It could not survive half an hour;
Little bud, you must be very bold
To expect at this season to flower.

Yet this bold little bud which you see,
Though expos'd to the keen, frosty
air,
Will still keep its yellow head free,
And bloom without trouble or care.

To our thanks it has surely a claim;
I rejoice when I see it appear;
The kind CROCUS, for that is its name,
Announces that springtime is near.

Mary Elliott.

THE WIND'S SONG.

O WINDS that blow across the sea,
What is the story that you bring?
Leaves clap their hands on every tree
And birds about their branches
sing.

You sing to flowers and trees and
birds
Your sea-songs over all the land.
Could you not stay and whisper words
A little child might understand?

The roses nod to hear you sing;
But though I listen all the day,
You never tell me anything
Of father's ship so far away.

Its masts are taller than the trees;
Its sails are silver in the sun;
There's not a ship upon the seas
So beautiful as father's one.

With wings spread out it flies so fast
It leaves the waves all white with
foam.
Just whisper to me, blowing past,
If you have seen it sailing home.

I feel your breath upon my cheek,
And in my hair, and on my brow.
Dear winds, if you could only speak.
I know that you would tell me now.

My father's coming home, you'd say,
With precious presents, one, two,
three;
A shawl for mother, beads for May,
And eggs and shells for Rob and
me.

The winds sing songs where'er they
roam;
The leaves all clap their little
hands;
For father's ship is coming home
With wondrous things from foreign
lands.

Gabriel Setoun.

THE WIND AND THE MOON.

SAID the Wind to the Moon, "I will
blow you out;
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about—
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you
out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went
the Moon.
So, deep
On a heap
Of clouds to sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered
soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that
Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there
again!
On high
In the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and
plain.
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out
again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon
grew dim.

"With my sledge,
And my wedge,
I have knocked off her edge!
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer
than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned
to a thread.

"One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last
was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go
the thread."

He blew a great blast, and the thread
was gone.
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the shy stars
shone—
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once
more;
On down,
In town,
Like a merry-mad clown,
He leaped and halloed with whistle
and roar—
"What's that?" The glimmering
thread once more!

He flew in a rage—he danced and
blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For still the broader the Moon-scap
grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks
and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the
 night,
 And shone
 On her throne
 In the sky alone,
 A matchless, wonderful silvery light,
 Radiant and lovely, the queen of the
 night.

Said the Wind: "What a marvel of
 power am I!
 With my breath,
 Good faith!
 I blew her to death—
 First blew her away right out of the
 sky—
 Then blew her in; what strength
 have I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about
 the affair;
 For high
 In the sky,
 With her one white eye,
 Motionless, miles above the air,
 She had never heard the great Wind
 blare.

George Macdonald.

THE FARM.

BRIGHT glows the east with blushing
 red,
 While yet upon their wholesome bed
 The sleeping labourers rest;
 And the pale moon and silver star
 Grow paler still, and wandering far,
 Sink slowly to the west.

And see behind the sloping hill,
 The morning clouds grow brighter
 still,
 And all the shades retire;
 Slowly the sun with golden ray,
 Breaks forth above the horizon grey,
 And gilds the distant spire.

And now, at Nature's cheerful voice,
 The hills, and vales, and woods re-
 joice,
 The lark ascends the skies;
 And soon the cock's shrill notes alarm
 The sleeping people at the farm,
 And bid them all arise.

Then at the dairy's cool retreat,
 The busy maids together meet;
 The careful mistress sees
 Some tend with skilful hand the
 churns,
 While the thick cream to butter turns,
 And some the curdling cheese.

And now comes Thomas from the
 house,
 With well-known cry, to call the cows,
 Still sleeping on the plain;
 They quickly rising, one and all,
 Obedient to their daily call,
 Wind slowly through the lane.

And see the rosy milkmaid now,
 Seated beside the hornéd cow,
 With milking stool and pail;
 The patient cow with dappled hide
 Stands still, unless to lash her side
 With her convenient tail.

And then the poultry (Mary's
 charge),
 Must all be fed and let at large,
 To roam about again;
 Wide open swings the great barn-
 door,
 And out the hungry creatures pour,
 To pick the scattered grain.

Forth plodding to the heavy plough,
 The sun-burnt labourer hastens now,
 To guide with skilful arm;
 Thus all is industry around,
 No idle hand is ever found
 Within the busy farm.

Jane Taylor.

THE PIPER ON THE HILL.

(A Child's Song.)

THERE sits a piper on the hill
 Who pipes the livelong day,
 And when he pipes both loud and
 shrill,
 The frightened people say:
 "The wind, the wind is blowing up
 'Tis rising to a gale."
 The women hurry to the shore
 To watch some distant sail.
The wind, the wind, the wind, the
wind,
Is blowing to a gale.

But when he pipes all sweet and
 low,
 The piper on the hill,
 I hear the merry women go
 With laughter, loud and shrill:
 "The wind, the wind is coming south;
 'Twill blow a gentle day."
 They gather on the meadow-land
 To toss the yellow hay.
The wind, the wind, the wind, the
wind,
Is blowing south to-day.

And in the morn, when winter
 comes,
 To keep the piper warm,
 The little Angels shake their wings
 To make a feather storm:
 "The snow, the snow has come at
 last!"
 The happy children call,
 And "ring around" they dance in
 glee,
 And watch the snowflakes fall.
The wind, the wind, the wind, the
wind,
Has spread a snowy pall.

But when at night the piper plays,
 I have not any fear,
 Because God's windows open wide
 The pretty tune to hear;

And when each crowding spirit
 looks,
 From its star window-pane,
 A watching mother may behold
 Her little child again.
The wind, the wind, the wind, the
wind,
May blow her home again.

Dora Sigcrson Shorter.

LITTLE WHITE LILY.

From "Within and Without."

LITTLE White Lily sat by a stone,
 Drooping and waiting till the sun
 shone.
 Little White Lily sunshine has fed;
 Little White Lily is lifting her head.

Little White Lily said: "It is good,
 Little White Lily's clothing and
 food."
 Little White Lily dressed like a bride!
 Shining with whiteness, and crownèd
 beside!

Little White Lily drooping with pain,
 Waiting and waiting for the wet rain,
 Little White Lily holdeth her cup;
 Rain is fast falling and filling it up.

Little White Lily said: "Good again,
 When I am thirsty to have the nice
 rain.
 Now I am stronger, now I am cool;
 Heat cannot burn me, my veins are so
 full."

Little White Lily smells very sweet;
 On her head sunshine, rain at her
 feet.

Thanks to the sunshine, thanks to the
 rain,
 Little White Lily is happy again.

George Macdonald.

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN.

I'LL tell you how the leaves came
down.

The great Tree to his children
said:

"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and
Brown,

Yes, very sleepy, little Red.

It is quite time to go to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting
leaf,

"Let us a little longer stay;

Dear Father Tree, behold our grief!

'Tis such a very pleasant day,

We do not want to go away."

So, just for one more merry day

To the great Tree the leaflets
clung,

Frolicked and danced, and had
their way,

Upon the autumn breezes swung,

Whispering all their sports
among—

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget,
And let us stay until the spring,

If we all beg, and coax, and fret."

But the great Tree did no such
thing;

He smiled to hear them whisper-
ing.

"Come, children, all to bed," he
cried;

And ere the leaves could urge
their prayer,

He shook his head, and far and
wide,

Fluttering and rustling every-
where,

Down sped the leaflets through
the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled
swarm,

Waiting till one from far away,

White bedclothes heaped upon
her arm,

Should come to wrap them safe
and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down
and smiled.

"Good-night, dear little leaves,"
he said.

And from below each sleepy child

Replied, "Good-night," and mur-
murèd,

"It is so nice to go to bed!"

Susan Coolidge.

THE MUFFIN-MAN'S BELL.

"TINKLE, tinkle, tinkle": 'tis the
muffin-man you see:

"Tinkle, tinkle," says the muf-
fin-man's bell;

"Any crumpets, any muffins, any
cakes for your tea:

There are plenty here to sell."

"Tinkle," says the little bell, clear
and bright;

"Tinkle, tinkle," says the muf-
fin-man's bell;

We have had bread and milk for
supper to-night,

And some nice plum-cake as well.

"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle," says the lit-
tle bell again,

But it sounds quite far away;

"If you don't buy my muffins and
my cakes, it is plain

I must take them home to-day."

Ann Hawkshawe.

THE LETTER.

WHEN Sarah's papa was from home
a great way,
She attempted to write him a letter
one day,
First ruling the paper—an excellent
plan,
In all proper order Miss Sarah began.

She said she lamented sincerely to tell
That her dearest mamma had been
very unwell;
That the story was long, but when he
came back,
He would hear of the shocking be-
haviour of Jack.

Though an error or two we by chance
may detect,
It was better than treating papa with
neglect;
For Sarah, when older, we know will
learn better,
And write single I with a capital
letter.

Elizabeth Turner.

THE OLD KITCHEN CLOCK.

LISTEN to the kitchen clock!
To itself it ever talks,
From its place it never walks;
“Tick-tock—tick-tock!”
Tell me what it says.

“I'm a very patient clock,
Never moved by hope or fear,
Though I've stood for many a
year;
Tick-tock—tick-tock!”
That is what it says.

“I'm a very truthful clock:
People say about the place,
Truth is written on my face;
Tick-tock—tick-tock!”
That is what it says.

“I'm a very active clock,
For I go while you're asleep,
Though you never take a peep;
Tick-tock—tick-tock!”
That is what it says.

“I'm a most obliging clock:
If you wish to hear me strike,
You may do it when you like;
Tick-tock—tick-tock!”
That is what it says.

What a talkative old clock!
Let us see what it will do
When the pointer reaches two;
“Ding-ding!”—“tick-tock!”
That is what it says.

Ann Hawkshawe.

THE WILD WREATH.

ONLY look at this nosegay of pretty
wild flowers
We have pluck'd from the hedges
and banks;
The fields are so full, we could gather
for hours,
And still see no space in their
ranks.

These Bluebells and Cowslips, how
pleasant they look!
And the Rose and the Violet, how
gay!
I think I must copy them into your
book,
For I'm sure you will like the wild
spray.

Here's the Hawthorn so sweet, the
Anemone too,
Which loves 'neath the Hazels to
grow;
The Orchis, the Woodbine, the Speed-
well so blue,
And Stitchwort as white as the
snow.

This bright yellow Butter-cup add to
the wreath;
And the Daisy I'll place with the
rest;
Not hide it, but let it just peep out
beneath,
With its pretty tipped white and
pink crest.

And now we will tie them up tight
with this string:
Or stay—for this ribbon is neater;
The pretty Wild Briar we've forgot-
ten to bring—
Now our nosegay we cannot make
sweeter.

Unknown.

THE DANCING LESSON.

"Now, Miss Clara, point your toe—
Look at me, and point it so.
You know, my dear, I learnt to
dance
In that graceful country, France;
And having been so nicely taught,
I move, of course, as a lady ought.
And only think how grand 'twill be
To have it said you dance like me.
So now, Miss Clara, point your
toe—
Look at me, and point it so."

Eliza Grove.

A SWINGING SONG.

MERRY it is on a summer's day,
All through the meadows to wend
away;
To watch the brooks glide fast or
slow,
And the little fish twinkle down be-
low;
To hear the lark in the blue sky
sing,
Oh, sure enough, 'tis a merry
thing—
But 'tis merrier far to swing—to
swing!

Merry it is on a winter's night
To listen to tales of elf and sprite,
Of caves and castles so dim and
old—
The dimmest tales that ever were
told;
And then to laugh, and then to
sing,
You may take my word is a merry
thing—
But 'tis merrier far to swing—to
swing!

Down with the hoop upon the
green;
Down with the ringing tambourine;
Little heed for this or for that;
Off with the bonnet, off with the
hat!

Away we go, like birds on the wing!
Higher yet! higher yet! "Now for
the King!"
This is the way we swing—we
swing!

Scarcely the bough bends, Claude is
so light—
Mount up behind him—there, that
is right!
Down bends the branch now! swing
him away;
Higher yet—higher yet—higher, I
say!
Oh, what a joy it is! Now let us
sing,
"A pear for the Queen—an apple
for the King!"
And shake the old tree as we swing
—we swing!

Mary Howitt.

SILKWORMS.

JANE, do you see these little dots,
Which on this paper lie?
They seem, just now, but trifling
spots;
Yet they will live and die.

They shortly will begin to move,
And silkworms is their name;
My gown, your bonnet, too, my love,
From such small creatures came.

No doubt you think it very strange,
And yet you know not all;
How often in their shape they change,
That once look'd like a ball.

Plain as the outside may appear,
How rich they are within!
Who would suppose, to see them here,
They such gay silk could spin?

Mary Elliott.

LITTLE DANDELION.

GAY little Dandelion
Lights up the meads,
Swings on her slender foot,
Telleth her beads.
Lists to the robin's note
Poured from above,
Wise little Dandelion
Asks not for love.

Cold lie the daisy banks
Clothed but in green,
Where in the days ago
Bright hues were seen.
Wild pinks are slumbering,
Violets delay,
True little Dandelion
Greeteth the May.

Brave little Dandelion,
Fast falls the snow,
Bending the daffodil's
Haughty head low.
Under that fleecy tent,
Careless of cold,
Blithe little Dandelion
Counteth her gold.

Meek little Dandelion
Groweth more fair,
Till dies the amber dew
Out from her hair.
High rides the thirsty sun,
Fiercely and high;
Faint little Dandelion
Closeth her eye.

Pale little Dandelion,
In her white shroud,
Heareth the angel-breeze
Call from the cloud;
Tiny plumes fluttering
Make no delay;
Little winged Dandelion
Soareth away.

Helen Barron Bostwick.

A RULE FOR BIRDS' NESTERS.

THE robin and the red-breast,
The robin and the wren;
If ye take out o' their nest,
Ye'll never thrive agen!

The robin and the red-breast,
The martin and the swallow;
If ye touch one o' their eggs,
Bad luck will surely follow!

Old Rhyme.

THE BEASTS IN THE TOWER.

WITHIN the precincts of this yard,
Each in his narrow confines barred,
Dwells every beast that can be found
On Afric or on Indian ground.
How different was the life they led
In those wild haunts where they were
bred,
To this tame servitude and fear!
Enslaved by man, they suffer here.

In that uneasy, close recess
 Crouches a sleeping lioness;
 That next den holds a bear; the next
 A wolf, by hunger ever vexed;
 There, fiercer from the keeper's lashes
 His teeth the fell hyena gnashes;
 That creature on whose back abound
 Black spots upon a yellow ground
 A panther is, the fairest beast
 That haunteth in the spacious East.
 He, underneath a fair outside,
 Does cruelty and treachery hide.

That cat-like beast that to and fro
 Restless as fire does ever go,
 As if his courage did resent
 His limbs in such confinement pent,
 That should their prey in forests take,
 And make the Indian jungles quake
 A tiger is. Observe how sleek
 And glossy smooth his coat; no streak
 On satin ever matched the pride
 Of that which marks his furry hide.
 How strong his muscles! he with ease
 Upon the tallest man could seize,
 In his large mouth away could bear
 him,
 And into thousand pieces tear him;
 Yet cabined so securely here,
 The smallest infant need not fear.

That lovely creature next to him
 A lion is. Survey each limb.
 Observe the texture of his claws,
 The many thickness of those jaws;
 His mane that sweeps the ground in
 length,
 Like Samson's locks betokening
 strength.

In force and swiftness he excels
 Each beast that in the forest dwells;
 The savage tribes him king confess
 Throughout the howling wilderness.
 Woe to the hapless neighbourhood
 When he is pressed by want of food!
 Of man, or child, or bull, or horse
 He makes his prey; such is his force.

A waste behind him he creates,
 Whole villages depopulates;
 Yet here, within appointed lines,
 How small a grate his rage confines!

This place, methinks, resembleth well
 The world itself in which we dwell.
 Perils and snares on every ground
 Like those wild beasts beset us round.
 But Providence their rage restrains;
 Our heavenly Keeper sets them
 chains;

His goodness saveth every hour
 His darlings from the lion's power.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

BUNCHES OF GRAPES.

"BUNCHES of grapes," says Timothy;
 "Pomegranates pink," says
 Elaine;

"A junket of cream and a cranberry
 tart
 For me," says Jane.

"Love-in-a-mist," says Timothy;
 "Primroses pale," says Elaine;
 "A nosegay of pinks and mignonette
 For me," says Jane.

"Chariots of gold," says Timothy;
 "Silvery wings," says Elaine;
 "A bumpity ride in a waggon of hay
 For me," says Jane.

Walter Ramal.

THE BLUE BOY IN LONDON.

ALL in the morning early
 The Little Boy in Blue
 (The grass with rain is pearly)
 Has thought of something new.

He saddled dear old Dobbin;
 He had but half a crown;
 And jogging, cantering, bobbing,
 He came to London town.

The sheep were in the meadows,
The cows were in the corn,
Beneath the city shadow
At last he stood forlorn.

He stood beneath Bow steeple,
That is in London town;
And tried to count the people
As they went up and down.

Oh! there was not a daisy,
And not a buttercup;
The air was thick and hazy,
And Blue Boy gave it up.

The houses, next, in London,
He thought that he would count;
But still the sum was undone,
So great was the amount.

He could not think of robbing—
He had but half a crown;
And so he mounted Dobbin,
And rode back from the town.

The sheep were in the meadows,
And the cows were in the corn;
Amid the evening shadows
He stood where he was born.

William Brighty Rands.

THE FARMER'S ROUND.

FIRST comes January,
The sun lies very low;
I see in the farmer's yard
The cattle feed on stro',
The weather being so cold,
The snow lies on the ground.
There will be another change of moon
Before the year comes round.

Next is February,
So early in the spring:
The farmer ploughs the fallows,
The rooks their nests begin.

The little lambs appearing
Now frisk in pretty play;
I think upon the increase,
And thank my God, to-day.

March it is the next month,
So cold and hard and drear:
Prepare we now for harvest
By brewing of strong beer.
God grant that we who labour
May see the reaping come,
And drink and dance and welcome
The happy Harvest Home.

Next of months is April,
When early in the morn
The cheery farmer soweth
To right and left the corn.
The gallant team come after,
A-smoothing of the land.
May Heaven the farmer prosper
Whate'er he takes in hand.

In May I go a-walking
To hear the linnets sing,
The blackbird and the thristle
A-praising God the King.
It cheers the heart to hear them,
To see the leaves unfold,
The meadows scattered over
With buttercups of gold.

Full early in the morning
Awakes the summer sun,
The month of June arriving,
The cold and night are done.
The Cuckoo is a fine bird,
She whistles as she flies,
And as she whistles "Cuckoo"
The bluer grow the skies.

Six months I now have named,
The seventh is July.
Come, lads and lasses, gather
The scented hay to dry,

All full of mirth and gladness
 To turn it in the sun,
 And never cease till daylight sets,
 And all the work is done.

August brings the harvest:
 The reapers now advance,
 Against their shining sickles
 The field stands little chance.
 "Well done!" exclaims the farmer,
 "This day is all men's friend;
 We'll drink and feast in plenty
 When we the harvest end."

By middle of September,
 The rake is laid aside,
 The horses wear the breeching,
 Rich dressing to provide;
 All things to do in season,
 Methinks is just and right.
 Now summer season's over,
 The frosts begin at night.

October leads in winter,
 The leaves begin to fall,
 The trees will soon be naked,
 No flowers left at all:
 The frosts will bite them sharply,
 The elm alone is green;
 In orchard piles of apples red
 For cider press are seen.

The eleventh month, November,
 The nights are cold and long.
 By day we're felling timber,
 And spend the night in song.
 In cozy chimney corner
 We take our toast and ale,
 And kiss and tease the maidens,
 Or tell a merry tale.

Then comes dark December,
 The last of months in turn:
 With holly, box and laurel
 We house and church adorn.

So now, to end my story,
 I wish you all good cheer,
 A merry, happy Christmas,
 A prosperous New Year.

Old Song.

"WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?"

From "Sea Dreams."

WHAT does little birdie say
 In her nest at peep of day?
 Let me fly, says little birdie,
 Mother, let me fly away.
 Birdie, rest a little longer,
 Till the little wings are stronger.
 So she rests a little longer,
 Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
 In her bed at peep of day?
 Baby says, like little birdie,
 Let me rise and fly away.
 Baby, sleep a little longer,
 Till the little limbs are stronger,
 If she sleeps a little longer,
 Baby too shall fly away.

Alfred Tennyson.

UNDER MY WINDOW.

UNDER my window, under my window,
 All in the Midsummer weather,
 Three little girls with fluttering curls
 Flit to and fro together:—
 There's Bell with her bonnet of satin
 sheen,
 And Maud with her mantle of silver-
 green,
 And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
 Leaning stealthily over,
 Merry and clear, the voice I hear
 Of each glad-hearted rover.

Ah! sly little Kate, she steals my
roses;
And Maud and Bell twine wreaths
and posies,
As merry as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window,
In the blue Midsummer weather,
Stealing slow, on a hushed tiptoe,
I catch them all together:—
Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maud with her mantle of silver-
green,
And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
And off through the orchard closes;
While Maud she flouts, and Bell she
pouts,
They scamper and drop their posies;
But dear little Kate takes naught
amiss,
And leaps in my arms with a loving
kiss,
And I give her all my roses.

Thomas Westwood.

OCTOBER'S PARTY.

OCTOBER gave a party;
The leaves by hundreds came—
The Chestnuts, Oaks, and Maples,
And leaves of every name.
The Sunshine spread a carpet,
And everything was grand,
Miss Weather led the dancing,
Professor Wind the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,
The Oaks in crimson dressed;
The lovely Misses Maple
In scarlet looked their best;
All balanced to their partners,
And gaily fluttered by;
The sight was like a rainbow
New fallen from the sky.

Then, in the rustic hollow,
At hide-and-seek they played,
The party closed at sundown,
And everybody stayed.
Professor Wind played louder;
They flew along the ground;
And then the party ended
In jolly "hands around."

George Cooper.

SUMMER DAYS.

WINTER is cold-hearted;
Spring is yea and nay;
Autumn is a weathercock,
Blown every way:
Summer days for me,
When every leaf is on its tree,

When Robin's not a beggar,
And Jenny Wren's a bride,
And larks hang, singing, singing,
singing,
Over the wheat-fields wide,
And anchored lilies ride,
And the pendulum spider
Swings from side to side,

And blue-black beetles transact busi-
ness,
And gnats fly in a host,
And furry caterpillars hasten
That no time be lost,
And moths grow fat and thrive,
And ladybirds arrive.

Before green apples blush,
Before green nuts embrown,
Why, one day in the country
Is worth a month in town—
Is worth a day and a year
Of the dusty, musty, lag-last fashion
That days drone elsewhere.

Christina Georgina Rossetti.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I AM coming, I am coming!
Hark! the little bee is humming;
See, the lark is soaring high
In the blue and sunny sky;
And the gnats are on the wing,
Wheeling round in airy ring.

See, the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over!
And on the banks of mossy green
Star-like primroses are seen;
And, their clustering leaves below,
White and purple violets blow.

Hark! the new-born lambs are bleat-
ing,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms,—a noisy crowd;
All the birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sunshine dances by.

Look around thee, look around!
Flowers in all the fields abound;
Every running stream is bright;
All the orchard trees are white;
And each small and waving shoot
Promises sweet flowers and fruit.

Turn thine eyes to earth and heaven:
God for thee the spring has given,
Taught the birds their melodies,
Clothed the earth, and cleared the
skies,
For thy pleasure or thy food:
Pour thy soul in gratitude.

Mary Howitt.

JACK FROST.

THE door was shut, as doors should be
Before you went to bed last night;
Yet Jack Frost has got in, you see,
And left your window silver white.

He must have waited till you slept;
And not a single word he spoke,
But pencilled o'er the panes and crept
Away again before you woke.

And now you cannot see the hills
Nor fields that stretch beyond the
lane;
But there are fairer things than these
His fingers traced on every pane.

Rocks and castles towering high;
Hills and dales, and streams and
fields;
And knights in armour riding by,
With nodding plumes and shining
shields.

And here are little boats, and there
Big ships with sails spread to the
breeze;
And yonder, palm trees waving fair
On islands set in silver seas.

And butterflies with gauzy wings;
And herds of cows and flocks of
sheep;
And fruit and flowers and all the
things
You see when you are sound asleep.

For creeping softly underneath
The door when all the lights are out,
Jack Frost takes every breath you
breathe,
And knows the things you think
about.

He paints them on the window pane
In fairy lines with frozen steam;
And when you wake you see again
The lovely things you saw in dream.

Gabriel Setoun.

THE USEFUL PLOUGH.

A country life is sweet!
 In moderate cold and heat,
 To walk in the air, how pleasant and
 fair!
 In every field of wheat,
 The fairest of flowers adorning the
 bowers,
 And every meadow's brow;
 To that I say, no courtier may
 Compare with they who clothe in
 gray,
 And follow the useful plough.

They rise with the morning lark,
 And labour till almost dark,
 Then folding their sheep, they hasten
 to sleep;
 While every pleasant park
 Next morning is ringing with birds
 that are singing
 On each green, tender bough.
 With what content and merriment
 Their days are spent, whose minds
 are bent
 To follow the useful plough.

Old Song.

THE WATER MILL.

“Any grist for the mill?”
 How merrily it goes!
 Flap, flap, flap, flap,
 While the water flows.
 Round-about, and round-about,
 The heavy mill-stones grind,
 And the dust flies all about the mill,
 And makes the miller blind.

“Any grist for the mill?”
 The jolly farmer packs
 His wagon with a heavy load
 Of very heavy sacks.
 Noisily, oh noisily,
 The mill-stones turn about:
 You cannot make the miller hear
 Unless you scream and shout.

“Any grist for the mill?”
 The bakers come and go;
 They bring their empty sacks to fill,
 And leave them down below.
 The dusty miller and his men
 Fill all the sacks they bring,
 And while they go about their work
 Right merrily they sing.

“Any grist for the mill?”
 How quickly it goes round!
 Splash, splash, splash, splash,
 With a whirring sound.
 Farmers, bring your corn to-day;
 And bakers, buy your flour;
 Dusty millers, work away,
 While it is in your power.

“Any grist for the mill?”
 Alas! it will not go;
 The river, too, is standing still,
 The ground is white with snow.
 And when the frosty weather comes
 And freezes up the streams,
 The miller only hears the mill
 And grinds the corn in dreams.

Living close beside the mill,
 The miller's girls and boys
 Always play at make-believe,
 Because they have no toys.

“Any grist for our mill?”
 The elder brothers shout,
 While all the little Petticoats
 Go whirling round about.

The miller's little boys and girls
 Rejoice to see the snow.

“Good father, play with us to-day;
 You cannot work, you know.
 We will be the mill-stones,
 And you shall be the wheel;
 We'll pelt each other with the snow,
 And it shall be the meal.”

Oh, heartily the miller's wife
 Is laughing at the door:
 She never saw the mill worked
 So merrily before.
 "Bravely done, my little lads,
 Rouse up the lazy wheel,
 For money comes but slowly in
 When snow-flakes are the meal."
"Aunt Effie."

GOING INTO BREECHES.

Joy to Philip! he this day
 Has his long coats cast away,
 And (the childish season gone),
 Puts the manly breeches on.
 Officer on gay parade,
 Red-coat in his first cockade,
 Bridegroom in his wedding trim,
 Birthday beau surpassing him,
 Never did with conscious gait
 Strut about in half the state,
 Or the pride (yet free from sin),
 Of my little MANNIKIN.
 Never was there pride, or bliss,
 Half so rational as his.
 Sashes, frocks, to those that need 'em,
 Philip's limbs have got their freedom.
 He can run, or he can ride,
 And do twenty things beside,
 Which his petticoats forbade:
 Is he not a happy lad?
 Now he's under other banners,
 He must leave his former manners;
 Bid adieu to female games,
 And forget their very names:
 Puss-in-corners, hide-and-seek,
 Sports for girls and punies weak!
 Baste-the-bear he now may play at,
 Leap-frog, foot-ball, sport away at,
 Show his strength and skill at cricket,
 Mark his distance, pitch his wicket,
 Run about in winter's snow
 Till his cheeks and fingers glow.
 Climb a tree, or scale a wall,
 Without any fear to fall.

If he get a hurt or bruise,
 To complain he must refuse,
 Though the anguish and the smart
 Go unto his little heart.
 He must have his courage ready,
 Keep his voice and visage steady,
 Brace his eyeballs stiff as drum,
 That a tear may never come;
 And his grief must only speak
 From the colour in his cheek.
 This, and more, he must endure,
 Hero he in miniature!
 This and more, must now be done,
 Now the breeches are put on.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

LADY MOON.

LADY MOON, Lady Moon, where are
 you roving?

"Over the sea."

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are
 you loving?

"All that love me."

Are you not tired with rolling, and
 never

Resting to sleep?

Why look so pale and so sad, as for-
 ever

Wishing to weep?

*"Ask me not this, little child, if you
 love me:*

You are too bold:

*I must obey my dear Father above
 me,*

And do as I'm told."

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are
 you roving?

"Over the sea."

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are
 you loving?

"All that love me."

Lord Houghton.

THE CASTLE BUILDER.

It happened on a summer's day,
 A country lass as fresh as May,
 Decked in a wholesome russet gown,
 Was going to the market town;
 So blithe her looks, so simply clean,
 You'd take her for a May-day queen;
 Though for her garland, says the tale,
 Her head sustained a loaded pail.
 As on her way she passed along,
 She hummed the fragments of a song;
 She did not hum for want of thought—
 Quite pleased with what to sale she
 brought,
 She reckoned by her own account,
 When all was sold, the whole amount.
 Thus she—"In time this little ware
 May turn to great account, with care:
 My milk being sold for—so and so,
 I'll buy some eggs as markets go,
 And set them;—at the time I fix,
 These eggs will bring as many chicks;
 I'll spare no pains to feed them well;
 They'll bring vast profit when they
 sell.
 With this, I'll buy a little pig,
 And when 'tis grown up fat and big,
 I'll sell it, whether boar or sow,
 And with the money buy a cow:
 This cow will surely have a calf,
 And there the profit's half in half;
 Besides there's butter, milk, and
 cheese,
 To keep the market when I please:
 All which I'll sell, and buy a farm,
 Then shall of sweethearts have a
 swarm.
 Oh! then for ribands, gloves, and
 rings!
 Ay! more than twenty pretty things—
 One brings me this, another that,
 And I shall have—I know not what!"

Fired with the thought—the sanguine
 lass!—
 Of what was thus to come to pass,

Her heart beat strong; she gave a
 bound,
 And down came milk-pail on the
 ground:
 Eggs, fowls, pig, hog (ah, well-a-day!)
 Cow, calf, and farm—all swam away!

Jean de La Fontaine.

OF WHAT ARE YOUR CLOTHES .. MADE?

COME here to papa, and I'll tell my
 dear boy,
 (For I think he would never have
 guessed),
 How many animals we must employ,
 Before little Charles can be dressed.

The pretty Sheep gives you the wool
 from his sides,
 To make you a jacket to use;
 And the Dog or the Seal must be
 stripp'd of their hides,
 To give you these nice little shoes.

And then the shy Beaver contributes
 his share
 With the Rabbit, to give you a hat;
 For this must be made of their deli-
 cate hair,
 And so you may thank them for
 that.

All these I have mentioned, and many
 more too,
 Each willingly gives us a share,
 One sends us a hat and another a shoe,
 That we may have plenty to wear.

Then as the poor creatures are suf-
 fered to give
 So much for the comfort of man,
 I think 'tis but right, that as long as
 they live
 We should do all for them that we
 can.

Ann and Jane Taylor.

GEORGE AND THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

His petticoats now George cast off,
 For he was four years old;
 His trousers were nankeen so fine,
 His buttons bright as gold.
 "May I," said little George, "go out,
 My pretty clothes to show?
 May I, papa? may I, mamma?"
 The answer was—"No, no."

"Go, run below, George; in the court,
 But go not in the street,
 Lest naughty boys should play some
 trick,
 Or gipsies you should meet."
 Yet, tho' forbade, George went un-
 seen,
 That other boys might spy;
 And all admir'd him when he lisp'd—
 "Now, who so fine as I?"

But whilst he strutted to and fro,
 So proud, as I've heard tell,
 A sweep-boy pass'd, whom to avoid
 He slipp'd, and down he fell.
 The sooty lad was kind and good,
 To Georgy boy he ran,
 He rais'd him up, and kissing, said,
 "Hush, hush, my little man!"

He rubb'd and wip'd his clothes with
 care,
 And hugging, said, "Don't cry!
 Go home as quick as you can go;
 Sweet little boy, good-bye."
 Poor George look'd down, and lo! his
 dress
 Was blacker than before;
 All over soot, and mud, and dirt,
 He reach'd his father's door.

He sobb'd, and wept, and look'd
 asham'd,
 His fault he did not hide;
 And since so sorry for his fault,
 Mamma forbore to chide.

That night, when he was gone to bed,
 He jump'd up in his sleep,
 And cried and sobb'd, and cried
 again,
 "I thought I saw the sweep!"

Adelaide O'Keeffe.

NEATNESS IN APPAREL.

IN your garb and outward clothing
 A reserved plainness use;
 By their neatness more distinguished,
 Than the brightness of their hues.

All the colours in the rainbow
 Serve to spread the peacock's train;
 Half the lustre of his feathers
 Would turn twenty coxcombs vain.

Yet the swan that swims in rivers,
 Pleases the judicious sight;
 Who, of brighter colours heedless,
 Turns alone to simple white.

Yet all other hues comparéd
 With his whiteness show amiss;
 And the peacock's coat of colours
 Like a fool's coat looks by his.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE LARK AND THE ROOK.

"GOOD-NIGHT, Sir Rook!" said a little
 lark.
 "The daylight fades; it will soon be
 dark;
 I've bathed my wings in the sun's
 last ray;
 I've sung my hymn to the parting
 day;
 So now I haste to my quiet nook
 In yon dewy meadow—good-night,
 Sir Rook!"

“Good-night, poor Lark,” said his
titled friend,
With a haughty toss and a distant
bend;
“I also go to my rest profound;
But not to sleep on the cold, damp
ground.
The fittest place for a bird like me
Is the topmost bough of yon tall
pine-tree.

“I opened my eyes at peep of day
And saw you taking your upward
way,
Dreaming your fond romantic
dreams,
An ugly speck in the sun’s bright
beams;
Soaring too high to be seen or
heard;
And I said to myself: ‘What a fool-
ish bird!’

“I trod the park with a princely air,
I filled my crop with the richest
fare;
I cawed all day ’mid a lordly crew,
And I made more noise in the world
than you!
The sun shone forth on my ebon
wing;
I looked and wondered—good-night,
poor thing!”

“Good-night, once more,” said the
lark’s sweet voice.

“I see no cause to repent my choice;
You build your nest in the lofty
pine,
But is your slumber more sweet
than mine?
You make more noise in the world
than I,
But whose is the sweeter min-
strelsy?”

Unknown.

ANOTHER PLUM-CAKE.

“OH! I’ve got a plum-cake, and a
feast let us make;
Come, schoolfellows, come at my
call;
I assure you ’tis nice, and we’ll each
have a slice,
Here’s more than enough for us
all.”

Thus said little Jack, as he gave it a
smack,
And sharpen’d his knife to begin;
Nor was there one found, upon the
play-ground,
So cross that he would not come in.

With masterly strength he cut through
it at length,
And gave to each playmate a share:
Charles, William, and James, and
many more names,
Partook his benevolent care.

And when it was done, and they’d
finished their fun,
To marbles or hoop they went back;
And each little boy felt it always a
joy,
To do a good turn for good Jack.

In his task and his book, his best
pleasures he took,
And as he thus wisely began,
Since he’s been a man grown he has
constantly shown
That a good boy will make a good
man.

Ann and Jane Taylor.

CLEANLINESS.

COME, my little Robert, near—
Fie! what filthy hands are here—
Who that e’er could understand
The rare structure of a hand,

With its branching fingers fine,
 Work itself of hands divine,
 Strong yet delicately knit,
 For ten thousand uses fit,
 Overlaid with so clear skin,
 And the curious palm, disposed
 In such lines, some have supposed
 You may read the fortunes there
 By the figures that appear;
 Who this hand would choose to cover
 With a crust of dirt all over,
 Till it looked in hue and shape
 Like the fore-foot of an ape?
 Man or boy that works or plays
 In the fields or the highways,
 May, without offence or hurt,
 From the soil contract a dirt,
 Which the next clear spring or river
 Washes out and out for ever;
 But to cherish stains impure,
 Soil deliberate to endure,
 On the skin to fix a stain
 Till it works into the grain,
 Argues a degenerate mind,
 Sordid, slothful, ill-inclined,
 Wanting in that self-respect
 Which does virtue best protect.

All-endearing cleanliness,
 Virtue next to godliness,
 Easiest, cheapest, needful'st duty,
 To the body health and beauty,
 Who that's human would refuse it,
 When a little water does it?

Charles and Mary Lamb.

A SHOOTING SONG.

To shoot, to shoot, would be my de-
 light,
 To shoot the cats that howl in the
 night;
 To shoot the lion, the wolf, the bear,
 To shoot the mad dogs out in the
 square.

I learnt to shoot with a pop-gun good,
 Made out of a branch of elder wood;
 It was round, and long, full half a
 yard,
 The plug was strong, the pellets were
 hard.

I should like to shoot with a bow of
 yew,
 As the English at Agincourt used to
 do;
 The strings of a thousand bows went
 twang,
 And a thousand arrows whizzed and
 sang!

On Hounslow Heath I should like to
 ride,
 With a great horse-pistol at my side:
 It is dark—hark! A robber, I know!
 Click! crick-crack! and away we go!

I will shoot with a double-barrelled
 gun,
 Two bullets are better than only one;
 I will shoot some rooks to put in a pie;
 I will shoot an eagle up in the sky.

I once shot a bandit—in a dream—
 In a mountain pass I heard a scream;
 I rescued the lady, and set her free,
 “Do not fear, madam, lean on me!”

With a boomerang I could not aim;
 A poison blow-pipe would be the
 same;
 A double-barrelled is my desire,
 Get out of the way—one, two, three,
 fire!

William Brighty Rands.

RUDENESS.

JAMES went to the door of the
 kitchen and said,
 “Cook, give me this moment some
 honey and bread;

Then fetch me a glass or a cup of
good beer,
Why, cook, you don't stir, and I'm
sure you must hear!"

"Indeed, Master James," was the
cook's right reply,
"To answer such language I feel
rather shy,
I hear you quite plainly, but wait
till you choose
To civilly ask, when I shall not re-
fuse."

What pity young boys should in-
dulse in this way,
Whilst knowing so well what is
proper to say;
As if civil words, in a well-man-
ner'd tone,
Were learned to be us'd in the par-
lour alone!

Elizabeth Turner.

THE PEDDLER'S CARAVAN.

I WISH I lived in a caravan,
With a horse to drive, like a peddler-
man!
Where he comes from nobody knows,
Or where he goes to, but on he goes!

His caravan has windows two,
And a chimney of tin, that the smoke
comes through;
He has a wife, with a baby brown,
And they go riding from town to
town.

Chairs to mend, and delf to sell!
He clashes the basins like a bell;
Tea-trays, baskets ranged in order,
Plates, with alphabets round the
border!

The roads are brown, and the sea is
green,
But his house is like a bathing-ma-
chine;

The world is round, and he can ride,
Rumble and slash, to the other side!

With the peddler-man I should like to
roam,
And write a book when I came home;
All the people would read my book,
Just like the Travels of Captain Cook!

William Brighty Rands.

MY LADY WIND.

My Lady Wind, my Lady Wind,
Went round about the house to find
A chink to set her foot in;
She tried the keyhole in the door,
She tried the crevice in the floor,
And drove the chimney soot in.

And then one night when it was dark,
She blew up such a tiny spark
That all the town was bothered;
From it she raised such flame and
smoke
That many in great terror woke,
And many more were smothered.

And thus when once, my little dears,
A whisper reaches itching ears—
The same will come, you'll find:
Take my advice, restrain the tongue,
Remember what old nurse has sung
Of busy Lady Wind.

Unknown.

THE CITY CHILD.

DAINTY little maiden, whither would
you wander?
Whither from this pretty home, the
home where mother dwells?

"Far and far away," said the dainty
little maiden,
"All among the gardens, auriculas,
anemones,
Roses and lilies and Canterbury
bells."

Dainty little maiden, whither would
you wander?
Whither from this pretty house, this
city-house of ours?
"Far and far away," said the dainty
little maiden,
"All among the meadows, the clover
and the clematis,
Daisies and kingcups and honey-
suckle-flowers."

Alfred Tennyson.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

OVER the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted
snow.

Over the river and through the
wood—
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play.
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting-hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barn-
yard gate.
We seem to go
Extremely slow,—
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the
wood—
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin-pie!
Lydia Maria Child.

SIR LARK AND KING SUN.

From "Adela Cathcart."

"GOOD-MORROW, my lord!" in the sky
alone,
Sang the lark, as the sun ascended
his throne.
'Shine on me, my lord; I only am
come,
Of all your servants, to welcome
you home.
I have flown right up, a whole hour,
I swear,
To catch the first shine of your
golden hair."

"Must I thank you, then," said the
king, "Sir Lark,
For flying so high and hating the
dark?
You ask a full cup for half a thirst:
Half was love of me, and half love
to be first.
There's many a bird makes no such
haste,
But waits till I come: that's as
much to my taste."

And King Sun hid his head in a
turban of cloud,
And Sir Lark stopped singing,
quite vexed and cowed.

But he flew up higher, and thought,
 "Anon
 The wrath of the king will be over
 and gone;
 And his crown, shining out of its
 cloudy fold,
 Will change my brown feathers to
 a glory of gold."

So he flew—with the strength of a
 lark he flew;
 But, as he rose, the cloud rose too;
 And not one gleam of the golden
 hair
 Came through the depths of the
 misty air;
 Till, weary with flying, with sigh-
 ing sore,
 The strong sun-seeker could do no
 more.

His wings had had no chrism of
 gold:
 And his feathers felt withered and
 worn and old;
 He faltered, and sank, and dropped
 like a stone.
 And there on her nest, where he
 left her, alone
 Sat his little wife on her little eggs,
 Keeping them warm with wings
 and legs.

Did I say alone? Ah, no such
 thing!
 Full in her face was shining the
 king.
 "Welcome, Sir Lark! You look
 tired," said he;
 "Up is not always the best way to
 me.
 While you have been singing so
 high and away,
 I've been shining to your little wife
 all day."

He had set his crown all about the
 nest,
 And out of the midst shone her
 little brown breast;
 And so glorious was she in russet
 gold,
 That for wonder and awe Sir Lark
 grew cold.
 He popped his head under her
 wing, and lay
 As still as a stone, till King Sun
 was away.

George Macdonald.

MINNIE AND WINNIE.

MINNIE and Winnie slept in a shell.
 Sleep, little ladies! And they slept
 well.

Pink was the shell within, silver
 without;
 Sounds of the great sea wandered
 about.

Sleep, little ladies! Wake not soon!
 Echo on echo dies to the moon.

Two bright stars peeped into the
 shell.
 "What are they dreaming of? Who
 can tell?"

Started a green linnet out of the
 croft;
 Wake, little ladies! The sun is
 aloft.

Alfred Tennyson.

FOOLISH EMILY AND HER KITTEN.

"WHY not open your eyes,
 And look with surprise
 Around, up and down, and on us?
 And why won't you see,
 And look upon me?
 Come, open your eyes, little puss!

"I know you can peep,
For you're not asleep,
You cry after mother so loud;
Your eyes I've not seen,
Are they blue, red, or green?
I fear you are sulky and proud!

"And if you will not
On this very spot
Lift your eyelids and look upon me,
I'll open them quick,
Whilst my hand you may lick,
And soon then my kitten will see!"

But her brother cried, "Hold!"
And must you be told
That kittens, like pups, are born
blind?
You silly young child,"
He said as he smiled,
"Be patient, and if you are kind,

"Not many days hence
That precious dear sense
Of sight will your kitten enjoy,—
Then let it alone,
Altho' 'tis your own,
Or its eyes you will surely destroy."

Altho' 'twas her own
She let it alone,
But watch'd every day if 'twas
true,
And often she sighed,
But one morning she cried,
"Oh, look at its EYES of bright blue!"

Adelaide O'Keeffe.

MISS SOPHIA.

MISS SOPHY, one fine sunny day,
Left her work and ran away;
When soon she reach'd the garden-
gate,
Which finding lock'd, she would not
wait,
But tried to climb and scramble o'er
A gate as high as any door.

But little girls should never climb,
And Sophy won't another time;
For when upon the highest rail,
Her frock was caught upon a nail,
She lost her head, and, sad to tell,
Was hurt and bruised—for down she
fell.

Elizabeth Turner.

NIMBLE DICK.

My boy, be cool, do things by rule,
And then you'll do them right;
A story true I'll tell to you
'Tis of a luckless wight.

He'd never wait, was ever late,
Because he was so quick,
This shatter-brain did thus obtain
The name of Nimble Dick.

All in his best young Dick was drest,
Cries he, "I'm very dry!"
Though glass and jug, and china mug,
On sideboard stood hard by—

With skip and jump unto the pump,
With open mouth he goes;
The water out ran from the spout,
And wetted all his clothes.

All in dispatch he made a match
To run a race with Bill;
"My boy," said he, "I'll win, you'll
see;
I'll beat you, that I will."

With merry heart, now off they start,
Like ponies in full speed;
Soon Bill he pass'd, for very fast
This Dicky ran indeed.

But hurry all, Dick got a fall,
And whilst he sprawling lay,
Bill reached the post, and Dicky lost,
And Billy won the day.

“Bring here my pad,” now cries the
lad
Unto the servant John;
“I’ll mount astride, this day I’ll ride,
So put the saddle on.”

No time to waste, ’twas brought in
haste,
Dick long’d to have it back’d;
With spur and boot on leg and foot,
His whip he loudly cracked.

The mane he grasped, the crupper
clasped,
And leaped up from the ground,
All smart and spruce: the girt was
loose,
He turned the saddle round.

Then down he came, the scoff and
shame
Of all the standers by;
Poor Dick, alack! upon his back,
Beneath the horse did lie.

Still slow and sure, success secure,
And be not over quick;
For method’s sake, a warning take
From hasty Nimble Dick.

Adelaide O’Keeffe.

THE STORY OF AUGUSTUS WHO WOULD NOT HAVE ANY SOUP.

AUGUSTUS was a chubby lad;
Fat ruddy cheeks Augustus had;
And everybody saw with joy,
The plump and hearty healthy boy.
He ate and drank as he was told,
And never let his soup get cold.
But one day, one cold winter’s day,
He scream’d out—“Take the soup
away!
O take the nasty soup away!
I won’t have any soup to-day!”

How lank and lean Augustus grows!
Next day he scarcely fills his clothes,
Yet, though he feels so weak and ill,
The naughty fellow cries out still—
“Not any soup for me, I say:
O take the nasty soup away!
I won’t have any soup to-day!”

The third day comes; oh! what a sin!
To make himself so pale and thin.
Yet, when the soup is put on table,
He screams, as loud as he is able,
“Not any soup for me, I say:
O take the nasty soup away!
I won’t have any soup to-day!”

Look at him, now the fourth day’s
come!
He scarcely weighs a sugar-plum;
He’s like a little bit of thread,
And on the fifth day he was—dead!

Heinrich Hoffmann.

THE COURTSHIP, MERRY MAR- RIAGE, AND PICNIC DINNER OF COCK ROBIN AND JENNY WREN.

It was a merry time
When Jenny Wren was young,
So neatly as she danced,
And so sweetly as she sung,
Robin Redbreast lost his heart:
He was a gallant bird;
He doffed his hat to Jenny,
And thus to her he said:—

“My dearest Jenny Wren,
If you will but be mine,
You shall dine on cherry pie,
And drink nice currant wine.
I’ll dress you like a Goldfinch,
Or like a Peacock gay;
So if you’ll have me, Jenny,
Let us appoint the day.”

Jenny blushed behind her fan,
 And thus declared her mind:
 "Then let it be to-morrow, Bob,
 I take your offer kind—
 Cherry pie is very good!
 So is currant wine!
 But I will wear my brown gown,
 And never dress too fine."

Robin rose up early
 At the break of day;
 He flew to Jenny Wren's house,
 To sing a roundelay.
 He met the Cock and Hen,
 And bid the Cock declare,
 This was his wedding-day
 With Jenny Wren the fair.

The Cock then blew his horn,
 To let the neighbours know,
 This was Robin's wedding-day,
 And they might see the show.
 And first came Parson Rook,
 With his spectacles and band,
 And one of Mother Hubbard's books
 He held within his hand.

Then followed him the Lark,
 For he could sweetly sing,
 And he was to be clerk
 At Cock Robin's wedding.
 He sang of Robin's love
 For little Jenny Wren;
 And when he came unto the end,
 Then he began again.

Then came the bride and bridegroom;
 Quite plainly was she dressed,
 And blushed so much, her cheeks were
 As red as Robin's breast.
 But Robin cheered her up;
 "My pretty Jen," said he,
 "We're going to be married
 And happy shall we be."

The Goldfinch came on next,
 To give away the bride;
 The Linnet, being bride's maid,
 Walked by Jenny's side;
 And, as she was a-walking,
 She said, "Upon my word,
 I think that your Cock Robin
 Is a very pretty bird."

The Bulfinch walked by Robin,
 And thus to him did say,
 "Pray, mark, friend Robin Redbreast,
 That Goldfinch dressed so gay;
 What though her gay apparel
 Becomes her very well,
 Yet Jenny's modest dress and look
 Must bear away the bell."

The Blackbird and the Thrush,
 And charming Nightingale,
 Whose sweet jug sweetly echoes
 Through every grove and dell;
 The Sparrow and Tom Tit,
 And many more, were there:
 All came to see the wedding
 Of Jenny Wren, the fair.

"O then," says Parson Rook,
 "Who gives this maid away?"
 "I do," says the Goldfinch,
 "And her fortune I will pay:
 Here's a bag of grain of many sorts,
 And other things beside;
 Now happy be the bridegroom,
 And happy be the bride!"

"And will you have her, Robin,
 To be your wedded wife?"
 "Yes, I will," says Robin.
 "And love her all my life."
 "And will you have him, Jenny,
 Your husband now to be?"
 "Yes, I will," says Jenny,
 "And love him heartily."

Then on her finger fair
 Cock Robin put the ring;
 "You're married now," says Parson
 Rook,
 While the Lark aloud did sing:
 "Happy be the bridegroom,
 And happy be the bride!
 And may not man, nor bird, nor
 beast,
 This happy pair divide."

The birds were asked to dine;
 Not Jenny's friends alone,
 But every pretty songster
 That had Cock Robin known.
 They had a cherry pie,
 Beside some currant wine,
 And every guest brought something,
 That sumptuous they might dine.

Now they all sat or stood
 To eat and to drink;
 And every one said what
 He happened to think:
 They each took a bumper,
 And drank to the pair:
 Cock Robin, the bridegroom,
 . And Jenny Wren, the fair.

The dinner-things removed,
 They all began to sing;
 And soon they made the place
 Near a mile round to ring.
 The concert it was fine;
 And every bird tried
 Who best could sing for Robin
 And Jenny Wren, the bride.

Then in came the Cuckoo,
 And made a great rout;
 He caught hold of Jenny
 And pulled her about.
 Cock Robin was angry,
 And so was the Sparrow,
 Who fetched in a hurry
 His bow and his arrow.

His aim then he took,
 But he took it not right;
 His skill was not good,
 Or he shot in a fright;
 For the Cuckoo he missed,
 But Cock Robin killed!—
 And all the birds mourned
 That his blood was so spilled.

Unknown.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'TWAS the night before Christmas,
 when all through the house
 Not a creature was stirring, not even
 a mouse;
 The stockings were hung by the chim-
 ney with care,
 In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would
 be there;
 The children were nestled all snug in
 their beds,
 While visions of sugar-plums danced
 in their heads;
 And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I
 in my cap,
 Had just settled our brains for a long
 winter's nap,
 When out on the lawn there arose
 such a clatter,
 I sprang from the bed to see what was
 the matter.
 Away to the window I flew like a
 flash,
 Tore open the shutters and threw up
 the sash.
 The moon on the breast of the new-
 fallen snow
 Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects
 below,
 When, what to my wondering eyes
 should appear,
 But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny
 reindeer,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:

“Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer* and *Vixen!*

On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder* and *Blitzen!*

To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!

Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!”

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,

When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,

So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,

With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof

The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,

Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,

And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,

And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,

And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;

He had a broad face and a little round belly,

That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,

And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,

Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,

And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose,

And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,

And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,

“*Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night.*”

Clement Clarke Moore.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,

Comes a pause in the day's occupations,

That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning to-
gether
To take me by surprise.

— A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my
chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty
grace;

From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is a republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters
shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;

Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the
night,—

Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread;
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!

Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown'sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

OUR MOTHER.

HUNDREDS of stars in the pretty sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore to-
gether,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of birds in the sunny
weather,

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the
dawn,
Hundreds of bees in the purple
clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother the wide world
over.

Unknown.

A YEAR'S WINDFALLS.

ON the wind of January
Down flits the snow,
Travelling from the frozen North
As cold as it can blow.
Poor robin redbreast,
Look where he comes;
Let him in to feel your fire,
And toss him of your crumbs.



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Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!

THE BAREFOOT BOY

On the wind in February
 Snowflakes float still,
 Half inclined to turn to rain,
 Nipping, dripping, chill.
 Then the thaws swell the streams,
 And swollen rivers swell the sea:—
 If the winter ever ends
 How pleasant it will be.

In the wind of windy March
 The catkins drop down,
 Curly, caterpillar-like,
 Curious green and brown.
 With concourse of nest-building birds
 And leaf-buds by the way,
 We begin to think of flowers
 And life and nuts some day.

With the gusts of April
 Rich fruit-tree blossoms fall,
 On the hedged-in orchard-green,
 From the southern wall.
 Apple-trees and pear-trees
 Shed petals white or pink,
 Plum-trees and peach-trees;
 While sharp showers sink and sink.

Little brings the May breeze
 Beside pure scent of flowers,
 While all things wax and nothing
 wanes
 In lengthening daylight hours.
 Across the hyacinth beds
 The wind lags warm and sweet,
 Across the hawthorn tops,
 Across the blades of wheat.

In the wind of sunny June
 Thrives the red rose crop,
 Every day fresh blossoms blow
 While the first leaves drop;
 White rose and yellow rose
 And moss rose choice to find,
 And the cottage cabbage-rose
 Not one whit behind.

On the blast of scorched July
 Drives the pelting hail,
 From thunderous lightning clouds,
 that blot
 Blue heaven grown lurid-pale,
 Weedy waves are tossed ashore,
 Sea-things strange to sight
 Gasp upon the barren shore
 And fade away in light.

In the parching August wind
 Corn-fields bow the head,
 Sheltered in round valley depths,
 On low hills outspread.
 Early leaves drop loitering down,
 Weightless on the breeze,
 First fruits of the year's decay
 From the withering trees.

In brisk wind of September
 The heavy-headed fruits
 Shake upon their bending boughs
 And drop from the shoots;
 Some glow golden in the sun,
 Some show green and streaked,
 Some set forth a purple bloom,
 Some blush rosy-cheeked.

In strong blast of October
 At the equinox,
 Stirred up in his hollow bed
 Broad ocean rocks;
 Plunge the ships on his bosom,
 Leaps and plunges the foam,
 It's oh! for mothers' sons at sea,
 That they were safe at home.

In slack wind of November
 The fog forms and shifts;
 All the world comes out again
 When the fog lifts.
 Loosened from their sapless twigs
 Leaves drop with every gust;
 Drifting, rustling, out of sight
 In the damp or dust.

Last of all, December,
 The year's sands nearly run,
 Speeds on the shortest day,
 Curtails the sun;
 With its bleak raw wind
 Lays the last leaves low,
 Brings back the nightly frosts,
 Brings back the snow.

Christina Georgina Rossetti.

BREAKFAST.

A DINNER party, coffee, tea,
 Sandwich, or supper—all may be
 In their way pleasant. But to me
 Not one of these deserves the praise
 That welcomer of new-born days,
 A *breakfast*, merits; ever giving
 Cheerful notice we are living
 Another day refreshed by sleep
 When its festival we keep.
 Now although I would not slight
 Those kindly words we use, "Good-
 night,"
 Yet parting words are words of sor-
 row,
 And may not vie with sweet "Good-
 morrow,"
 With which again our friends we
 greet,
 When in the breakfast-room we meet,
 At the social table round,
 Listening to the lively sound
 Of those notes which never tire,
 Of urn, or kettle on the fire.

Sleepy Robert never hears
 Of urn or kettle; he appears
 When all have finished, one by one
 Dropping off, and breakfast done.
 Yet has he, too, his own pleasure.
 His breakfast hour's his hour of
 leisure;
 And, left alone, he reads or muses,
 Or else in idle mood he uses

To sit and watch the venturous fly,
 Where the sugar's piléd high,
 Clambering o'er the humps so white,
 Rocky cliffs of sweet delight.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
 Will you listen to me?
 Who stole four eggs I laid,
 And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
 Such a thing I'd never do.
 I gave you a wisp of hay,
 But didn't take your nest away.
 Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
 Such a thing I'd never do."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
 Will you listen to me?
 Who stole four eggs I laid,
 And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link!
 Now what do you think?
 Who stole a nest away
 From the plum-tree, to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!
 I wouldn't be so mean, anyhow!
 I gave hairs the nest to make,
 But the nest I did not take.
 Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!
 I'm not so mean, anyhow."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
 Will you listen to me?
 Who stole four eggs I laid,
 And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link!
 Now what do you think?
 Who stole a nest away
 From the plum-tree, to-day?"

“Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?”

“Not I,” said the sheep; “Oh, no!
I wouldn’t treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa! Baa!” said the sheep, “Oh,
no,
I wouldn’t treat a poor bird so.”

“To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?”

“Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree, to-day?”

“Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?”

“Caw! Caw!” cried the crow;
“I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird’s nest, to-day?”

“Cluck! Cluck!” said the hen;
“Don’t ask me again,
Why I haven’t a chick
Would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I’d scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! Cluck!” said the hen,
“Don’t ask me again.”

“Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!
All the birds make a stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry ‘For shame!’”

“I would not rob a bird,”
Said little Mary Green;
“I think I never heard
Of anything so mean.”

“It is very cruel, too,”
Said little Alice Neal;
“I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?”

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed,
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn’t like to tell his name.

Lydia Maria Child.

THE DESSERT.

WITH the apples and the plums,
Little Carolina comes;
At the time of the dessert she
Comes and drops her last new curt-
sey;
Graceful curtsy, practised o’er
In the nursery before.
What shall we compare her to?
The dessert itself will do.
Like preserves, she’s kept with care,
Like blanched almonds, she is fair,
Soft as down on peach her hair,
And so soft, so smooth is each
Pretty cheek as that same peach,
Yet more like in hue to cherries;
Then her lips, the sweet straw-
berries,
Caroline herself shall try them
If they are not like when nigh
them;
Her bright eyes are black as sloes,
But I think we’ve none of those
Common fruit here; and her chin
From a round point does begin,
Like the small end of a pear;
Whiter drapery she does wear

Than the frost on cake; and sweeter
 Than the cake itself, and neater,
 Though bedecked with emblems
 fine,
 Is our little Caroline.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

How pleasant the life of a bird
 must be,
 Flitting about in each leafy tree;
 In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
 Like a green and beautiful palace
 hall,
 With its airy chambers, light and
 boon,
 That open to sun, and stars, and
 moon;
 That open unto the bright blue sky,
 And the frolicsome winds as they
 wander by!

They have left their nests in the
 forest bough;
 Those homes of delight they need
 not now;
 And the young and the old they
 wander out,
 And traverse the green world round
 about;
 And hark at the top of this leafy
 hall,
 How, one to another they lovingly
 call!
 "Come up, come up!" they seem to
 say,
 "Where the topmost twigs in the
 breezes play!"

"Come up, come up, for the world is
 fair,
 Where the merry leaves dance in
 the summer air!"

And the birds below give back the
 cry,
 "We come, we come to the branches
 high!"
 How pleasant the life of the birds
 must be,
 Living above in a leafy tree!
 And away through the air what joy
 to go,
 And to look on the green, bright
 earth below!

How pleasant the life of a bird
 must be,
 Skimming about on the breezy sea,
 Cresting the billows like silvery
 foam,
 Then wheeling away to its cliff-
 built home!
 What joy it must be to sail, up-
 borne,
 By a strong free wing, through the
 rosy morn,
 To meet the young sun, face to face,
 And pierce, like a shaft, the bound-
 less space!

To pass through the bowers of the
 silver cloud;
 To sing in the thunder halls aloud;
 To spread out the wings for a wild,
 free flight
 With the upper cloud-winds,—oh,
 what delight!
 Oh, what would I give, like a bird,
 to go,
 Right on through the arch of the
 sun-lit bow,
 And see how the water-drops are
 kissed
 Into green and yellow and ame-
 thyst.

How pleasant the life of a bird
 must be,
 Wherever it listeth, there to flee;

To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing down 'mong the water-
falls;
Then wheeling about, with its mate
at play,
Above and below, and among the
spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as
wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy
child!

What joy it must be, like a living
breeze,
To flutter about 'mid the flowering
trees;
Lightly to soar and to see beneath,
The wastes of the blossoming pur-
ple heath,
And the yellow furze, like fields of
gold,
That gladden some fairy region
old!
On mountain-tops, on the billowy
sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest-
tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird
must be!

Mary Howitt.

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies
and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and
over—
Seven times one are seven.

I am old! so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done:
The lambs play always, they know no
better;
They are only one times one.

O Moon! in the night I have seen you
sailing,
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah, bright! but your
light is failing;
You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon! have you done something
wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be
forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet Bee! you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with
gold;
O brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and
yellow!
Give me your money to hold.

O Columbine! open your folded
wrapper
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell;
O Cuckoo-pint! toll me the purple
clapper,
That hangs in your clear, green
bell.

And show me your nest with the
young ones in it—
I will not steal them away,
I am old! you may trust me, Linnet,
Linnet,—
I am seven times one to-day.

Jean Ingelow.

POLLY.

BROWN eyes, straight nose;
Dirt pies, rumpled clothes.

Torn books, spoilt toys;
Arch looks, unlike a boy's;

Little rages, obvious arts;
(Three her age is), cakes, tarts;

Falling down off chairs;
Breaking crown down stairs;

Catching flies on the pane;
Deep sighs—cause not plain;

Bribing you with kisses
For a few farthing blisses.

Wide-a-wake; as you hear,
“Mercy’s sake, quiet, dear!”

New shoes, new frock;
Vague views of what’s o’clock

When it’s time to go to bed,
And scorn sublime for what is said.

Folded hands, saying prayers,
Understands not nor cares—

Thinks it odd, smiles away;
Yet may God hear her pray!

Bed gown white, kiss Dolly;
Good-night!—that’s Polly.

Fast asleep, as you see,
Heaven keep my girl for me!

William Brighty Rands.

THE LOST DOLL.

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and white,
dears,
And her hair was so charmingly
curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week,
dears,
But I never could find where she
lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed,
dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arms trodden off by the cows,
dears,
And her hair not the least bit
curled;
Yet for old sake’s sake, she is still,
dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

Charles Kingsley.

COME, LITTLE LEAVES.

“COME, little leaves,” said the wind
one day.
“Come over the meadows with me
and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
For summer is gone and the days
grow cold.”

Soon as the leaves heard the wind’s
loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and
all;
Over the brown fields they danced
and flew,
Singing the sweet little song they
knew.

“Cricket, good-by, we’ve been friends
so long,
Little brook, sing us your farewell
song;
Say you are sorry to see us go;
Ah, you will miss us, right well we
know.

“Dear little lambs in your fleecy
fold,
Mother will keep you from harm
and cold;

Fondly we watched you in vale and
glade,
Say, will you dream of our loving
shade?"

Dancing and whirling, the little
leaves went;
Winter had called them, and they
were content;
Soon, fast asleep in their earthy
beds,
The snow laid a coverlid over their
heads.

George Cooper.

FREDDIE AND THE CHERRY TREE.

FREDDIE saw some fine ripe cherries
Hanging on a cherry tree,
And he said, "You pretty cherries,
Will you not come down to me?"

"Thank you kindly," said a cherry,
"We would rather stay up here;
If we ventured down this morning,
You would eat us up, I fear."

One, the finest of the cherries,
Dangled from a slender twig.
"You are beautiful," said Freddie,
"Red and ripe, and oh, how big!"

"Catch me," said the cherry, "catch
me,
Little master, if you can."
"I would catch you soon," said
Freddie,
"If I were a grown-up man."

Freddie jumped, and tried to reach
it,
Standing high upon his toes;
But the cherry bobbed about,
And laughed, and tickled Fred-
die's nose.

"Never mind," said little Freddie,
"I shall have them when it's
right."
But a blackbird whistled boldly,
"I shall eat them all to-night."

Ann Hawkshawe.

THE DREAM OF A GIRL WHO LIVED AT SEVEN-OAKS.

SEVEN sweet singing birds up in a
tree;
Seven swift sailing-ships white upon
the sea;
Seven bright weather-cocks shining in
the sun;
Seven slim race-horses ready for a
run;
Seven gold butterflies, flitting over-
head;
Seven red roses blowing in a garden
bed;
Seven white lilies, with honey bees in-
side them;
Seven round rainbows with clouds to
divide them;
Seven pretty little girls with sugar on
their lips;
Seven witty little boys, whom every-
body tips;
Seven nice fathers, to call little maids
joys;
Seven nice mothers, to kiss the little
boys;
Seven nights running I dreamt it all
plain;
With bread and jam for supper I
could dream it all again!

William Brighty Rands.

WHICH IS THE FAVOURITE?

BROTHERS and sisters I have many;
Though I know there is not any
Of them but I love, yet I
Will just name them all; and try
If there be one a little more

Loved by me than all the rest.
 Yes; I do think, that I love best
 My brother Henry, because he
 Has always been most fond of me.
 Yet, to be sure, there's Isabel;
 I think I love her quite as well.
 And, I assure you, little Ann,
 No brother nor no sister can
 Be more dear to me than she.
 Only I must say, Emily,
 Being the eldest, it's right her
 To all the rest I should prefer.
 Yet after all I've said, suppose
 My greatest favourite should be Rose?
 No; John and Paul are both more dear
 To me than Rose, that's always here,
 While they are half the year at school;
 And yet that neither is no rule.
 I see them all—there's only seven;
 I find my love to all so even,
 To every sister, every brother,
 I love not one more than another.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

ROMANCE.

I SAW a ship a-sailing,
 A-sailing on the sea;
 Her masts were of the shining gold,
 Her deck of ivory;
 And sails of silk, as soft as milk,
 And silvern shrouds had she.

And round about her sailing,
 The sea was sparkling white,
 The waves all clapped their hands and
 sang
 To see so fair a sight.
 They kissed her twice, they kissed her
 thrice,
 And murmured with delight.

Then came the gallant captain,
 And stood upon the deck;
 In velvet coat, and ruffles white,
 Without a spot or speck;
 And diamond rings, and triple strings
 Of pearls around his neck.

And four-and-twenty sailors
 Were round him bowing low;
 On every jacket three times three
 Gold buttons in a row;
 And cutlasses down to their knees;
 They made a goodly show.

And then the ship went sailing,
 A-sailing o'er the sea;
 She dived beyond the setting sun,
 But never back came she,
 For she found the lands of the golden
 sands,
 Where the pearls and diamonds be.

Gabriel Setoun.

EMPLOYMENT.

WHO'LL come and play with me here
 under the tree,
 My sisters have left me alone;
 My sweet little Sparrow, come hither
 to me,
 And play with me while they are
 gone.

O no, little lady, I can't come, indeed,
 I've no time to idle away,
 I've got all my dear little children to
 feed,
 And my nest to new cover with hay.

Pretty Bee, do not buzz about over
 the flower,
 But come here and play with me,
 do:
 The Sparrow won't come and stay
 with me an hour,
 But stay, pretty Bee—will not you?

O no, little lady, for do not you see,
 Those must work who would prosper
 and thrive,
 If I play, they would call me a sad
 idle bee,
 And perhaps turn me out of the
 hive.

Stop! stop! little Ant—do not run off
so fast,

Wait with me a little and play:
I hope I shall find a companion at last,
You are not so busy as they.

O no, little lady, I can't stay with you,
We're not made to play, but to
labour:

I always have something or other to
do,

If not for myself, for a neighbour.

What then, have they all some em-
ployment but me,

Who lie lounging here like a dunce?

O then, like the Ant, and the Sparrow,
and Bee,

I'll go to my lesson at once.

Jane Taylor.

THE PEACH.

MAMMA gave us a single peach,
She shared it among seven;
Now you may think that unto each
But a small piece was given.

Yet though each share was very small,

We owned when it was eaten,

Being so little for us all

Did its fine flavour heighten.

The tear was in our parent's eye,

It seemed quite out of season;

When we asked wherefore did she cry,

She thus explained the reason:

“The cause, my children, I may say,

Was joy and not dejection;

The peach which made you all so gay,

Gave rise to this reflection:

“It's many a mother's lot to share,

Seven hungry children viewing,

A morsel of the coarsest fare,

As I this peach was doing.”

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE ORANGE.

THE month was June, the day was hot,
And Philip had an orange got;

The fruit was fragrant, tempting,
bright,

Refreshing to the smell and sight;

Not of that puny size which calls

Poor customers to common stalls,

But large and massy, full of juice,

As any Lima can produce.

The liquor would, if squeezéd out,

Have filled a tumbler—thereabout.

The happy boy with greedy eyes,

Surveys and re-surveys his prize.

He turns it round, and longs to drain,

And with the juice his lips to stain,

His throat and lips were parched with
heat;

The orange seemed to cry, “Come,
eat.”

He from his pocket draws a knife,

When in his thoughts there rose a
strife,

Which folks experience when they
wish,

Yet scruple, to begin a dish,

And by their hesitation own

It is too good to eat alone.

But appetite o'er indecision

Prevails, and Philip makes incision.

The melting fruit in quarters came,—

Just then there passéd by a dame,

One of the poorer sort she seemed,

As by her garb you would have
deemed,

Who in her toil-worn arms did hold

A sickly infant ten months old;

That from a fever caught in spring,

Was slowly then recovering.

The child, attracted by the view

Of that fair orange, feebly threw

A languid look—perhaps the smell

Convinced it that there sure must
dwell

A corresponding sweetness there,
Where lodged a scent so good and
rare—

Perhaps the smell the fruit did give
Felt healing and restorative—
For never had the child been graced
To know such dainties by their taste.

When Philip saw the infant crave,
He straightway to the mother gave
His quartered orange; nor would stay
To hear her thanks, but tripped away.
Then to the next clear spring he ran
To quench his drought, a happy man.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

OXFORDSHIRE CHILDREN'S MAY SONG.

SPRING is coming, spring is coming,
Birdies, build your nest;
Weave together straw and feather,
Doing each your best.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
Flowers are coming too:
Pansies, lilies, daffodillies,
Now are coming through.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
All around is fair;
Shimmer and quiver on the river,
Joy is everywhere.

We wish you a happy May.

Country Rhyme.

TWO APPLE-HOWLING SONGS.

*Sung in Orchards by the Apple-Howlers on
Twelfth Day.*

I. Surrey.

HERE stands a good apple tree,
Stand fast at root,
Bear well at top;
Every little twig
Bear an apple big;

Every little bough
Bear an apple now;
Hats full! caps full!
Threescore sacks full!
Hullo, boys! hullo!

II. Devonshire.

Here's to thee, old apple tree,
Whence thou may'st bud, and whence
thou may'st blow,
And whence thou may'st bear apples
enow!

Hats full! Caps full!
Bushel—bushel—sacks full,
Old parson's breeches full,
And my pockets full, too!

Huzza!

Old Rhymes.

THE BROWN THRUSH.

THERE'S a merry brown thrush sitting
up in the tree.

He's singing to me! He's singing to
me!

And what does he say, little girl,
little boy?

"Oh, the world's running over with
joy!

Don't you hear? Don't you
see?

Hush! Look! In my tree,
I'm as happy as happy can
be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing,
"A nest do you see
And five eggs, hid by me in the juni-
per tree?"

Don't meddle! Don't touch! little
girl, little boy,

Or the world will lose some of its
joy!

Now I'm glad! now I'm free!
And always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to
me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away
in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl,
little boy,
“Oh, the world’s running over with
joy!
But long it won’t be,
Don’t you know? Don’t you
see?
Unless we’re as good as can
be.”

Lucy Larcom.

NURSERY SONG.

As I walked over the hill one day,
I listened, and heard a mother-sheep
say,
“In all the green world there is noth-
ing so sweet
As my little lamb, with his nimble
feet;
With his eye so bright,
And his wool so white,
Oh, he is my darling, my heart’s de-
light!”
And the mother-sheep and her little
one
Side by side lay down in the sun;
And they went to sleep on the hill-
side warm,
While my little lammie lies here on
my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I
see
But the old gray cat with her kittens
three!
I heard her whispering soft: said she,
“My kittens, with tails so cunningly
curled,
Are the prettiest things that can be in
the world.

The bird on the tree,
And the old ewe she,
May love their babies exceedingly;
But I love my kittens there,
Under the rocking-chair.
I love my kittens with all my might,
I love them at morning, noon, and
night.
Now I’ll take up my kitties, the kitties
I love,
And we’ll lie down together beneath
the warm stove.”
Let the kittens sleep under the stove
so warm,
While my little darling lies here on
my arm.

I went to the yard, and I saw the old
hen
Go clucking about with her chickens
ten;
She clucked and she scratched and she
bustled away,
And what do you think I heard the
hen say?
I heard her say, “The sun never did
shine
On anything like to these chickens of
mine.
You may hunt the full moon and the
stars, if you please,
But you never will find ten such
chickens as these.
My dear, downy darlings, my sweet
little things,
Come, nestle now cozily under my
wings.”
So the hen said,
And the chickens all sped
As fast as they could to their nice
feather bed.
And there let them sleep, in their
feathers so warm,
While my little chick lies here on my
arm.

Mrs. Carter.

THE ROBIN TO HIS MATE.

SAID Robin to his pretty mate,
 "Bring here a little hay;
 Lay here a stick and there a straw,
 And bring a little clay.

"And we will build a little nest,
 Wherein you soon shall lay
 Your little eggs, so smooth, so blue;
 Come, let us work away.

"And you shall keep them very
 warm;
 And only think, my dear,
 'Twill not be long before we see
 Four little robins here.

"They'll open wide their yellow
 mouths,
 And we will feed them well,
 For we shall love the little dears,
 Oh, more than I can tell!

"And while the sun is shining warm
 Up in the summer sky,
 I'll sit and sing to them and you,
 Up in the branches high.

"And all night long, my love, you'll
 sit
 Upon the pretty nest,
 And keep the little robins warm
 Beneath your downy breast."

Mrs. Carter.

TWENTY FROGGIES.

TWENTY froggies went to school
 Down beside a rushy pool.
 Twenty little coats of green,
 Twenty vests all white and clean.

"We must be in time," said they,
 "First we study, then we play";
 That is how we keep the rule,
 When we froggies go to school."

Master Bull-frog, brave and stern,
 Called his classes in their turn,
 Taught them how to nobly strive,
 Also how to leap and dive;

Taught them how to dodge a blow,
 From the sticks that bad boys throw.
 Twenty froggies grew up fast,
 Bull-frogs they became at last;

Polished in a high degree,
 As each froggie ought to be,
 Now they sit on other logs,
 Teaching other little frogs.

George Cooper.

THE DOLL'S HOUSE.

DEAR Agatha, I give you joy,
 And much admire your pretty toy;
 A mansion in itself complete,
 And fitted to give guests a treat;
 With couch and table, chest and chair,
 The bed or supper to prepare;
 We almost wish to change ourselves
 To fairy forms of tripping elves,
 To press the velvet couch and eat
 From tiny cups the sugared meat.
 I much suspect that many a sprite
 Inhabits it at dead of night;
 That, as they dance, the listening ear
 The pat of fairy feet might hear;
 That just as you have said your
 prayers,
 They hurry-scurry down the stairs:
 And you'll do well to try to find
 Some little thing they've left behind.

Anna Letitia Barbauld.

THE GOOD GIRL.

MISS LYDIA BANKS, though very
 young,
 Will never do what's rude or wrong;
 When spoken to, she always tries
 To give the most polite replies.

Observing what at school she's taught,
She turns her toes as children ought;
And when return'd at night from
 school
She never lolls on chair or stool.

Some children, when they write, we
 know,
Their ink about them heedless throw;
But she, though young, has learn'd to
 think,
That clothes look spoil'd with spots of
 ink.

Perhaps some little girl may ask,
If Lydia always learns her task;
With pleasure I can answer this,
Because with truth I answer, "Yes."
 Elizabeth Turner.

A STORY FOR A CHILD.

LITTLE one, come to my knee!
Hark, how the rain is pouring
Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,
And the wind in the woods a-roar-
 ing!

Hush, my darling, and listen,
Then pay for the story with kisses;
Father was lost in the pitch-black
 night
In just such a storm as this is!

High up on the lonely mountains,
Where the wild men watched and
 waited;
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the
 bush,
And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together
Came down, and the wind came
 after,
Bending the props of the pine-tree
 roof,
And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,
Stunned, and bruised, and blinded,—
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,
And a sheltering rock behind it.

There, from the blowing and raining,
Crouching, I sought to hide me:
Something rustled, two green eyes
 shone,
And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened;
I and the wolf together,
Side by side, through the long, long
 night
Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me;
Each of us warmed the other;
Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,
That beast and man was brother.

And when the falling forest
No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding-
 place
Forth in the wild, wet morning.

Darling, kiss me in payment!
Hark, how the wind is roaring;
Father's house is a better place
When the stormy rain is pouring!
 Bayard Taylor.

LUCY'S CANARY.

BEFORE AND AFTER BREAKFAST.

"SING sweet, my bird; oh! sing, I pray.
My pretty yellow bird!
This is the lovely month of MAY,
When songs of birds are heard.

"You droop your head—you fold
 your wing,
Tho' surely you are well;
Then, dear Canary, why not sing?
Your sorrow to me tell."

Miss Lucy question'd still her pet;
 Her elder sister came,
 And said, "Dear Lucy, do not fret,
 If ill, *you're* not to blame;

"For constantly I've seen you give
 Your bird his drink and food
After your breakfast, I believe;—
 My Lucy's kind and good."

Then Lucy gave a bitter cry,
 And quick the cage took down,
 No seed! no water!—all was dry;
 His life had nearly flown!

Her sister took the drooping bird,
 And gently water gave him,
 And long she watch'd—and greatly
 fear'd
 That she could never save him!

Poor Lucy wept with grief and
 shame,—
 But, oh! what joy to see
 The bird revive—and look the same,
 And perch most merrily!

"Thanks, dearest sister; from this
 day,
Before my breakfast, I'll attend
 My precious bird! and you will say.
 No longer I'm his careless friend."

Adelaide O'Keeffe.

TO A LITTLE GIRL GATHERING FLOWERS.

SWEETEST! if thy fairy hand
 Culls for me the latest flow'rs,
 Smiling, hear me thus demand
 Blessings for thy early hours.

Be thy promis'd spring as bright
 As its opening charms foretell;
 Graced with Beauty's lovely light,
 Modest Virtue's dearer spell.

Be thy Summer's matron bloom
 Bless'd with blossoms sweet like
 thee;
 May no tempest's sudden doom
 Blast thy hope's fair nursery!

May thine Autumn, calm, serene,
 Never want some ling'ring flow'r,
 Which affection's hand may glean,
 Though the darkling mists may
 low'r!

Sunshine cheer thy wintry day,
 Tranquil conscience, peace, and
 love;
 And thy wintry nights display
 Streams of glorious light above.

Mary Tighe.

SNOW.

O COME to the garden, dear brother,
 and see,
 What mischief was done in the
 night;
 The snow has quite covered the nice
 apple-tree,
 And the bushes are sprinkled with
 white.

The spring in the grove is beginning
 to freeze,
 The pond is hard frozen all o'er;
 Long icicles hang in bright rows from
 the trees,
 And drop in odd shapes from the
 door.

The old mossy thatch, and the
 meadows so green,
 Are covered all over with white;
 The snowdrop and crocus no more
 can be seen,
 The thick snow has covered them
 quite.

And see the poor birds how they fly
to and fro,
They're come for their breakfast
again;
But the little worms all are hid under
the snow,
They hop about chirping in vain.

Then open the window, I'll throw
them some bread,
I've some of my breakfast to spare:
I wish they would come to my hand to
be fed,
But they're all flown away, I de-
clare.

Nay, now, pretty birds, don't be
frightened, I pray,
You shall not be hurt, I'll engage;
I'm not come to catch you and force
you away,
And fasten you up in a cage.

I wish you could know you've no
cause for alarm,
From me you have nothing to fear;
Why, my little fingers could do you no
harm,
Although you came ever so near.

Jane Taylor.

HOW TO WRITE A LETTER.

MARIA intended a letter to write,
But could not begin (as she thought)
to indite;
So went to her mother with pencil and
slate,
Containing "Dear Sister," and also a
date.

"With nothing to say, my dear girl,
do not think
Of wasting your time over paper and
ink;
But certainly this is an excellent way,
To try with your slate to find some-
thing to say.

"I will give you a rule," said her
Mother; "my dear,
Just think for a moment your sister
is here,
And what would you tell her? con-
sider, and then,
Though silent your tongue, you can
speak with your Pen."

Elizabeth Turner.

PIPPA'S SONG.

THE year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.

Robert Browning.

THE NEW BOOK.

A NEAT little book, full of pictures,
was bought
For a good little girl that was glad to
be taught.
She read all the tales, and then said to
her mother,
I'll lend this new book to my dear
little brother.

He shall look at the pictures and find
O and I,
I'm sure he won't tear it, he's such a
good boy!
Oh, no! brother Henry knows better
indeed,
Although he's too young, yet, to spell
or to read.

Elizabeth Turner.

QUEEN MAB.

A LITTLE fairy comes at night;
 Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
 With silver spots upon her wings,
 And from the moon she flutters
 down.

She has a little silver wand,
 And when a good child goes to bed,
 She waves her wand from right to left,
 And makes a circle round its head.

And then it dreams of pleasant
 things—
 Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
 And trees that bear delicious fruit,
 And bow their branches at a wish;

Of arbors filled with dainty scents
 From lovely flowers that never fade,
 Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
 And glow-worms shining in the
 shade;

And talking birds with gifted tongues
 For singing songs and telling tales,
 And pretty dwarfs to show the way
 Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

.

Thomas Hood.

THE TEAPOT DRAGON.

THERE'S a dragon on our teapot,
 With a long and crinkly tail,
 His claws are like a pincer-bug,
 His wings are like a sail;

His tongue is always sticking out,
 And so I used to think
 He must be very hungry, or
 He wanted tea to drink.

But once when Mother wasn't round
 I dipped my fingers in,
 And when I pulled them out I found
 I'd blistered all the skin.

Now when I see the dragon crawl
 Around our china pot,
 I know he's burned his tongue because
 The water is so hot.

Rupert Sargent Holland.

P'S AND Q'S.

It takes a lot of letters to make up the
 alphabet,
 And two or three of them are very
 easy to forget;
 There's K—a funny letter—and X
 and Y and Z—
 There's hardly any use at all for any
 of those three!
 The vowels are the busy ones, A, E,
 I, O, U—
 They've twice the work that all the
 other letters have to do;
 I don't know why it is that grown-up
 people always choose
 To tell us children to be sure and mind
 our P's and Q's.

They're funny-looking letters, partic-
 ularly Q,
 It never goes around except in com-
 pany with U;
 P is much more important, it starts
 off pie and play,
 It's not hard to remember if you
 think of it that way;
 But lots of words begin with F and H
 and S and T,
 They're just as worth remembering
 as any, seems to me;
 Yet when we've strangers in the
 house, my parents always say,
 "Be sure you don't forget to mind
 your P's and Q's to-day!"

Rupert Sargent Holland.



A little green pulpit stuck in the ground

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

FOUR of us went to the woods one day,
 Keeping the trail in the Indian way,
 Creeping, crawling,
 Sometimes sprawling,
 Pushing through bushes; and there we
 found
 A little green pulpit stuck in the
 ground
 And in the pulpit a brown man stood,
 Preaching to all the folk in the wood.

We lay as quiet as Indians do,
 Because each one of the four of us
 knew,
 At any sound,
 The creatures 'round,
 The squirrels and chipmunks, birds
 and bees,
 Would fly away through the ring of
 trees,
 And Jack-in-the-Pulpit would stop
 his speech
 If he knew we four were in easy
 reach.

We listened as hard as ever we could,
 But not a one of us understood,
 Or even heard,
 A single word,
 Though I saw a chipmunk nod his
 head
 As if he knew what the preacher said,
 And a big gray squirrel clapped his
 paws
 When he thought it was time for some
 applause.

Many and many a Jack we've found,
 But none of us ever heard a sound;
 So I suppose
 That Jackie knows
 When children try to hear him preach,
 And talks in some peculiar speech;
 I wonder if we could find a way
 To hear what Jacks-in-the-Pulpit say?
 Rupert Sargent Holland.

THE SECRETS OF OUR GARDEN.

You think it's only a garden,
 With roses along the wall;
 I'll tell you the truth about it—
 It isn't a garden at all!

It's really Robin Hood's forest,
 And over by that big tree
 Is the very place where fat Friar
 Tuck
 Fought with the Miller of Dee.

And back of the barn is the cavern
 Where Rob Roy really hid;
 On the other side is a treasure chest
 That belonged to Captain Kidd.

That isn't the pond you see there,
 It's an ocean deep and wide,
 Where six-masted ships are waiting
 To sail on the rising tide.

Of course it looks like a garden,
 It's all so sunny and clear—
 You'd be surprised if you really knew
 The things that have happened
 here!

Rupert Sargent Holland.

FOOLISH FLOWERS.

WE'VE Foxgloves in our garden;
 How careless they must be
 To leave their gloves out hanging
 Where every one can see!

And Bachelors leave their Buttons
 In the same careless way,
 If I should do the same with mine,
 What would my Mother say?

We've lots of Larkspurs in the yard—
 Larks only fly and sing—
 Birds surely don't need spurs because
 They don't ride anything!

And as for Johnny-Jump-Ups—
 I saw a hornet light
 On one of them the other day,
 He didn't jump a mite!

Rupert Sargent Holland.

WHEN I GROW UP.

WHEN I grow up I mean to go
 Where all the biggest rivers flow,
 And take a ship and sail around
 The Seven Seas until I've found
 Robinson Crusoe's famous isle,
 And there I'll land and stay a while,
 And see how it would feel to be
 Lord of an island in the sea.

When I grow up I mean to rove
 Through orange and palmetto grove,
 To drive a sledge across the snow
 Where great explorers like to go,
 To hunt for treasures hid of old
 By buccaneers and pirates bold,
 And see if somewhere there may be
 A mountain no one's climbed but me.

When I grow up I mean to do
 The things I've always wanted to;
 I don't see why grown people stay
 At home, when they could be away.

Rupert Sargent Holland.

THE LITTLE BOY'S GOOD-NIGHT.

THE sun is hidden from our sight,
 The birds are sleeping sound;
 'Tis time to say to all, "Good-night!"
 And give a kiss all round.

Good-night! my father, mother dear,
 Now kiss your little son;
 Good-night! my friends, both far and
 near,
 Good-night to every one.

Good-night! ye merry, merry birds,
 Sleep well till morning light;
 Perhaps if you could sing in words,
 You would have said "Good-night!"

To all my pretty flowers, good-night!
 You blossom while I sleep;
 And all the stars that shine so bright,
 With you their watches keep.

The moon is lighting up the skies,
 The stars are sparkling there;
 'Tis time to shut our weary eyes,
 And say our evening prayer.

Eliza Lee Follen.

GOING TO BED AT NIGHT.

RECEIVE my body, pretty bed;
 Soft pillow, O receive my head,
 And thanks, my parents kind,
 These comforts who for me provide;
 Your precepts still shall be my guide,
 Your love I'll keep in mind.

My hours misspent this day I rue,
 My good things done, how very few!
 Forgive my faults, O Lord;
 This night, if in Thy grace I rest,
 To-morrow I may rise refresh'd,
 To keep Thy holy Word.

Adelaide O'Keefe.

IF NO ONE EVER MARRIES ME.

IF no one ever marries me
 I shan't mind very much;
 I shall buy a squirrel in a cage
 And a little rabbit-hutch:

I shall have a cottage near a wood,
 And a pony all my own,
 And a little lamb quite clean and tame
 That I can take to town:

And when I'm getting really old,
 —At twenty-eight or nine—
 I shall buy a little orphan-girl
 And bring her up as mine.
Laurence Alma-Tadema.

MR. NOBODY.

I KNOW a funny little man,
 As quiet as a mouse,
 Who does the mischief that is done
 In everybody's house!
 There's no one ever sees his face,
 And yet we all agree
 That every plate we break was cracked
 By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books,
 Who leaves the door ajar,
 He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
 And scatters pins afar;
 That squeaking door will always
 squeak
 For, prithee, don't you see,
 We leave the oiling to be done
 By Mr. Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire,
 That kettles cannot boil;
 His are the feet that bring in mud,
 And all the carpets soil.
 The papers always are mislaid,
 Who had them last but he?
 There's no one tosses them about
 But Mr. Nobody.

The finger-marks upon the door
 By none of us are made;
 We never leave the blinds unclosed,
 To let the curtains fade.
 The ink we never spill, the boots
 That lying round you see
 Are not our boots; they all belong
 To Mr. Nobody.

Unknown.

BED IN SUMMER.

IN winter I get up at night
 And dress by yellow candle-light.
 In summer, quite the other way,
 I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
 The birds still hopping on the tree.
 Or hear the grown-up people's feet
 Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
 When all the sky is clear and blue,
 And I should like so much to play,
 To have to go to bed by day?

Robert Louis Stevenson.

A THOUGHT.

It is very nice to think
 The world is full of meat and drink,
 With little children saying grace
 In every Christian kind of place.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

AT THE SEASIDE.

WHEN I was down beside the sea
 A wooden spade they gave to me
 To dig the sandy shore.
 My holes were empty like a cup,
 In every hole the sea came up,
 Till it could come no more.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

WHOLE DUTY OF CHILDREN.

A CHILD should always say what's true
 And speak when he is spoken to,
 And behave mannerly at table;
 At least as far as he is able.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

FOREIGN LANDS.

UP into the cherry tree
 Who should climb but little me?
 I held the trunk with both my hands
 And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,
 Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
 And many pleasant places more
 That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
 And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
 The dusty roads go up and down
 With people tramping in to town.

If I could find a higher tree
 Farther and farther I should see,
 To where the grown-up river slips
 Into the sea among the ships,

To where the roads on either hand
 Lead onward into fairy land,
 Where all the children dine at five,
 And all the playthings come alive.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

A GOOD PLAY.

WE built a ship upon the stairs
 All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
 And filled it full of sofa pillows
 To go a-sailing on the billows.

We took a saw and several nails,
 And water in the nursery pails;
 And Tom said, "Let us also take
 An apple and a slice of cake;"—
 Which was enough for Tom and me
 To go a-sailing on, till tea.

We sailed along for days and days,
 And had the very best of plays;
 But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
 So there was no one left but me.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE.

WHEN I was sick and lay a-bed,
 I had two pillows at my head,
 And all my toys beside me lay
 To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
 I watched my leaden soldiers go,
 With different uniforms and drills,
 Among the bed-clothes, through the
 hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
 All up and down among the sheets;
 Or brought my trees and houses out,
 And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
 That sits upon the pillow-hill,
 And sees before him, dale and plain,
 The pleasant land of counterpane.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

MY SHADOW.

I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and
 out with me,
 And what can be the use of him is
 more than I can see.
 He is very, very like me from the heels
 up to the head;
 And I see him jump before me, when
 I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the
way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which
is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like
an India-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that
there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children
ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in
every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a
coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as
that shadow sticks to me!

One morning very early, before the
sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on
every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an
arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and
was fast asleep in bed.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

ESCAPE AT BEDTIME.

THE lights from the parlor and
kitchen shone out
Through the blinds and the windows
and bars;
And high overhead and all moving
about,
There were thousands of millions of
stars.
There ne'er were such thousands of
leaves on a tree,
Nor of people in church or the Park,
As the crowds of the stars that looked
down upon me,
And that glittered and winked in the
dark.

The Dog, and the Plough, and the
Hunter, and all
And the Star of the Sailor, and Mars,
These shone in the sky, and the pail
by the wall
Would be half full of water and stars.
They saw me at last, and they chased
me with cries,
And they soon had me packed into
bed;
But the glory kept shining and bright
in my eyes,
And the stars going round in my head.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

MARCHING SONG.

BRING the comb and play upon it!
Marching, here we come!
Willie cocks his highland bonnet,
Johnnie beats the drum.

Mary Jane commands the party,
Peter leads the rear;
Feet in time, alert and hearty,
Each a Grenadier!

All in the most martial manner
Marching double-quick;
While the napkin like a banner
Waves upon the stick!

Here's enough of fame and pillage,
Great commander Jane!
Now that we've been round the village,
Let's go home again.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

HAPPY THOUGHT.

THE world is so full of a number of
things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as
kings.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE WIND.

I SAW you toss the kites on high
 And blow the birds about the sky;
 And all around I heard you pass,
 Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
 But always you yourself you hid.
 I felt you push, I heard you call,
 I could not see yourself at all—
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
 O blower, are you young or old?
 Are you a beast of field and tree,
 Or just a stronger child than me?
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!

Robert Louis Stevenson.

GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN.

CHILDREN, you are very little,
 And your bones are very brittle;
 If you would grow great and stately,
 You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,
 And content with simple diet;
 And remain, through all bewild'ring,
 Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
 Happy play in grassy places—
 That was how, in ancient ages,
 Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and the unruly,
 And the sort who eat unduly,
 They must never hope for glory—
 Theirs is quite a different story!

Cruel children, crying babies,
 All grow up as geese and gabies,
 Hated, as their age increases,
 By their nephews and their nieces.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE LAMPLIGHTER.

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has
 left the sky;
 It's time to take the window to see
 Leerie going by;
 For every night at teatime and before
 you take your seat,
 With lantern and with ladder he
 comes posting up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and
 Maria go to sea,
 And my papa's a banker and as rich
 as he can be;
 But I, when I am stronger and can
 choose what I'm to do,
 O Leerie, I'll go round at night and
 light the lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp
 before the door,
 And Leerie stops to light it as he
 lights so many more;
 And O! before you hurry by with
 ladder and with light,
 O Leerie, see a little child and nod to
 him to-night!

Robert Louis Stevenson.

MY BED IS A BOAT.

My bed is like a little boat;
 Nurse helps me in when I embark;
 She girds me in my sailor's coat
 And starts me in the dark.



Wind, a-blowing all day long

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THE WIND

At night, I go on board and say
 Good night to all my friends on
 shore;
 I shut my eyes and sail away
 And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
 As prudent sailors have to do;
 Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,
 Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer;
 But when the day returns at last,
 Safe in my room, beside the pier,
 I find my vessel fast.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE SWING.

How do you like to go up in a swing,
 Up in the air so blue?
 Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
 Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
 Till I can see so wide,
 Rivers and trees and cattle and all
 Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
 Down on the roof so brown—
 Up in the air I go flying again,
 Up in the air and down!

Robert Louis Stevenson.

FAREWELL TO THE FARM.

THE coach is at the door at last;
 The eager children, mounting fast
 And kissing hands, in chorus sing:
 Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

To house and garden, field and lawn,
 The meadow-gates we swang upon,
 To pump and stable, tree and swing,
 Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

And fare you well for evermore,
 O ladder at the hayloft door,
 O hayloft where the cobwebs cling,
 Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

Crack goes the whip, and off we go;
 The trees and houses smaller grow;
 Last, round the woody turn we swing:
 Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS.

At evening when the lamp is lit,
 Around the fire my parents sit;
 They sit at home and talk and sing,
 And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
 All in the dark along the wall,
 And follow round the forest track
 Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can
 spy,
 All in my hunter's camp I lie,
 And play at books that I have read
 Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
 These are my starry solitudes;
 And there the river by whose brink
 The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
 As if in firelit camp they lay,
 And I, like to an Indian scout,
 Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
 Home I return across the sea,
 And go to bed with backward looks
 At my dear land of Story-books.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE GARDENER.

THE gardener does not love to talk,
He makes me keep the gravel walk;
And when he puts his tools away,
He locks the door and takes the key.

Away behind the currant row
Where no one else but cook may go,
Far in the plots, I see him dig,
Old and serious, brown and big.

He digs the flowers, green, red, and
blue,
Nor wishes to be spoken to.
He digs the flowers and cuts the hay,
And never seems to want to play.

Silly gardener! summer goes,
And winter comes with pinching toes,
When in the garden bare and brown
You must lay your barrow down.

Well now, and while the summer stays
To profit by these garden days
Oh how much wiser you would be
To play at Indian wars with me!

Robert Louis Stevenson.

A BOY'S MOTHER.*

My mother she's so good to me,
Ef I was good as I could be,
I couldn't be as good—no, sir!—
Can't any boy be good as her.

She loves me when I'm glad er sad;
She loves me when I'm good er bad;
An', what's a funniest thing, she says
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me,—
That don't hurt—but it hurts to see

*From the Biographical Edition of the Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley, Copyright, 1913, by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Her cryin'.—Nen I cry; an' nen
We both cry an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts an' sews
My little cloak an' Sund'y clothes;
An' when my Pa comes home to tea,
She loves him most as much as me.

She laughs an' tells him all I said,
An' grabs me up an' pats my head;
An' I hug *her*, an' hug my Pa,
An' love him purt' nigh as much as
Ma.

James Whitcomb Riley.

"ONE, TWO, THREE."

It was an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy that was half-past three.
And the way that they played to-
gether
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go romping and jump-
ing,
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree,
And the game that they played I'll
tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were
playing,
Though you'd never have known it
to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his little sound right knee.
And he guessed where she was hiding
In guesses One, Two, Three.

“You are in the china closet!”
He would cry, and laugh with
glee—

It wasn't the china closet,
But he still has Two and Three.

“You are up in papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key,”
And she said: “You are warm and
warmer;
But you are not quite right,” said
she.

“It can't be the little cupboard
Where mamma's things used to be—
So it must be in the clothes press,
Gran'ma,”
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her
fingers,

That were wrinkled and white and
wee,

And she guessed where the boy was
hiding,

With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their
places

Right under the maple tree—

This old, old, old, old lady

And the boy with the lame little
knee—

This dear, dear, dear old lady

And the boy who was half-past
three.

H. C. Bunner.

II

Cradle Songs

BYE, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a hunting
To get a little rabbit-skin
To wrap a baby bunting in.

DANCE my baby diddy,
What shall thy mother do with thee?
But sit in her lap
And give it some pap,
And dance a baby diddy.

Smile, my baby bonny,
What shall time bring on thee?
Sorrow and care,
Frowns and grey hair,
So smile my baby bonny.

Laugh, my baby beauty,
What will time do to thee?
Furrow your cheek,
Wrinkle your neck,
So laugh, my baby beauty.

Dance, my baby deary,
Thy mother will never be weary,
Frolic and play
Now while you may,
And dance, my baby deary.

ROCK-A-BYE, baby, thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman, mother's a
Queen;
Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring;
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums
for the King.

HUSH-A-BYE, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will
rock;
When the bough bends, the cradle will
fall,
Down will come baby, bough, cradle
and all.

JOHNNY shall have a new bonnet,
And Johnny shall go to the fair,
And Johnny shall have a blue ribbon
To tie up his bonny brown hair,
And why may I not love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may I not love Johnny,
As well as another body?
And here's a leg for a stocking,
And here's a leg for a shoe,
And he has a kiss for his daddy,
And two for his mammy, I trow.
And why may I not love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may I not love Johnny,
As well as another body?

SWEET AND LOW.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dropping moon and
blow,

Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty
one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the
nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty
one, sleep.

Alfred Tennyson.

SLEEP, SLEEP, BEAUTY BRIGHT.

SLEEP, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night;
Sleep, sleep; in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart doth rest.

Oh the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep!
When thy little heart doth wake
Then the dreadful night shall break.

William Blake.

SWEET DREAMS FORM A SHADE.

SWEET dreams, form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head;
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy, silent, moony beams.

Sweet sleep, with soft down
Weave thy brows an infant crown.
Sweet sleep, angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child.

Sweet smiles in the night
Hover o'er my delight;
Sweet smiles, mother's smiles,
All the live-long night beguiles.

Sweet moans, dove-like sighs,
Chase not slumbers from thy eyes.
Sweet moans, sweeter smiles,
All the dove-like moans beguiles.

Sleep, sleep, happy child,
All creation slept and smiled;
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep,
While o'er thee thy mother weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Holy image I can trace.
Sweet babe, once like thee,
Thy Maker lay and wept for me.

Wept for me, for thee, for all,
When He was an infant small;
Thou His image ever see,
Heavenly face that smiles on thee.

Smiles on thee, on me, on all;
Who became an infant small;
Infant smiles are His own smiles;
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

William Blake.

LULLABY, O LULLABY.

LULLABY! O lullaby!
Baby, hush that little cry!
Light is dying,
Bats are flying,
Bees to-day with work have done;
So, till comes the morrow's sun,
Let sleep kiss those bright eyes dry!
Lullaby! O lullaby!

Lullaby! O lullaby!
 Hush'd are all things far and nigh;
 Flowers are closing,
 Birds reposing,
 All sweet things with life are done.
 Sweet, till dawns the morning sun,
 Sleep then kiss those blue eyes dry!
 Lullaby! O lullaby!

William Cox Bennett.

THE MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

SLUMBER, my darling, no danger is
 near,
 Thy mother sits by thee to guard
 thy repose;
 Though the wind roars aloud, not a
 breath reaches here,
 To shake the white curtains which
 round thee do close:
 Then slumber, my darling, and sleep
 without fear,
 Thou art safe from all danger, my
 dearest, while here.

What is it the angels do unto thee say,
 When thou dost lie smiling so sweet
 in thy sleep?
 Are they trying, my sweetest, to lure
 thee away,
 And leave me alone in my sorrow
 to weep?
 Oh! sometimes I fancy they whisper
 thy name,
 And would fain bear thee back to the
 land whence they came.

Then never, my darling, when thou
 growest old,
 Forget her who on thy sweet in-
 fancy smiled,
 To whom thou wert dearer than
 jewels and gold,

Who studied thy looks and thy
 wishes, my child,
 Who, when thou didst need her, was
 never away,
 In health or in sickness, by night or
 by day.

Thomas Miller.

MY DEAREST BABY, GO TO SLEEP.

My dearest baby, go to sleep,
 For now the bright round moon doth
 peep
 On thy little snow-white bed,
 And upon thy pretty head.

The silver stars are shining bright,
 And bid my baby dear good-night;
 And every bird has gone to rest
 Long since in its little nest.

The lambs no longer run and leap,
 But by the daisies lie asleep;
 The flowers have closed their pretty
 eyes
 Until the sun again shall rise.

All things are wrapp'd in sweet re-
 pose,
 The dew falls noiseless on the rose;
 So thou must like an angel lie
 Till golden morning streaks the sky.

Soon will I gently steal to bed,
 And rest beside thy pretty head,
 And all night keep thee snug and
 warm,
 Nestling fondly on my arm.

Then, dearest baby, go to sleep,
 While the moon doth on thee peep,
 Shining on thy little bed,
 And around thy pretty head.

Thomas Miller.

A CRADLE SONG.

HUSH! my dear, lie still and slumber;
 Holy angels guard thy bed!
 Heavenly blessings without number
 Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
 House and home, thy friends provide;
 All without thy care or payment
 All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
 Than the Son of God could be,
 When from Heaven He descended,
 And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
 Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay:
 When His birthplace was a stable,
 And His softest bed was hay.

See the kindly shepherds round Him,
 Telling wonders from the sky!
 Where they sought Him, there they
 found Him,
 With His Virgin-Mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing:
 Lovely Infant, how He smiled!
 When He wept, the mother's blessing
 Soothed and hush'd the Holy Child.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
 Where the horned oxen fed;—
 Peace, my darling! here's no danger!
 Here's no ox a-near thy bed!—

May'st thou live to know and fear
 Him,
 Trust and love Him all thy days:
 Then go dwell for ever near Him;
 See His face, and sing His praise.

I could give thee thousand kisses,
 Hoping what I most desire:
 Not a mother's fondest wishes
 Can to greater joys aspire.

Isaac Watts.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP.

SLEEP, baby, sleep! what ails my dear,
 What ails my darling thus to cry?
 Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,
 To hear me sing thy lullaby.
 My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;
 Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep, and nothing fear;
 For whosoever thee offends
 By thy protector threatened are,
 And God and angels are thy friends.
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

George Wither.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.

OH, hush thee, my baby! thy sire was
 a knight,
 Thy mother a lady, both lovely and
 bright;
 The woods and the glens, from the
 towers which we see,
 They all are belonging, dear baby, to
 thee.

Oh, fear not the bugle, though loudly
 it blows!
 It calls but the warders that guard
 thy repose;
 Their bows would be bended, their
 blades would be red,
 Ere the step of a foeman draws near
 to thy bed.

Oh, hush thee, my baby! the time will
soon come
When thy sleep shall be broken by
trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling! take rest
while you may;
For strife comes with manhood, and
waking with day.

Walter Scott.

GOOD-NIGHT.

BABY, baby, lay your head
On your pretty cradle bed;
Shut your eye-peeps, now the day
And the light are gone away;
All the clothes are tuck'd in tight;
Little baby, dear, good-night.

Yes, my darling, well I know
How the bitter wind doth blow;
And the winter's snow and rain
Patter on the window-pane;
But they cannot come in here,
To my little baby dear.

For the window shutteth fast,
Till the stormy night is past,
And the curtains warm are spread
Roundabout her cradle bed;
So till morning shineth bright,
Little baby, dear, good-night.

Jane Taylor.

HUSH thee, my babby,
Lie still with thy daddy,
Thy mammy has gone to the mill,
To grind thee some wheat
To make thee some meat,
And so, my dear babby, lie still.

SLEEP, baby, sleep!
Thy father watches the sheep;
Thy mother is shaking the dream-land
tree,

And down falls a little dream on thee:
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep,
The wee stars are the lambs, I guess,
The fair moon is the shepherdess:
Sleep, baby, sleep!

From the German.

WHEN little Birdie bye-bye goes,
Quiet as mice in churches,
He puts his head where no one knows,
On one leg he perches.

When little Babie bye-bye goes,
On Mother's arm reposing,
Soon he lies beneath the clothes,
Safe in the cradle dozing.

When pretty Pussy goes to sleep,
Tail and nose together,
Then little mice around her creep,
Lightly as a feather.

When little Babie goes to sleep,
And he is very near us,
Then on tip-toe softly creep,
That Babie may not hear us.
Lullaby! Lullaby! Lulla, Lulla, Lul-
laby!

Unknown.

GOLDEN slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you,
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Thomas Dekker.

THE DUSTMAN.

WHEN the toys are growing weary,
And the twilight gathers in;
When the nursery still echoes
With the children's merry din;

Then unseen, unheard, unnoticed
Comes an old man up the stair,
Lightly to the children passes,
Lays his hand upon their hair.

Softly smiles the good old Dustman;
In their eyes the dust he throws,
Till their little heads are falling,
And their weary eyes must close.

Then the Dustman very gently
Takes each little dimpled hand
Leads them through the sweet green
shadows,
Far away in slumberland.

Frederic Edward Weatherly.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD.

(Dutch Lullaby.)

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.

“Where are you going, and what do
you wish?”

The old moon asked the three.

“We have come to fish for the herring
fish

That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!”

Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a
song,

As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night
long

Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea—
“Now cast your nets wherever you
wish,—

Never afeard are we!”
So cried the stars to the fishermen
three,

Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam,—
Then down from the skies came the
wooden shoe,

Bringing the fishermen home:
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream
they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen
three:

Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little
eyes,

And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the
skies

Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fish-
ermen three:—

Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Eugene Field.

III

Nursery Rhymes

ONE, two,
Buckle my shoe;
Three, four,
Shut the door;
Five, six,
Pick up sticks;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;
Nine, ten,
A good fat hen;
Eleven, twelve,
Who will delve?
Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a courting;
Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids a kissing;
Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a waiting;
Nineteen, twenty,
My stomach's empty.

A WAS an apple-pie;
B bit it;
C cut it;
D dealt it;
E ate it;
F fought for it;
G got it;
H had it;
J joined it;
K kept it;
L longed for it;
M mourned for it;
N nodded at it;
O opened it;
P peeped in it;

Q quartered it;
R ran for it;
S stole it;
T took it;
V viewed it;
W wanted it;
X, Y, Z, and amperse—and
All wish'd for a piece in hand.

TOM THUMB'S ALPHABET.

A WAS an archer, who shot at a frog;
B was a butcher, he had a great dog;
C was a captain, all covered with lace;
D was a drunkard, and had a red face;
E was an esquire, with pride on his brow;
F was a farmer, and followed the plough;
G was a gamester, who had but ill luck;
I was an innkeeper, who loved to bouse;
J was a joiner, and built up a house;
K is King Edward, who governs England;
L was a lady, who had a white hand;
M was a miser, and hoarded up gold;
N was a nobleman, gallant and bold;
O was an oyster girl, and went about town;
P was a parson, and wore a black gown;
Q was a queen, who wore a silk slip;
R was a robber, who wanted a whip;
S was a sailor, and spent all he got;
T was a tinker, and mended a pot;

U was an usurer, a miserable elf;
V was a vintner, who drank all him-
self;
W was a watchman, and guarded the
door;
X was expensive, and so became poor;
Y was a youth, that did not love
school;
Z was a zany, a poor harmless fool.

THIRTY days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty-eight alone.
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap-year, that's the time
When February's days are twenty-
nine.

ONE old Oxford ox opening oysters;
Two tee-totums totally tired of trying
to trot to Tadbury;
Three tall tigers tippling tenpenny
tea;
Four fat friars fanning fainting fleas;
Five frippy Frenchmen foolishly fish-
ing for flies;
Six sportsmen shooting snipes;
Seven Severn salmons swallowing
shrimps;
Eight Englishmen eagerly examining
Europe;
Nine nimble noblemen nibbling non-
pareils;
Ten tinkers tinkling upon ten tin
tinder-boxes with ten tenpenny
tacks;
Eleven elephants elegantly equipt;
Twelve topographical topographers
typically translating types.

MULTIPLICATION is vexation,
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three perplexes me
And Practice drives me mad.

THERE was a monkey climb'd up a
tree,
When he fell down, then down fell he.

There was a crow sat on a stone,
When he was gone, then there was
none.

There was an old wife did eat an
apple,
When she had eat two, she had eat a
couple.

There was a horse going to a mill,
When he went on, he stood not still.

There was a butcher cut his thumb,
When it did bleed, then blood did
come.

There was a jockey ran a race,
When he ran fast, he ran apace.

There was a cobbler clouting shoon,
When they were mended, they were
done.

There was a navy went into Spain,
When it return'd, it came again.

BIRTHDAYS.

MONDAY's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for its
living,
And a child that's born on the Sab-
bath day
Is fair and wise and good and gay.

SING a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;

When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

The king was in his counting-house
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlour
Eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes,
There came a little blackbird
And snapt off her nose.

WHEN good King Arthur ruled this
land,
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the King did make,
And stuff'd it well with plums;
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that
night,
The queen next morning fried.

POOR old Robinson Crusoe!
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat
Of an old nanny goat,
I wonder how they could do so!
With a ring a ting tang,
And a ring a ting tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

DOCTOR FAUSTUS was a good man,
He whipt his scholars now and then;
When he whipp'd them he made them
dance
Out of Scotland into France,
Out of France into Spain,
And then he whipp'd them back
again!

OLD King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Every fiddler, he had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Tweedledee, tweedledee,
Went the fiddlers.
Oh, there's none so rare,
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers
three!

As Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Said Tommy Snooks to Bessy Brooks,
"To-morrow will be Monday."

THE man in the wilderness asked me,
How many strawberries grew in the
sea?
I answered him as I thought good,
As many as red herrings grew in the
wood.

PUSSICAT, wussicat, with a white foot,
When is your wedding? for I'll come
to't.
The beer's to brew, the bread's to
bake,
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, don't be too late.

JENNY WREN.

JENNY WREN fell sick
Upon a merry time;
In came Robin Redbreast,
And brought her sops and wine.

Eat well of the sop, Jenny,
Drink well of the wine;
Thank you, Robin, kindly,
You shall be mine.

Jenny, she got well,
And stood upon her feet,
And told Robin plainly,
She lov'd him not a bit.

Robin being angry,
Hopped upon a twig,
Saying, Out upon you, Jenny!
Fy upon you, bold faced jig!

UPON a great black horse-ily
A man came riding cross-ily;
A lady out did come-ily,
Said she, "No one's at home-ily,

"But only little people-y,
Who've gone to bed to sleep-ily."
The rider on his horse-ily
Said to the lady, cross-ily,

"But are they bad or good-ily?
I want it understood-ily."
"Oh, they act bad and bold-ily,
And don't do what they're told-ily."

"Good-by!" said he, "dear Ma'am-
ily,
I've nothing for your family."
And scampered off like mouse-ily
Away, way from the house-ily.

A SONG SET TO FIVE FINGERS.

1. THIS little pig went to market.
2. This little pig stayed at home.
3. This little pig got roast beef.
4. This little pig got none.
5. This little pig cried wee, wee, all the way home.

THERE were two blackbirds,
Sitting on a hill,
The one named Jack,
The other named Jill;
Fly away, Jack!
Fly away, Jill!
Come again, Jack!
Come again, Jill!

THERE was a little Rabbit sprig,
Which being little was not big;
He always walked upon his feet,
And never fasted when he eat.
When from a place he ran away,
He never at that place did stay;
And when he ran, as I am told,
He ne'er stood still for young or old.
Tho' ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat:
One day, as I am certified,
He took a whim and fairly died;
And, as I'm told, by men of sense,
He never has been walking since.

SING, sing, what shall I sing?
The cat has eaten the pudding-string!
Do, do, what shall I do?
The cat has bitten it quite in two.

A CAT came fiddling out of a barn,
With a pair of bagpipes under her
arm;
She could sing nothing but fiddle cum
fee,
The mouse has married the bumble-
bee.

Pipe, cat—dance, mouse,
We'll have a wedding at our good
house.

A FROG he would a wooing go,
Sing heigho says Rowley,
Whether his mother would let him
or no.
*With a rowley powley gammon
and spinach,
Heigho says Anthony Rowley.*

So off he marched with his opera hat,
Heigho says Rowley,
And on the way he met with a rat,
With a rowley powley, etc.

And when they came to the mouse's
hall,
Heigho says Rowley,
They gave a loud knock, and they
gave a loud call,
With a rowley powley, etc.

Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?
Heigho says Rowley,
Yes, kind sir, I am sitting to spin,
With a rowley powley, etc.

Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us
some beer?
Heigho says Rowley,
For Froggy and I are fond of good
cheer,
With a rowley powley, etc.

Now while they were all a merry-
making,
Heigho says Rowley,
The cat and her kittens came tum-
bling in,
With a rowley powley, etc.

The cat she seized the rat by the
crown,
Heigho says Rowley,
The kittens they pulled the little
mouse down,
With a rowley powley, etc.

This put poor Frog in a terrible
fright,
Heigho says Rowley,
So he took up his hat, and he wished
them good-night,
With a rowley powley, etc.

But as Froggy was crossing over a
brook,
Heigho says Rowley,
A lily-white duck came and gobbled
him up,
With a rowley powley, etc.

So there was an end of one, two and
three,
Heigho says Rowley,
The rat, the mouse, and the little
Froggie!
*With a rowley powley gammon
and spinach,
Heigho says Anthony Rowley.*

A LITTLE cock-sparrow sat on a green
tree,
And he cherruped, he cherruped, so
merry was he;
A naughty boy came with his wee
bow and arrow,
Determined to shoot this little cock-
sparrow.
This little cock-sparrow shall make
me a stew,
And his giblets shall make me a little
pie, too;
Oh, no! said the sparrow, I *won't*
make a stew,
So he flapped his wings and away he
flew!

A CARRION crow sat on an oak,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding
do,
Watching a tailor shape his cloak;
Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding
do.

Wife bring me my old bent bow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding
do,
That I may shoot yon carrion crow;
Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding
do.

The tailor he shot and missed his
mark,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding
do;
And shot his own sow quite through
the heart;
Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding
do.

Wife bring brandy in a spoon;
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding
do,
For our old sow is in a swoon;
Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding
do.

BA, ba, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes sir, no sir,
Three bags full.
One for my master,
And one for my dame,
But none for the little boy
Who cries in the lane.

BAT, bat, come under my hat,
And I'll give you a slice of bacon;
And when I bake,
I'll give you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.

Cock a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddling stick,
And don't know what to do.

Cock a doodle doo!
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddling stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock a doodle doo!
My dame has found her shoe,
And master's found his fiddling stick,
Sing doodle doodle do!

Cock a doodle doo!
My dame will dance with you,
While master fiddles his fiddling stick,
For dame and doodle doo.

THE Cuckoo is a fine bird,
He sings as he flies,
He brings us good tidings,
He tells us no lies.

He sucks little birds' eggs
To make his voice clear,
And when he sings "Cuckoo,"
The summer is near.

DIDDLEDY, diddledy, dumpty;
The cat ran up the plum-tree.
I lay you a crown
I'll fetch you down;
So diddledy, diddledy, dumpty.

DING, dong, bell,
 Pussy's in the well!
 Who put her in?
 Little Tommy Lin.
 Who pulled her out?
 Dog with long snout.
 What a naughty boy was that
 To drown poor pussy-cat,
 Who never did any harm,
 But kill'd the mice in his master's
 barn.

GOOSEY, goosey gander,
 Whither shall I wander?
 Up stairs, down stairs,
 And in my lady's chamber:
 There I met an old man
 That would not say his prayers,
 I took him by the left leg,
 And threw him down stairs.

HARK, hark,
 The dogs do bark,
 Beggars are coming to town;
 Some in jags
 Some in rags
 And some in velvet gowns.

Hi! diddle diddle,
 The cat and the fiddle,
 The cow jumped over the moon;
 The little dog laughed
 To see such sport,
 While the dish ran after the spoon.

HIGGLEPY, Piggieby,
 My black hen,
 She lays eggs
 For gentlemen;
 Sometimes nine,
 And sometimes ten,
 Higglepy, Piggieby,
 My black hen.

I HAD a little pony,
 His mane was dapple gray,
 I sent him to a lady,
 To ride a mile away.

She whipped him, she slashed him,
 She rode him through the mire;
 I would not lend my pony now
 For the lady's hire.

LADY-BIRD, lady-bird, fly away home,
 Thy house is on fire, thy children all
 gone,
 All but one that lies under a stone,
 Fly thee home, lady-bird, ere it is
 gone.

POOR COCK ROBIN.

Who killed Cock Robin?
 I, said the Sparrow,
 With my bow and arrow,
 I killed Cock Robin.

Who saw him die?
 I, said the Magpie,
 With my little eye,
 I saw him die.

Who caught his blood?
 I, said the Fish,
 With my little dish,
 I caught his blood.

Who made his shroud?
 I, said the Eagle,
 With my thread and needle,
 I made his shroud.

Who'll dig his grave?
 The Owl, with aid
 Of mattock and spade
 Will dig Robin's grave.

Who'll be the parson?
 I, said the Rook,
 With my little book,
 I'll be the parson.

Who'll be the clerk?
I, said the Lark,
If not in the dark,
I'll be the clerk.

Who'll carry him to the grave?
I, said the Kite,
If not in the night,
I'll carry him to his grave.

Who'll be chief mourner?
I, said the Swan,
I'm sorry he's gone,
I'll be chief mourner.

Who'll bear his pall?
We, said the Wren,
Both the cock and the hen,
We'll bear the pall.

Who'll toll the bell?
I, said the Bull,
Because I can pull,
And I'll pull the bell.

Who'll lead the way?
I, said the Martin,
When ready for starting,
And I'll lead the way.

All the birds in the air
Began sighing and sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.

To all it concerns,
This notice apprises,
The sparrow's for trial
At next bird assizes.

Why is Pussy in bed?
She is sick, says the fly,
And I fear she will die;
And that's why she's in bed.

Pray what's her disorder?
A lock'd-jaw is come on,
Said the fine downy swan;
And that's her disorder.

Who makes her nice gruel?
That she might not get worse,
Dog Tray is her nurse,
And makes her nice gruel.

Pray who is her doctor?
I, said famed Mister Punch,
At my back a great hunch;
But I am her doctor.

Who thinks she'll recover?
I do, sir, said the Deer,
And I thought so last year;
I think she'll recover.

And when Puss is quite well,
All shall have noble fare;
Beasts, and fowls of the air,
And we'll ring the great bell.

PUSSY-CAT, pussy-cat, where have you
been?
I've been to London to look at the
queen.
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you
there?
I frighten'd a little mouse under the
chair.

SNEEL, snaul,
Robbers are coming to pull down your
wall;
Sneel, snaul.
Put out your horn,
Robbers are coming to steal your corn,
Coming at four o'clock in the morn.

THE Fox jumped up on a moonlight
night,
The stars were shining and all things
bright;

“Oh, oh!” said the Fox, “it’s a very
fine night
For me to go through the town,
e’oh!”

The Fox when he came to yonder
stile,
He lifted his ears and he listened a
while;
“Oh, oh!” said the Fox, “it is but a
short mile
From this to yonder town, e’oh!”

The Fox, when he came to the Farm-
er’s gate,
Who should he see but the Farmer’s
Drake,
“I love you well for your master’s
sake,
And I long to be picking your bones
e’oh!”

The grey Goose, she ran round the
haystack,
“Oh, oh!” said the Fox, “you are
very fat,
And you’ll do very well to ride on my
back
From this to yonder town, e’oh!”

The Farmer’s wife she jumped out
of bed,
And out of the window she popped
her head,
“Oh husband! oh husband! the Geese
are all dead,
For the Fox has been through the
town, e’oh!”

The Farmer he loaded his pistol with
lead,
And shot the old rogue of a Fox
through the head,
“Ah, ah!” said the Farmer, “I think
you’re quite dead,
And no more you’ll trouble the town,
e’oh!”

THE Hart he loves the high wood,
The Hare she loves the hill,
The Knight he loves his bright sword,
The Lady loves her will.

THE Lion and the Unicorn
Were fighting for the crown;
The Lion beat the Unicorn
All round about the town,
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown;
Some gave them plum-cake,
And sent them out of town.

THERE was a frog lived in a well,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
There was a frog lived in a well
Kitty alone, and I!

There was a frog lived in a well,
And a gay mouse in a mill,
Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I!

This frog he would a wooing ride,
Kitty alone, etc.
This frog he would a wooing ride
And on a snail he got astride,
Cock me cary, etc.

He rode till he came to my Lady
Mouse hall,
Kitty alone, etc.
He rode till he came to my Lady
Mouse hall,
And here he did both knock and call,
Cock me cary, etc.

Quoth he, Miss Mouse, I’m come to
thee,
Kitty alone, etc.
Quoth he, Miss Mouse, I’m come to
thee,
To see if thou canst fancy me,
Cock me cary, etc.

Quoth she, Answer I'll give you none,
Kitty alone, etc.
Quoth she, Answer I'll give you none,
Until my Uncle Rat come home,
Cock me cary, etc.

And when her Uncle Rat came home,
Kitty alone, etc.
And when her Uncle Rat came home,
Who's been here since I've been gone?
Cock me cary, etc.

Sir, there's been a worthy gentleman,
Kitty alone, etc.
Sir, there's been a worthy gentleman,
That's been here since you've been
gone,
Cock me cary, etc.

The frog he came whistling through
the brook,
Kitty alone, etc.
The frog he came whistling through
the brook,
And there he met with a dainty duck,
Cock me cary, etc.

This duck she swallowed him up with
a pluck,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
This duck she swallowed him up with
a pluck,
So there's an end of my history,
Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone, and I.

FOUR and twenty tailors went to kill
a snail,
The best man among them durst not
touch her tail;
She put out her horns like a little
Kyloe cow,
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all
e'en now.

HEY, my kitten, my kitten,
And hey, my kitten, my deary,
Such a sweet pet as this
Was neither fat nor weary.

HERE we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy
And here we go backwards and for-
wards
And here we go round, round,
roundy.

FIDDLE-DE-DEE, fiddle-de-dee,
The fly has married the humble-bee;
They went to church, and married was
she
The fly has married the humble-bee.

PUSSYCAT MOLE
Jumped over a coal,
And in her best petticoat burnt a
great hole.
Poor Pussy's weeping, she'll have no
more milk,
Until her best petticoat's mended with
silk.

YOUNG lambs to sell!
Young lambs to sell!
If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry—Young lambs to
sell!

To market, to market, to buy a fat pig.
Home again, home again, dancing
a jig;
To market, to market, to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, jiggety-
jog.

PLEASE to remember
The fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot;
I know no reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.

PEASE-PUDDING hot,
 Pease-pudding cold,
 Pease-pudding in the pot,
 Nine days old.
 Some like it hot,
 Some like it cold,
 Some like it in the pot,
 Nine days old.

If all the world were apple pie,
 And all the sea were ink,
 And all the trees were bread and
 cheese,
 What should we have to drink?

I HAD a little nut tree,
 Nothing would it bear,
 But a silver nutmeg,
 And a golden pear,
 The King of Spain's daughter
 Came to visit me,
 And all was because of
 My little nut tree.
 I skipped over water
 I danced over sea,
 And all the birds in the air
 Could not catch me.

HOT-CROSS buns!
 Hot-cross buns!
 One a penny, two a penny,
 Hot-cross buns!

Hot-cross buns!
 Hot-cross buns!
 If you have no daughters,
 Give them to your sons.

I'll tell you a story
 About Jack a Nory,—
 And now my story's begun:
 I'll tell you another
 About Jack and his brother,—
 And now my story's done.

I SAW a ship a-sailing,
 A-sailing on the sea;
 And, oh! it was all laden
 With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
 And apples in the hold;
 The sails were made of silk,
 And the masts were made of gold,

The four-and-twenty sailors
 That stood between the decks,
 Were four-and-twenty white mice,
 With chains about their necks,

The captain was a duck,
 With a packet on his back,
 And when the ship began to move,
 The captain said, "Quack, quack!"

Is John Smith within?
 Yes, that he is.
 Can he set a shoe?
 Ay, marry, two,
 Here a nail, there a nail
 Tick, tack, too.

MR. EAST gave a feast;
 Mr. North laid the cloth;
 Mr. West did his best;
 Mr. South burnt his mouth
 With eating a cold potato.

PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man!
 So I will, master, as fast as I can:
 Pat it and prick it and mark it with T,
 Put in the oven for Tommy and me.

As I walked by myself,
 And talked to myself,
 Myself said unto me,
 Look to thyself,
 Take care of thyself,
 For nobody cares for thee.

I answer'd myself,
And said to myself,
In the self-same repartee,
Look to thyself,
Or not look to thyself,
The self-same thing will be.

If I had as much money as I could
spend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend;
Old chairs to mend, old chairs to
mend;
I never would cry old chairs to mend.

If I had as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry old clothes to sell;
Old clothes to sell, old clothes to sell;
I never would cry old clothes to sell.

ONE misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
There I met an old man
Clothed all in leather;
Clothed all in leather,
With cap under his chin,—
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again?

I LOVE sixpence, pretty little sixpence,
I love sixpence, better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I gave a penny
of it,
And I took fourpence home to my
wife.

Oh! my little fourpence, pretty little
fourpence,
I love fourpence better than my
life;
I spent a penny of it, I gave a penny
of it,
And I took twopence home to my
wife.

Oh! my little twopence, pretty little
twopence,
I love twopence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I gave a penny
of it,
And I took nothing home to my
wife.

Oh! my little nothing, pretty little
nothing,
What will nothing buy for my wife;
I have nothing, I spend nothing,
I love nothing better than my wife.

THERE was an old woman who lived in
a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't
know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any
bread,
She whipped them all round, and put
them to bed.

THERE was an old woman toss'd up in
a basket
Nineteen times as high as the moon;
Where she was going I couldn't but
ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

“Old woman, old woman, old woman,”
quoth I,
“O whither, O whither, O whither,
so high?”
“To brush the cobwebs off the sky!”
“Shall I go with thee?” “Ay, by-
and-by.”

THERE was an old woman
Lived under a hill;
And if she's not gone,
She lives there still.

THERE was an old woman, and what
do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals
and drink:
Victuals and drink were the chief of
her diet:
This tiresome old woman could never
be quiet.

She went to the baker to buy her some
bread,
And when she came home her old hus-
band was dead;
She went to the clerk to toll the bell,
And when she came back her old hus-
band was well.

HERE'S a poor widow from Babylon
With six poor children all alone:
One can bake and one can brew,
One can shape, and one can sew,
One can sit at the fire and spin,
One can bake a cake for the king.
Come choose you east, come choose
you west,
Come choose you the one that you love
the best.

THERE was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead,
lead, lead;
He shot Johnny King
Through the middle of his wig,
And knocked it right off his head,
head, head.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone:
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
But when she came back
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin,
When she came back
The dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe,
But when she came back
He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the fishmonger's
To buy him some fish,
And when she came back
He was licking the dish.

She went to the ale-house
To get him some beer,
But when she came back
The dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red,
But when she came back
The dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
And when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
But when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit,
But when she came back
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
But when she came back
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
But when she came back
He was reading the news.

She went to the sempstress
To buy him some linen,
But when she came back
The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
But when she came back
He was dress'd in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsy,
The dog made a bow,
The dame said, "your servant,"
The dog said, "bow-wow."

THERE was a little man,
And he woo'd a little maid,
And he said, "Little maid, will you
wed, wed, wed?
I have little more to say,
Then will you, yea or nay,
For least said is soonest mended, ded,
ded, ded."

The little maid replied,
Some say a little sighed,
"But what shall we have for to eat,
eat, eat?
Will the love that you're so rich in,
Make a fire in the kitchen?
Or the little god of Love turn the spit,
spit, spit?"

THERE was an old woman, as I've
heard tell,
She went to the market, her eggs to
sell;

She went to the market all on a market
day,
And she fell asleep on the King's
highway.

There came by a pedlar, whose name
was Stout,
He cut her petticoats all round about;
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver
and freeze.

When the little woman first did wake,
She began to shiver and she began to
shake,
She began to wonder and she began
to cry,
"Oh! deary, deary me, this is none
of I!

"But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
I've a little dog at home and he'll
know me;
If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark
and wail."

Home went the little woman all in the
dark,
Up got the little dog, and he began to
bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
"Oh! deary, deary me, this is none
of I!"

"Old woman, old woman, shall we go
shearing?"
"Speak a little louder, sir, I am very
thick of hearing."
"Old woman, old woman, shall I love
you dearly?"
"Thank you, kind sir, I hear you very
clearly."

OLD MOTHER GOOSE, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house,
'Twas built in a wood
Where an owl at the door
For sentinel stood.

This is her son Jack,
A plain looking lad,
He is not very good,
Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market,
A live goose he bought :
"Here, mother," says he,
"It will not go for nought."

Jack's goose and her gander
Grew very fond ;
They'd both eat together,
Or swim in the pond.

Jack found one morning,
As I have been told,
His goose had laid him
An egg of pure gold.

Jack rode to his mother,
The news for to tell ;
She call'd him a good boy,
And said it was well.

Jack sold his gold egg
To a rogue of a Jew,
Who cheated him out of
The half of his due.

Then Jack went a-courting
A lady so gay,
As fair as the lily,
As sweet as the May.

The Jew and the Squire
Came behind his back,
And began to belabour
The sides of poor Jack.

Then Old Mother Goose
That instant came in,
And turn'd her son Jack
Into fam'd Harlequin.

She then with her wand
Touch'd the lady so fine,
And turn'd her at once
Into sweet Columbine.

The gold egg into the sea
Was thrown then ;
When Jack jump'd in,
And got the egg back again.

The Jew got the goose,
Which he vow'd he would kill,
Resolving at once
His pockets to fill.

Jack's mother came in,
And caught the goose soon,
And mounting its back,
Flew up to the moon.

WHERE are you going, my pretty
maid?

I am going a milking, sir, she said.
May I go with you, my pretty maid?
You're kindly welcome, sir, she said.
What is your father, my pretty maid?
My father's a farmer, sir, she said.
Say, will you marry me, my pretty
maid?

Yes, if you please, kind sir, she said.
Will you be constant, my pretty maid?
That I can't promise you, sir, she said.
Then I won't marry you, my pretty
maid!

Nobody asked you, sir! she said.

WHAT are little boys made of, made of,
What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails, and puppy-dogs'
tails;
And that's what little boys are made
of, made of.

What are little girls made of, made of,
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice;
And that's what little girls are made
of, made of.

SEE, saw, Margery Daw,
Baby shall have a new master.
She can earn but a penny a day,
Because she can't work any faster.

See, saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed to lie upon straw.
Was not she a naughty puss,
To sell her bed to lie on a trass?

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see an old lady upon a white horse,
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her
toes,
And so she makes music wherever she
goes.

POLLY, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
And let's drink tea.

Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again.
They're all gone away.

ELSIE MARLEY is grown so fine,
She won't get up to serve the swine,
But lies in bed till eight or nine,
And surely she does take her time.

And do you ken Elsie Marley, honey?
The wife who sells the barley, honey;
She won't get up to serve the swine,
And do you ken Elsie Marley, honey?

LITTLE MISS MUFFIT,
Sat on a tuffit,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a great spider
That sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffit away.

PEMMY was a pretty girl,
But Fanny was a better;
Pemmy look'd like any churl,
When little Fanny let her.

Pemmy had a pretty nose,
But Fanny had a better;
Pemmy oft would come to blows,
But Fanny would not let her.

Pemmy had a pretty doll,
But Fanny had a better;
Pemmy chatter'd like a poll,
When little Fanny let her.

Pemmy had a pretty song,
But Fanny had a better;
Pemmy would sing all day long,
But Fanny would not let her.

Pemmy loved a pretty lad,
And Fanny loved a better;
And Pemmy wanted for to wed,
But Fanny would not let her.

PRETTY maid,
Pretty maid,
Where have you been?
Gathering a posie
To give to the queen.

Pretty maid,
 Pretty maid,
 What gave she you?
 She gave me a diamond
 As big as my shoe.

CROSS patch,
 Draw the latch,
 Sit by the fire and spin;
 Take a cup,
 And drink it up,
 And call your neighbours in.

LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
 And can't tell where to find them;
 Leave them alone, and they'll come
 home,
 And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
 And dreamt she heard them bleat-
 ing;
 And when she awoke, she found it a
 joke,
 For they still were all fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
 Determin'd for to find them;
 She found them indeed, but it made
 her heart bleed,
 For they'd left all their tails behind
 'em.

OH! dear! what can the matter be?
 Dear! dear! what can the matter be?
 Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
 Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promis'd he'd buy me a fairing
 should please me,
 And then for a kiss, oh! he vow'd he
 would tease me;
 He promis'd he'd bring me a bunch
 of blue ribbons
 To tie up my bonny brown hair.

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
 Dear! dear! what can the matter be?
 Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
 Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promis'd he'd bring me a basket
 of posies,
 A garland of lilies, a garland of roses,
 A little straw hat, to set off the blue
 ribbons
 That tie up my bonny brown hair.

MARY, Mary, quite contrary,
 How does your garden grow?
 With cockle-shells and silver bells
 And columbines all of a row.

BETTY PRINGLE had a little pig,
 Not very little and not very big.
 When he was alive, he lived in clover,
 But now he's dead, and that's all over.
 So Billy Pringle he lay down and
 cried,
 And Betty Pringle she lay down and
 died;
 So there was an end of one, two and
 three:
 Billy Pringle he,
 Betty Pringle she,
 And the piggy-wiggy.

MOTHER, may I go in to swim?
 Yes, my darling daughter,
 Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
 But don't go near the water.

LITTLE POLLY FLINDERS,
 Sat among the cinders,
 Warming her pretty little toes;
 Her mother came and caught her,
 And whipped her little daughter
 For spoiling her nice new clothes.

BESSY BELL and Mary Gray,
They were two bonny lasses;
They built their house upon the lea.
And covered it with rashes.

Bessy kept the garden gate,
And Mary kept the pantry;
Bessy always had to wait,
While Mary lived in plenty.

LITTLE TOM TUCKER
Sings for his supper;
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife?
How will he be married
Without e'er a wife?

LITTLE boy blue, come blow your
horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's
in the corn;
Where's the little boy that looks after
the sheep?
He's under the hay-cock fast asleep.
Will you wake him? No, not I;
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry.

Who comes here?
A grenadier.
What do you want?
A pot of beer.
Where is your money?
I have none.
Then grenadier
Get you gone.

TWEEDLE-DUM and tweedle-dee
Resolved to have a battle,
For tweedle-dum said tweedle-dee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.
Just then flew by a monstrous crow,
As big as a tar barrel,
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run!
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the
street.

Tom he was the piper's son,
He learn'd to play when he was young,
But the only tune that he could play
Was, "Over the hills and far away."

Now Tom with his pipe made such a
noise,
That he pleased both the girls and the
boys,
And they stopp'd to hear him play,
"Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such
skill,
That those who heard him could never
keep still;
Whenever they heard they began for
to dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs would
after him prance.

As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began for
to play;
So Dolly and the cow danced "The
Cheshire round,"
Till the pail was broke and the milk
ran on the ground.

He met old Dame Trot with a basket
of eggs,
He used his pipe and she used her
legs;
She danced about till the eggs were
all broke,
She began for to fret, but he laughed
at the joke.

He saw a cross fellow was beating
 an ass,
 Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes
 and glass;
 He took out his pipe and played them
 a tune,
 And the jackass's load was lightened
 full soon.

THREE wise men of Gotham
 Went to sea in a bowl:
 And if the bowl had been stronger,
 My song would have been longer.

BARBER, barber, shave a pig,
 How many hairs will make a wig?
 "Four and twenty, that's enough."
 Give the barber a pinch of snuff.

THE barber shaved the mason,
 As I suppose
 Cut off his nose,
 And popp'd it in a bason.

THERE was a man of Newington,
 And he was wondrous wise,
 He jump'd into a quickset hedge,
 And scratch'd out both his eyes;
 But when he saw his eyes were out,
 With all his might and main,
 He jump'd into another hedge,
 And scratch'd 'em in again.

THERE was a man in our toone, in our
 toone, in our toone,
 There was a man in our toone, and his
 name was Billy Pod.
 And he played upon an old razor, an
 old razor, an old razor,
 And he played upon an old razor, with
 my fiddle fiddle fe fum fo.

And his hat was made of the good
 roast beef, the good roast beef,
 the good roast beef,

And his hat was made of the good
 roast beef, and his name was
 Billy Pod.

And he played upon an old razor, etc.

And his coat was made of the good fat
 tripe, the good fat tripe, the good
 fat tripe,

And his coat was made of the good fat
 tripe, and his name was Billy Pod.

And he played upon an old razor, etc.

And his breeks were made of the baw-
 bie baps, the bawbie baps, the
 bawbie baps,

And his breeks were made of the baw-
 bie baps, and his name was Billy
 Pod.

And he played upon an old razor, etc.

And there was a man in tither toone,
 in tither toone, tither toone,

And there was a man in tither toone,
 and his name was Edrin Drum.

And he played upon an old ladle, an
 old ladle, an old ladle,

And he played upon an old ladle, with
 my fiddle, fiddle, fum fo.

And he ate up all the good roast beef,
 the good roast beef, etc., etc.

And he ate up all the good fat tripe,
 the good fat tripe, etc., etc.

And he ate up all the bawbie baps, etc.,
 and his name was Edrin Drum.

THERE was a man and he went mad,
 And he jump'd into a biscuit bag;
 The biscuit bag it was so full,
 So he jump'd into a roaring bull;
 The roaring bull it was so fat,
 So he jump'd into a gentleman's hat;
 The gentleman's hat it was so fine,
 So he jump'd into a bottle of wine;
 The bottle of wine it was so dear,
 So he jump'd into a barrel of beer;

The barrel of beer it was so thick,
So he jump'd into a walking-stick;
The walking-stick it was so narrow,
So he jump'd into a wheel-barrow;
The wheel-barrow began to crack,
So he jump'd on to a hay-stack;
The hay-stack began to blaze,
So he did nothing but cough and
sneeze!

Oh where and oh where is my little
wee dog?
Oh where and oh where is he?
With his ears cut short and his tail
cut long,
Oh where and oh where can he be?

THERE was a crooked man, and he
went a crooked mile.
He found a crooked sixpence against
a crooked stile:
He bought a crooked cat, which caught
a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little
crooked house.

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a
thief,
Taffy came to my house, and stole a
piece of beef;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was
not at home;
Taffy came to my house, and stole a
marrow-bone;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was
not in;
Taffy came to my house, and stole a
silver pin;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in
bed;
I took up a poker and flung it at his
head.

SOLOMON GRUNDY,
Born on a Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday.
This is the end of
Solomon Grundy.

SIMPLE SIMON met a pieman
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny,"
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

ROWLEY POWLEY, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry;
When the girls came out to play,
Rowley Powley ran away.

ROBIN HOOD, Robin Hood,
Is in the mickle wood!
Little John, Little John,
He to the town is gone.

Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
Is telling his beads,
All in the green wood,
Among the green weeds.

Little John, Little John,
If he comes no more,
Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
He will fret full sore!

THIS is the house that Jack built.

This is the malt that lay in the house
that Jack built.

This is the rat that ate the malt, &c.

This is the cat that killed the rat, &c.

This is the dog that worried the
cat, &c.

This is the cow with the crumpled
horn
That tossed the dog, &c.

This is the maiden all forlorn
That milk'd the cow with the crum-
pled horn, &c.

This is the man all tatter'd and torn
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn, &c.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and
torn, &c.

This is the cock that crow'd in the
morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and
shorn, &c.

This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crow'd in the
morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and
shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and
torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crum-
pled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

ROBIN and Richard were two pretty
men;
They lay in bed till the clock struck
ten;
Then up starts Robin and looks at the
sky;
Oh! brother Richard, the sun's very
high:
You go on with bottle and bag,
And I'll follow after on jolly Jack
Nag.

GIRLS and boys come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as
day;
Leave your supper, and leave your
sleep,
And come with your playfellows into
the street.
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a goodwill or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A half-penny roll will serve us all.
You find milk, and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half-an-
hour.

HANDY Spandy, Jack-a-dandy,
Loved plum-cake and sugar-candy;
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he came, hop, hop, hop.

HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the king's horses and all the king's
men
Cannot put Humpty Dumpty to-
gether again.

LITTLE JACK HORNER sat in the corner
eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and he took out
a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

THERE was a little boy and a little girl
Lived in an alley;
Says the little boy to the little girl,
“Shall I, oh! shall I?”

Says the little girl to the little boy,
“What shall we do?”
Says the little boy to the little girl,
“I will kiss you.”

JACK SPRAT could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so betwixt them both, you see,
They lick'd the platter clean.

OVER the water and over the sea,
And over the water to Charley.
Charley loves good ale and wine,
And Charley loves good brandy,
And Charley loves a pretty girl,
As sweet as sugar-candy.

OVER the water and over the sea,
And over the water to Charley.
I'll have none of your nasty beef,
Nor I'll have none of your barley;
But I'll have some of your very best
flour
To make a white cake for my Charley.

ON Saturday night
Shall be all my care,
To powder my locks
And curl my hair.

ON Sunday morning
My love will come in,
When he will marry me
With a gold ring.

CURLY locks, curly locks! wilt thou
be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet
feed the swine;
But sit on a cushion, and sew a fine
seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar,
and cream!

I HAD a little husband
No bigger than my thumb;
I put him in a pint pot,
And there I bid him drum.

I bought him a little horse,
That galloped up and down.
I bridled him and saddled him,
And sent him out of town.

I gave him some garters,
To garter up his hose,
And a little handkerchief,
To wipe his pretty nose.

JACK and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.

UP Jack got and home did trot
As fast as he could caper,
Dame Jill had the job, to plaister his
knob,
With vinegar and brown paper.

GAY go up, and gay go down
To ring the bells of London town.

BULLS' eyes and targets,
Say the bells of St. Marg'ret's.

BICKBATS and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles's.

HALFPENCE and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's.

Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells of Whitechapel.

Old Father Baldpate,
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.

You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells of St. Helen's.

Pokers and tongs,
Say the bells at St. John's.

Kettles and pans,
Say the bells at St. Ann's.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells at Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

Pray when will that be?
Say the bells at Stepney.

I'm sure I don't know,
Says the great bell at Bow.

Here comes a candle to light you to
bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop off
your head.

LONDON bridge is broken down,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
London bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again?
Dance o'er my lady lee;
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stole away,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Silver and gold will be stole away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up again with iron and steel,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Huzza! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay lady.

COME, let's to bed,
Says Sleepy-head,
Tarry a while, says Slow,
Put on the pan, says Greedy Nan,
Let's sup before we go.

MATTHEW, Mark, Luke and John,
Guard the bed that I lay on!
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head—
One to watch, one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away.



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*He put her in a pumpkin shell
And there he kept her very well*

PETER, PETER, PUMPKIN EATER

PETER, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin shell
And there he kept her very well.

RUB-A-DUB-DUB,
Three men in a tub,
And who do you think they be?
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick-maker;
Turn 'em out, knaves all three!

HICKORY, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down,
Hickory, dickory, dock.

A DILLAR, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock
But now you come at noon.

HECTOR PROTECTOR was dressed all in
green;
Hector Protector was sent to the
Queen.
The Queen did not like him, no more
did the King;
So Hector Protector was sent back
again.

BLOW, wind, blow! and go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it and into
rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.

Six little mice sat down to spin,
Pussy passed by, and she peeped in.
"What are you at, my little men?"
"Making coats for gentlemen."

"Shall I come in and bite off your
threads?"

"No, no, Miss Pussy, you'll snip off
our heads."

"Oh, no, I'll not, I'll help you to
spin."

"That may be so, but you don't come
in!"

BOBBY SHAFTOE'S gone to sea,
Silver buckles at his knee;
When he comes back, he'll marry me,
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair;
He's my love for evermair,
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

THE Queen of Hearts
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts
He stole those tarts,
And with them ran away.

The King of Hearts
Called for the tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore;
The Knave of Hearts
Brought back the tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no more!

MARY'S LAMB.

MARY had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out,
 But still he lingered near,
 And waited patiently about
 Till Mary did appear.

Then he ran to her, and laid
 His head upon her arm,
 As if he said, "I'm not afraid—
 You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary
 so?"
 The eager children cried.
 "Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
 The teacher quick replied.

And you each gentle animal
 In confidence may bind,
 And make them follow at your will,
 If you are only kind.

WHEN I WAS A BACHELOR.

WHEN I was a bachelor
 I lived by myself;
 And all the bread and cheese I got
 I put upon the shelf.

The rats and the mice
 They made such a strife,
 I was forced to go to London
 To buy me a wife.

The streets were so bad,
 And the lanes were so narrow,
 I was forced to bring my wife home
 In a wheelbarrow.

The wheelbarrow broke,
 And my wife had a fall,
 Down came wheelbarrow,
 Little wife and all.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

LITTLE Robin Redbreast sat upon a
 tree,
 Up went pussy-cat, and down went
 he;
 Down came pussy-cat, and away
 Robin ran;
 Said little Robin Redbreast, "Catch
 me if you can."

Little Robin Redbreast jumped upon
 a wall,
 Pussy-cat jumped after him, and al-
 most got a fall;
 Little Robin chirped and sang, and
 what did pussy say?
 Pussy-cat said naught but "Mew,"
 and Robin flew away.

MERRY ARE THE BELLS.

MERRY are the bells, and merry would
 they ring,
 Merry was myself, and merry could I
 sing;
 With a merry ding-dong, happy, gay,
 and free,
 And a merry sing-song, happy let us
 be!

Waddle goes your gait, and hollow are
 your hose:
 Noddle goes your pate, and purple is
 your nose:
 Merry is your sing-song, happy, gay,
 and free;
 With a merry ding-dong, happy let
 us be!

Merry have we met, and merry have
 we been;
 Merry let us part, and merry meet
 again;
 With our merry sing-song, happy,
 gay, and free;
 With a merry ding-dong, happy let
 us be!

I HAD A LITTLE DOGGY.

I HAD a little Doggy that used to sit
and beg;
But Doggy tumbled down the stairs
and broke his little leg.
Oh! Doggy, I will nurse you, and try
to make you well,
And you shall have a collar with a
little silver bell.

Ah! Doggy, don't you think that you
should very faithful be,
For having such a loving friend to
comfort you as me?
And when your leg is better, and you
can run and play,
We'll have a scamper in the fields and
see them making hay.

But, Doggy, you must promise (and
mind your word you keep)
Not once to tease the little lambs, or
run among the sheep;
And then the little yellow chicks that
play upon the grass,
You must not even wag your tail to
scare them as you pass.

A FARMER WENT TROTTING.

A FARMER went trotting upon his gray
mare;
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
With his daughter behind him, so rosy
and fair;
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

A raven cried croak! and they all
tumbled down;
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
The mare broke her knees, and the
farmer his crown;
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

The mischievous raven flew laughing
away;
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
And vowed he would serve them the
same the next day;
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

MOON, SO ROUND AND YELLOW.

MOON, so round and yellow,
Looking from on high,
How I love to see you
Shining in the sky.
Oft and oft I wonder,
When I see you there,
How they get to light you,
Hanging in the air:

Where you go at morning,
When the night is past,
And the sun comes peeping
O'er the hills at last.
Sometime I will watch you
Slyly overhead,
When you think I'm sleeping
Snugly in my bed.

Matthias Barr.

BABY AT PLAY.

BROW bender, Eye peeper,
Nose smeller, Mouth eater,
Chin chopper,
Knock at the door—peep in,
Lift up the latch—walk in.

HERE sits the Lord Mayor, here sits
his two men;
Here sits the cock, and here sits the
hen;
Here sits the chickens, and here they
go in,
Chippety, chippety, chippety, chin.

GRAMMAR IN RHYME.

THREE little words, you often see,
 Are articles A, An, and The.
 A Noun is the name of anything,
 As School, or Garden, Hoop, or Swing.
 Adjectives tell the kind of Noun,
 As Great, Small, Pretty, White, or
 Brown.
 Instead of Nouns the Pronouns stand,
 Her head, His face, Your arm, My
 hand.
 Verbs tell of something being done—
 To Read, Count, Laugh, Sing, Jump,
 or Run.
 How things are done the Adverbs tell,
 As Slowly, Quickly, Ill, or Well.
 Conjunctions join the words to-
 gether—
 As men And women, wind And
 weather.
 The Preposition stands before
 A noun, as In or Through a door,
 The Interjection shows surprise,
 As Oh! how pretty! Ah! how wise!
 The Whole are called nine parts of
 speech,
 Which reading, writing, speaking
 teach.

A PLUM PUDDING.

FLOUR of England, fruit of Spain,
 Met together in a shower of rain;
 Put in a bag tied round with a string,
 If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give
 you a ring.

AN EGG.

IN marble walls as white as milk,
 Lined with a skin as soft as silk,
 Within a fountain crystal clear,
 A golden apple doth appear.
 No doors there are to this stronghold,
 Yet thieves break in and steal the
 gold.

A PAIR OF TONGS.

LONG legs, crooked thighs,
 Little head and no eyes.

THE TEETH.

THIRTY white horses upon a red hill,
 Now they tramp, now they champ,
 now they stand still.

A BED.

FORMED long ago, yet made to-day,
 Employed while others sleep;
 What few would like to give away,
 Nor any wish to keep.

ELIZABETH, Lizzy, Betsy and Bess,
 All went together to seek a bird's
 nest;
 They found a nest with five eggs in it;
 They each took one and left four in it.

THOMAS A TATTAMUS took two T's,
 To tie two tups to two tall trees,
 To frighten the terrible Thomas a
 Tattamus!
 Tell me how many T's there are in all
 THAT!

A NEEDLE AND THREAD.

OLD Mother Twitchett had but one
 eye,
 And a long tail which she let fly;
 And every time she went over a gap,
 She left a bit of her tail in a trap.

A CHERRY.

As I went through a garden gap,
 Who should I meet but Dick Red-Cap!
 A stick in his hand, a stone in his
 throat,
 If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give
 you a groat.

AS I WAS GOING TO ST. IVES.

As I was was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives;
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits—
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?
(*One.*)

TWO LEGS SAT UPON THREE LEGS.

Two legs sat upon three legs,
With one leg in his lap;
In comes four legs
And runs away with one leg;
Up jumps two legs,
Catches up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him drop one leg.
(*A man, a stool, a leg of mutton, and a dog.*)

If wishes were horses,
Beggars would ride;
If turnips were watches,
I'd wear one by my side.

He that would thrive
Must rise at five;
He that hath thriven
May lie till seven;
And he that by the plough would
thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

A SWARM of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

THEY that wash on Monday
Have all the week to dry;
They that wash on Tuesday,
Are not so much awry;
They that wash on Wednesday
Are not so much to blame;
They that wash on Thursday,
Wash for shame;
They that wash on Friday,
Wash in need;
And they that wash on Saturday,
Oh, they are slovens, indeed.

NEEDLES and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries, his trouble
begins.

FOR every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there is none.
If there be one, try and find it;
If there be none, never mind it.

FOR want of a nail, the shoe was lost;
For want of the shoe, the horse was
lost;
For want of the horse, the rider was
lost;
For want of the rider, the battle was
lost;
For want of the battle, the kingdom
was lost;
And all from the want of a horseshoe
nail.

A SUNSHINY shower
Won't last half an hour.

RAIN before seven,
Fair by eleven.

MARCH winds and April showers
Bring forth May flowers.

EVENING red and morning gray
Set the traveller on his way;
But evening gray and morning red,
Bring the rain upon his head.

RAINBOW at night
Is the sailor's delight;
Rainbow at morning,
Sailors, take warning.

SEE-SAW sacradown,
Which is the way to London town?
One foot up, the other foot down,
That is the way to London town.

DANCE, little baby, dance up high,
Never mind, baby, mother is by;
Crow and caper, caper and crow,
There, little baby, there you go;

Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
Backwards and forwards, round and
round;
Dance, little baby, and mother will
sing,
With the merry chorus, ding, ding,
ding!

HEY diddle, dinkety, poppety, pet,
The merchants of London they wear
scarlet;
Silk in the collar and gold in the hem,
So merrily march the merchantmen.

THERE was a little nobby colt,
His name was Nobby Gray;
His head was made of pounce straw,
His tail was made of hay.
He could ramble, he could trot,
He could carry a mustard-pot
Round the town of Woodstock,
Hey, Jenny, hey!

PUSSY sits beside the fire—
How can she be fair?
In comes little puppy-dog:
“Pussy, are you there?
So, so, Mistress Pussy,
Pray how do you do?”
“Thank you, thank you, little dog,
I'm very well just now.”

JACK HORNER.

JACK HORNER was a pretty lad,
Near London he did dwell;
His father's heart he made full glad,
His mother loved him well.

While little Jack was sweet and
young,
If he by chance should cry,
His mother pretty sonnets sung,
With a lul-la-lul-la-by,

With such a dainty curious tone,
As Jack sat on her knee,
That soon, ere he could go alone,
He sang as well as she.

A pretty boy of curious wit,
All people spoke his praise,
And in the corner he would sit
In Christmas holidays.

When friends they did together meet,
To pass away the time—
Why, little Jack, be sure, would eat
His Christmas pie in rhyme.

He said, “Jack Horner, in the corner,
Eats good Christmas pie,
And with his thumbs pulls out the
plums,
And says, ‘Good boy am I!’ ”

“COME hither, little puppy-dog,
I'll give you a new collar,
If you will learn to read your book,
And be a clever scholar.”
“No! no!” replied the puppy-dog,
“I've other fish to fry;
For I must learn to guard your house,
And bark when thieves come nigh.”

With a tingle, tangle titmouse,
Robin knows great A,
And B, and C, and D, and E,
F, G, H, I, J, K.

“Come hither, pretty cockatoo,
Come and learn your letters;
And you shall have a knife and fork
To eat with, like your betters.”
“No! no!” the cockatoo replied,
“My beak will do as well;
I'd rather eat my victuals thus
Than go and learn to spell.”

With a tingle, tangle titmouse,
Robin knows great A,
And B, and C, and D, and E,
F, G, H, I, J, K.

“Come hither, little pussy-cat,
If you'll your grammar study,
I'll give you silver clogs to wear,
Whene'er the gutter's muddy.”
“No! whilst I grammar learn,” says
puss,
“Your house will in a trice
Be overrun from top to toe,
With flocks of rats and mice.”

With a tingle, tangle titmouse,
Robin knows great A,
And B, and C, and D, and E,
F, G, H, I, J, K.

“Come hither, then, good little boy,
And learn your alphabet,
And you a pair of boots and spurs,
Like your papa's, shall get.”

PETER WHITE will ne'er go right:
Would you know the reason why?
He follows his nose where'er he goes,
And that stands all awry.

THE man in the moon
Came down too soon,
And asked his way to Norwich:
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth
With eating cold plum-porridge.

BRAVE news is come to town;
Brave news is carried;
Brave news is come to town—
Jemmy Dawson's married.

First he got a porridge-pot,
Then he bought a ladle;
Then he got a wife and child,
And then he bought a cradle.

THERE was an old man,
And he had a calf,
And that's half;
He took him out of the stall,
And tied him to the wall,
And that's all.

There was a chandler making candle,
When he them stript, he did them
handle.

There was an old woman lived under
a hill,
And if she's not gone, she lives there
still.

TREE ON THE HILL.

ON yonder hill there stands a tree;
Tree on the hill, and the hill stood
still.

And on the tree there was a branch;
Branch on the tree, tree on the hill,
and the hill stood still.

And on the branch there was a nest;
Nest on the branch, branch on the
tree, tree on the hill, and the hill
stood still.

And in the nest there was an egg;
Egg in the nest, nest on the branch,
branch on the tree, tree on the
hill, and the hill stood still.

And in the egg there was a bird;
Bird in the egg, egg in the nest, nest
on the branch, branch on the tree,
tree on the hill, and the hill stood
still.

And on the bird there was a feather;
Feather on the bird, bird in the egg,
egg in the nest, nest on the
branch, branch on the tree, tree
on the hill, and the hill stood still.

WHEN the wind is in the east,
'Tis good for neither man nor beast;
When the wind is in the north,
The skillful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth;
When the wind is in the west,
Then 'tis at the very best.

HEARTS, LIKE DOORS.

HEARTS, like doors, will ope with ease
To very, very little keys,
And don't forget that two of these
Are "I thank you" and "If you
please."

COUNTING OUT.

INTERY, mintery, cutery-corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn;
Wire, brier, limber-lock,
Five geese in a flock,
Sit and sing by a spring,
O-u-t, and in again.

A TEA-PARTY.

YOU see, merry Phillis, that dear little
maid,
Has invited Belinda to tea;
Her nice little garden is shaded by
trees,—
What pleasanter place could there
be?

There's a cake full of plums, there are
strawberries too,
And the table is set on the green;
I'm fond of a carpet all daisies and
grass,—
Could a prettier picture be seen?

A blackbird (yes, blackbirds delight
in warm weather),
Is flitting from yonder high spray;
He sees the two little ones talking to-
gether,—
No wonder the blackbird is gay.

Kate Greenaway.

AROUND THE WORLD.

IN go-cart so tiny
My sister I drew;
And I've promised to draw her
The wide world through.

We have not yet started—
I own it with sorrow—
Because our trip's always
Put off till to-morrow.

Kate Greenaway.

A HAPPY CHILD.

My house is red—a little house,
 A happy child am I,
 I laugh and play the livelong day,
 I hardly ever cry.

I have a tree, a green, green tree,
 To shade me from the sun;
 And under it I often sit,
 When all my work is done.

My little basket I will take,
 And trip into the town;
 When next I'm there I'll buy some
 cake,
 And spend my bright half-crown.

Kate Greenaway.

THE LAMB.

Now, Lamb, no longer naughty be,
 Be good and homewards come with
 me,
 Or else upon another day
 You shall not with the daisies play.

Did we not bring you, for a treat,
 In the green grass to frisk your feet?
 And when we must go home again
 You pull your ribbon and complain.

So, little Lamb, be good once more,
 And give your naughty tempers o'er.
 Then you again shall dine and sup
 On daisy white and buttercup.

Kate Greenaway.

IV

Fairy Land

THE FAIRIES.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray,
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkil he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again,
Her friends were all gone.

They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

William Allingham.

THE LIGHT-HEARTED FAIRY.

OH, who is so merry, so merry, heigh
ho!
As the light-hearted fairy? heigh ho,
Heigh ho!
He dances and sings
To the sound of his wings
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so airy, heigh ho!
As the light-headed fairy? heigh ho,
Heigh ho!

His nectar he sips
From the primroses' lips
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh
ho!

As the light-footed fairy? heigh ho!
Heigh ho!

The night is his noon
And his sun is the moon,
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

Unknown.

FAIRY LAND.

DIM vales, and shadowy floods,
And cloudy-looking woods;
Whose forms we can't discover
For the tears that drip all over;
Huge moons there wax and wane—
Again, again, again—
Every moment of the night,
For ever changing places;
And they put out the star-light
With the breath from their pale faces.
About twelve by the moon-dial,
One more filmy than the rest
(A kind which, upon trial,
They have found to be the best)
Comes down—still down—and down
With its centre on the crown
Of a mountain's eminence
In easy drapery falls
Over hamlets, over halls,
Wherever they may be—
O'er the strange woods, o'er the sea,
Over spirits on the wing,
Over every drowsy thing—
And buries them up quite
In a labyrinth of light;
And then, how deep!—O deep,
Is the passion of their sleep!
In the morning they arise,
And their moony covering

Is roaring in the skies,
With the tempest as they toss,
Like—almost anything,
Or a yellow albatross.
They use that moon no more
For the same end as before—
Videlicet a tent—
Which I think extravagant:
Its atomies however,
Into a shower dissever
Of which those butterflies
Of earth who seek the skies,
And so come down again
(Never contented things!),
Have brought a specimen
Upon their quivering wings.

Edgar Allan Poe.

A FAIRY IN ARMOR.

HE put his acorn helmet on;
It was plumed of the silk of the
thistle down;
The corslet plate that guarded his
breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
His cloak, of a thousand mingled
dyes,
Was formed of the wings of butter-
flies;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug
green,
Studs of gold on a ground of green;
And the quivering lance which he
brandished bright,
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain
in fight.
Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed;
He bared his blade of the bent-grass
blue;
He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,
And away like a glance of thought
he flew,
To skim the heavens, and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

Joseph Rodman Drake.

THE LIFE OF A FAIRY.

COME follow, follow me,
 You fairy elves that be,
 Which circle on the green;
 Come, follow Mab your queen:
 Hand in hand, let's dance around,
 For this place is fairy ground.

Upon a mushroom's head
 Our table-cloth we spread;
 A grain of rye or wheat,
 Is manchet, which we eat;
 Pearly drops of dew we drink
 In acorn-cups fill'd to the brink.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly
 Serve for our minstrelsy;
 Grace said, we dance a while,
 And so the time beguile;
 And if the moon doth hide her head,
 The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On the tops of dewy grass
 So nimbly do we pass,
 The young and tender stalk
 Ne'er bends when we do walk;
 Yet in the morning may be seen
 Where we the night before have been.

"OH! WHERE DO FAIRIES HIDE
THEIR HEADS?"

OH! where do fairies hide their heads,
 When snow lies on the hills,
 When frost has spoiled their mossy
 beds,
 And crystallized their rills?
 Beneath the moon they cannot trip
 In circles o'er the plain;
 And draughts of dew they cannot sip.
 Till green leaves come again.

Perhaps, in small, blue diving-bells
 They plunge beneath the waves,
 Inhabiting the wreathèd shells
 That lie in coral caves.

Perhaps, in red Vesuvius
 Carousals they maintain;
 And cheer their little spirits thus,
 Till green leaves come again.

When they return, there will be mirth
 And music in the air,
 And fairy wings upon the earth,
 And mischief everywhere.
 The maids, to keep the elves aloof,
 Will bar the doors in vain;
 No keyhole will be fairy-proof,
 When green leaves come again.

Thomas Haynes Bayly.

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE FAIRIES.

THERE is a fountain in the forest
 called
 The Fountain of the Fairies: when a
 child
 What a delight of wonder I have
 heard
 Tales of the elfin tribe who on its
 banks
 Hold midnight revelry. An ancient
 oak,
 The goodliest of the forest, grows be-
 side;
 Alone it stands, upon a green grass
 plat,
 By the woods bounded like some little
 isle.
 It ever hath been deem'd their fa-
 vourite tree,
 They love to lie and rock upon its
 leaves
 And bask in moonshine. Here the
 woodman leads
 His boy, and showing him the green
 sward mark'd
 With darker circlets, says the mid-
 night dance
 Hath traced the rings, and bids him
 spare the tree.
 Fancy had cast a spell upon the place

Which made it holy ; and the villagers
Would say that never evil things
approached
Unpunished there. The strange and
fearful pleasure
Which filled me by that solitary
spring,
Ceased not in riper years ; and now
it wakes
Deeper delight, and more mysterious
awe.

Robert Southey.

FAIRY SONG.

SHED no tear ! O, shed no tear !
The flower will bloom another year.
Weep no more ! O, weep no more !
Young buds sleep in the root's white
core.
Dry your eyes ! Oh ! dry your eyes !
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies—
Shed no tear.

Overhead ! look overhead !
'Mong the blossoms white and red—
Look up, look up. I flutter now
On this flush pomegranate bough.
See me ! 'tis this silvery bell
Ever cures the good man's ill.
Shed no tear ! O, shed no tear !
The flowers will bloom another year.
Adieu, adieu—I fly, adieu,
I vanish in the heaven's blue—
Adieu, adieu !

John Keats.

BY THE MOON WE SPORT AND PLAY.

By the moon we sport and play,
With the night begins our day ;
As we dance the dew doth fall ;
Trip it, little urchins all !
Two by two, and three by three,
And about go we, and about go we !

John Lyly.

THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

IN yonder valley there dwelt, alone,
A youth whose moments had calmly
flown,
Till spells o'er him, and, day and
night,
He was haunted and watched by a
Mountain Sprite !

As once by moonlight he wandered
o'er
The golden sands of that island shore,
A foot-print sparkled before his
sight—
'Twas the fairy foot of the Mountain
Sprite !

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,
As bending over the stream he lay,
There peep'd down o'er him two eyes
of light,
And he saw in that mirror the Moun-
tain Sprite.

He turned, but lo, like a startled bird,
That spirit fled ! and the youth but
heard
Sweet music, such as marks the flight
Of some bird of song, from the Moun-
tain Sprite.

One night, still haunted by that bright
look,
The boy, bewildered, his pencil took ;
And, guided only by memory's light,
Drew the once seen form of the Moun-
tain Sprite.

“Oh thou, who lovest the shadow,”
cried
A voice, low whispering by his side,
“Now turn and see,”—here the
youth's delight
Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain
Sprite.

“Of all the spirits of land and sea,”
 Then rapt he murmured, “there’s
 none like thee,
 And oft, oh oft, may thy foot thus
 light
 In this lonely bower, sweet Mountain
 Sprite!”

Thomas Moore.

A CHARM.

In the morning when you rise
 Wash your hands and cleanse your
 eyes;
 Next, be sure ye have a care
 To disperse the water far;
 For as far as it doth light,
 So far keeps the evil sprite.

Robert Herrick.

ANOTHER CHARM.

If ye fear to be benighted,
 When ye are by chance benighted,
 In your pocket for a trust,
 Carry nothing but a crust;
 For that holy piece of bread
 Charms the danger and the dread.

Robert Herrick.

QUEEN MAB.

THIS is Mab, the mistress Fairy,
 That doth nightly rob the dairy,
 And can help or hurt the churning,
 As she please without discerning.

She that pinches country wenches
 If they rub not clean their benches,
 And with sharper nails remembers
 When they rake not up their embers:
 But if so they chance to feast her,
 In a shoe she drops a tester.

This is she that empties cradles,
 Takes out children, puts in ladles;
 Trains forth old wives in their slum-
 ber

With a sieve the holes to number;
 And then leads them from her bur-
 rows,
 Home through ponds and water-
 furrows.

She can start our Franklin’s daugh-
 ters,
 In their sleep, with shrieks and laugh-
 ter;

And on sweet St. Anna’s night
 Feed them with a promised sight,
 Some of husbands, some of lovers,
 Which an empty dream discovers.

Ben Jonson.

QUEEN MAB.

OH then, I see, Queen Mab hath been
 with you.

She is the fairies’ midwife, and she
 comes

In shape no bigger than an agate
 stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman;
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men’s noses as they lie
 asleep:

Her wagon spokes made of long
 spinner’s legs:

The cover, of the wings of grasshop-
 pers;

The traces, of the smallest spider’s
 web;

The collars of the moonshine’s watery
 beams;

Her whip of cricket’s bone, the lash,
 of film;

Her wagoner, a small grey-coated
 gnat,

Not half so big as a round little worm,
 Pricked from the lazy finger of a
 maid:

Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old
 grub,

Time out of mind the fairies' coach-
makers,
And in this state she gallops night by
night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they
dream of love;
On courtier's knees that dream on
court'sies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight
dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on
kisses dream.

William Shakespeare.

QUEEN MAB'S CHARIOT.

HER chariot ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stayed,
For naught must be her letting.
Four nimble gnats the horses were
Their harnesses of gossamer,
Fly, Cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excel,
The fair queen Mab becoming well—
So lively was the limning;
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a pied butterfly:
I trow, 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets'
bones,
And daintily made for the nonce.
For fear of rattling on the stones,
With thistle-down they shot it;
For all her maidens much did fear,
If Oberon had chanced to hear
That Mab his queen should have been
there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice,
Until her maids that were so nice
To wait on her were fitted,
But ran herself away alone;
Which when they heard, there was
not one
But hastened after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted.

Hop, and Mop, and Drap so clear,
Pip, and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab their sovereign dear,
Her special maids of honour;
Fib, and Tib, and Pink, and Pin,
Pick, and Quick, and Jill, and Jin,
Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Wim—
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
And what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they sparèd not,
But after her they hie them.
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow;
Themselves they wisely could bestow
Lest any should espy them.

Michael Drayton.

THE BEGGAR, TO MAB THE FAIRY QUEEN.

PLEASE your grace, from out your
store,
Give an alms to one that's poor,
That your mickle may have more.
Black I've grown for want of meat,
Give me then an ant to eat,
Or the cleft ear of a mouse
Over sour'd in drink of souse;
Or, sweet lady, reach to me
The abdomen of a bee;
Or commend a cricket's hip,
Or his huckson, to my scrip;
Give for bread a little bit
Of a piece that 'gins to chit,
And my full thanks take for it.

Flour of fuz-balls, that's too good
 For a man in needy-hood;
 But the meal of mill-dust can
 Well content a craving man;
 Any oats the elves refuse
 Well will serve the beggar's use.
 But if this may seem too much
 For an alms, then give me such
 Little bits that nestle there
 In the pris'ner's pannier.
 So a blessing light upon
 You and mighty Oberon;
 That your plenty last till when
 I return your alms again.

Robert Herrick.

YOU SPOTTED SNAKES.

FIRST FAIRY.

You spotted snakes with double
 tongues,
 Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong;
 Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus:

Philomel, with melody,
 Sing in our sweet lullaby;
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lul-
 laby;
 Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh;
 So good-night, with lullaby.

SECOND FAIRY.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
 Hence yon long-legg'd spinners,
 hence
 Beetles black, approach not near,
 Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus:

Philomel, with melody, etc.

FIRST FAIRY.

Hence away; now all is well:
 One, aloof, stand sentinel.

William Shakespeare.

OBERON'S FEAST.

A LITTLE mushroom-table spread,
 After short prayers they set on bread,
 A moon-parch'd grain of purest wheat
 With some small glitt'ring grit, to eat
 His* choice bits with; then in a trice
 They make a feast less great than nice.
 But all this while his eyes is serv'd
 We must not think his ear was
 starv'd;
 But that there was in place to stir
 His spleen, the chirping grasshopper,
 The merry cricket, puling fly,
 The piping gnat for minstrelsy.
 And now, we must imagine first,
 The elf is present to quench his thirst,
 A pure seed-pearl of infant dew,
 Brought and besweetened in a blue,
 And pregnant violet; which done,
 His kitten eyes begin to run
 Quite through the table, when he spies
 The horns of paper butterflies,
 Of which he eats; and tastes a little
 Of that we call the cuckoo's spittle;
 A little fuz-ball pudding stands
 By, yet not blessed by his hands,
 That was too coarse; but then forth-
 with
 He ventures boldly on the pith
 Of sugared rush, and eats the sag
 And well bestrutted bee's sweet bag
 Glad'ning his palate with some store
 Of emmet's eggs; what would he
 more?
 But beards of mice, a newt's stew'd
 thigh,
 A bloated earwig, and a fly;
 With the red-cap'd worm, that's shut
 Within the concave of a nut,

* Oberon's.

Brown as his tooth. A little moth,
 Late fatten'd in a piece of cloth;
 With withered cherries, mandrakes'
 ears,
 Moles' eyes; to these the slain stag's
 tears;
 The unctuous dewlaps of a snail,
 The broke heart of a nightingale
 O'er come in music; with a wine
 Ne'er ravish'd from the flattering
 vine,
 Brought in a dainty daisy, which
 He fully quaffs up to bewitch
 His blood to height; this done, com-
 mended
 Grace by his priest; the feast is ended.

Robert Herrick.

THE PALACE OF THE FAIRIES.

THIS palace standeth in the air,
 By necromancy placed there,
 That it no tempests needs to fear,
 Which way so'er it blow it.
 And somewhat southward tow'd the
 noon,
 Whence lies a way up to the moon,
 And thence the fairy can as soon
 Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spider's legs are made
 Well mortised and finely laid;
 He was the master of his trade,
 It curiously that builded;
 The window of the eyes of cats
 And for the roof, instead of slates,
 Is covered with the skin of bats,
 With moonshine that was gilded.

Michael Drayton.

THE FAIRY BOY.

A MOTHER came when stars were
 paling,
 Wailing round a lonely spring;
 Thus she cried while tears were fall-
 ing,
 Calling on the Fairy King:

“Why with spells my child caressing,
 Courting him with fairy joy;
 Why destroy a mother's blessing,
 Wherefore steal my baby boy?”

“O'er the mountain, through the wild-
 wood,
 Where his childhood loved to play;
 Where the flowers are freshly spring-
 ing,
 There I wander day by day.

“There I wander, growing fonder
 Of that child that made my joy;
 On the echoes wildly calling
 To restore my fairy boy.

“But in vain my plaintive calling,
 Tears are falling all in vain!
 He now sports with fairy pleasure,
 He's the treasure of their train!

“Fare thee well, my child for ever,
 In this world I've lost my joy,
 But in the *next* we ne'er shall sever,
 There I'll find my angel boy!”

Samuel Lover.

THE FAIRY TEMPTER.

A FAIR girl was sitting in the green-
 wood shade,
 List'ning to the music the spring
 birds made;
 When sweeter by far than the birds
 on the tree,
 A voice murmured near her, “Oh,
 come, love, with me—
 In earth or air,
 A thing so fair
 I have not seen as thee!
 Then come, love, with me.”

“With a star for thy home, in a
 palace of light,
 Thou wilt add a fresh grace to the
 beauty of night;

Or, if wealth be thy wish, thine are
treasures untold,
I will show thee the birthplace of
jewels and gold—
And pearly caves
Beneath the waves,
All these, all these are thine,
If thou wilt be mine.”

Thus whispered a fairy to tempt the
fair girl,
But vain was the promise of gold and
of pearl;
For she said, “Tho’ thy gifts to a
poor girl were dear,
My father, my mother, my sisters are
here:

Oh! what would be
Thy gifts to me
Of earth, and sea, and air
If my heart were not there?”

Samuel Lover.

THE ARMING OF PIGWIGGEN.

He quickly arms him for the field—
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
Yet could it not be piercèd;
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well near of two inches long;
The pile was of a horse-fly’s tongue,
Whose sharpness naught reversèd:

And put him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish’s scale,
That when his foe should him assail,
No point should be prevailing.
His rapier was a hornet’s sting,
It was a very dangerous thing;
For if he chanced to hurt the king,
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle’s head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,

Yet it did well become him:
And for a plume a horse’s hair,
Which being tossed up by the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet
Ere he himself could settle:
He made him turn, and stop, and
bound,
To gallop and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

Michael Drayton.

WATER-LILIES.

A FAIRY SONG.

COME away, elves, while the dew is
sweet,
Come to the dingles where fairies
meet;
Know that the lilies have spread their
bells
O’er all the pools in our forest dells;
Stilly and lightly their vases rest
On the quivering sleep of the water’s
breast,
Catching the sunshine through leaves
that throw
To their scented bosoms an emerald
glow;
And a star from the depth of each
pearly cup,
A golden star unto heaven looks up,
As if seeking its kindred where bright
they lie,
Set in the blue of the summer sky.
—Come away! under arching boughs
we’ll float,
Making those urns each a fairy boat;
We’ll row them with reeds o’er the
fountains free,
And a tall flag-leaf shall our streamer
be,

And we'll send out wild music so
sweet and low,
It shall seem from the bright flower's
heart to flow,
As if 'twere breeze with a flute's low
sigh,
Or water drops train'd into melody.
—Come away! for the midsummer
sun grows strong,
And the life of the lily may not be
long.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

THE HAG.

THE hag is astride,
This night for a ride,
Her wild steed and she together;
Through thick and through thin,
Now out, and then in,
Though ne'er so foul be the weather.

A thorn or a burr
She takes for a spur;
With a last of a bramble she rides
now,
Through brakes and through
briars,
O'er ditches and mires,
She follows the spirit that guides now.

No beast for his food
Dares now range the wood,
But hush'd in his lair he lies lurking;
While mischief by these,
On land and on seas,
At noon of night are found working.

The storm will arise
And trouble the skies,
This night; and, more for the wonder,
The ghost from the tomb
Affrightened shall come,
Called out by the clap of the thunder.

Robert Herrick.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW.

A MIDSUMMER LEGEND.

“AND where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from
me?”

“I've been to the top of Caldon-Low,
The midsummer night to see!”

“And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Low?”

“I saw the glad sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow.”

“And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Hill?”

“I heard the drops of the water made,
And I heard the green corn fill.”

“Oh, tell me all, my Mary—
All—all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies
Last night on the Caldon-Low!”

“Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother, of mine:
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine.

“And the harp-strings rang so merrily
To their dancing feet so small;
But, oh! the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all!”

“And what were the words, my Mary,
That you did hear them say?”

“I'll tell you all, my mother,
But let me have my way.

“And some they played with the
water,
And rolled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily
turn

The poor old miller's mill.

“ ‘For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man will the miller be
At the dawning of the day!

“ ‘Oh! the miller, how he will laugh,
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will
laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes!’

“ ‘And some they seized the little
winds,
That sounded over the hill,
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew both sharp and shrill:

“ ‘And there,’ said they, ‘the merry
winds go
Away from every horn;
And these shall clear the mildew
dank
From the blind old widow’s corn:

“ ‘Oh, the poor blind widow—
Though she has been blind so
long,
She’ll be merry enough when the
mildew’s gone,
And the corn stands stiff and
strong!’

“ ‘And some they brought the brown
linseed
And flung it down the Low:
‘And this,’ said they, ‘by the sunrise
In the weaver’s croft shall grow!’

“ ‘Oh, the poor lame weaver!
How will he laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax-
field
All full of flowers by night!’

“ ‘And then outspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin:
‘I have spun up all the tow,’ said he,
‘And I want some more to spin.

“ ‘I’ve spun a piece of hempen cloth
And I want to spin another—
A little sheet for Mary’s bed,
And an apron for her mother!’

“ ‘And with that I could not help but
laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of Caldun-Low
There was no one left but me.

“ ‘And all on the top of Caldun-Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy
stones
That round about me lay.

“ ‘But, as I came down from the hill-
top,
I heard, afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheels did
go!

“ ‘And I peeped into the widow’s field,
And, sure enough, was seen
The yellow ears of the mildew corn
All standing stiff and green.

“ ‘And down the weaver’s croft I
stole,
To see if the flax were high;
But I saw the weaver at his gate
With the good news in his eye!

“ ‘Now, this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, prithee, make my bed, mother,
For I’m tired as I can be!’”

Mary Howitt.

THE FAIRY FOLK.

COME cuddle close in daddy's coat
Beside the fire so bright,
And hear about the fairy folk
That wander in the night.
For when the stars are shining clear
And all the world is still,
They float across the silver moon
From hill to cloudy hill.

Their caps of red, their cloaks of
green,
Are hung with silver bells,
And when they're shaken with the
wind
Their merry ringing swells.
And riding on the crimson moth,
With black spots on his wings,
They guide them down the purple sky
With golden bridle rings.

They love to visit girls and boys
To see how sweet they sleep,
To stand beside their cosy cots
And at their faces peep.
For in the whole of fairy land
They have no finer sight
Than little children sleeping sound
With faces rosy bright.

On tip-toe crowding round their
heads,
When bright the moonlight beams,
They whisper little tender words
That fill their minds with dreams;
And when they see a sunny smile,
With lightest finger tips
They lay a hundred kisses sweet
Upon the ruddy lips.

And then the little spotted moths
Spread out their crimson wings,
And bear away the fairy crowd
With shaking bridle rings.
Come bairnies, hide in daddy's coat,
Beside the fire so bright—
Perhaps the little fairy folk
Will visit you to-night.

Robert Montgomery Bird.

FAIRIES' RECALL.

WHILE the blue is richest
In the starry sky,
While the softest shadows
On the greensward lie,
While the moonlight slumbers
In the lily's urn,
Bright elves of the wild wood!
Oh! return, return!

Round the forest fountains,
On the river shore,
Let your silvery laughter
Echo yet once more,
While the joyous bounding
Of your dewy feet
Rings to that old chorus:
"The daisy is so sweet!"

Oberon, Titania,
Did your starlight mirth
With the song of Avon
Quit this work-day earth?
Yet while green leaves glisten
And while bright stars burn.
By that magic memory,
Oh! return, return!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

V

Fables and Riddles

THE BOY AND HIS TOP.

A LITTLE Boy had bought a Top,
The best in all the toyman's shop;
He made a whip with good eel's-skin,
He lash'd the top, and made it spin;
All the children within call,
And the servants, one and all,
Stood round to see it and admire.
At last the Top began to tire,
He cried out, "Pray don't hit me,
Master,
You whip too hard,—I can't spin
faster,
I can spin quite as well without it."
The little Boy replied, "I doubt it;
I only whip you for your good,
You were a foolish lump of wood,
By dint of whipping you were raised
To see yourself admired and praised,
And if I left you, you'd remain
A foolish lump of wood again."

EXPLANATION.

Whipping sounds a little odd,
I don't mean whipping with a rod,
It means to teach a boy incessantly,
Whether by lessons or more pleasantly.
Every hour and every day,
By every means in every way,
By reading, writing, rhyming, talking,
By riding to see sights, and walking:
If you leave off he drops at once,
A lumpish, wooden-headed dunce.

John Hookham Frere.

THE BOY AND THE PARROT.

"PARROT, if I had your wings,
I should do so many things.
The first thing I should like to do
If I had little wings like you,
I should fly to Uncle Bartle*,
Don't you think 'twould make him
startle,
If he saw me when I came,
Flapping at the window frame,
Exactly like the print of Fame?"
All this the wise old Parrot heard,
The Parrot was an ancient bird,
And paused and pondered every word.
First, therefore, he began to cough,
Then said,—"It is a great way off.—
A great way off, my dear:"—and then
He paused a while and coughed
again,—
"Master John, pray think a little,
What will you do for bed and
victual?"
—"Oh! Parrot, Uncle John can tell—
But we should manage very well,
At night we'd perch upon the trees,
And so fly forward by degrees."—
—"Does Uncle John," the Parrot
said,
"Put nonsense in his nephew's head?
Instead of telling you such things,
and teaching you to wish for wings,

* The uncle, Bartholomew Frere, was then at Constantinople.

I think he might have taught you
better;
You might have learnt to write a
letter:—
That is the thing that I should do
If I had little hands like you.”

John Hookham Frere.

THE BOY AND THE WOLF.

A LITTLE Boy was set to keep
A little flock of goats or sheep.
He thought the task too solitary,
And took a strange perverse vagary,
To call the people out of fun,
To see them leave their work and run,
He cried and screamed with all his
might,—

“Wolf! wolf!” in a pretended fright.
Some people, working at a distance,
Came running in to his assistance.

They searched the fields and bushes
round,

The Wolf was nowhere to be found.

The Boy, delighted with his game,

A few days after did the same,

And once again the people came.

The trick was many times repeated,

At last they found that they were
cheated.

One day the Wolf appeared in sight,

The Boy was in a real fright,

He cried, “Wolf! wolf!”—the neigh-
bours heard,

But not a single creature stirred.

“We need not go from our employ,—

’Tis nothing but that idle boy.”

The little Boy cried out again,

“Help, help! the Wolf!” he cried in
vain.

At last his master came to beat him.

He came too late, the Wolf had eat
him.

This shows the bad effect of lying,
And likewise of continual crying,
If I had heard you scream and roar,
For nothing, twenty times before,

Although you might have broke your
arm,

Or met with any serious harm,

Your cries could give me no alarm,

They would not make me move the
faster,

Nor apprehend the least disaster;

I should be sorry when I came,

But you yourself would be to blame.

John Hookham Frere.

THE PIECE OF GLASS AND THE PIECE OF ICE.

ONCE on a time it came to pass,

A piece of ice and a piece of glass

Were lying on a bank together.

There came a sudden change of
weather,

The sun shone through them both.—

The ice

Turned to his neighbour for advice.

The piece of glass made this reply—

“Take care by all means not to cry.”

The foolish piece of ice relied

On being pitied if he cried.

The story says—That he cried on

Till he was melted and quite gone.

This may serve you for a rule

With the little boys at school;

If you weep, I must forewarn ye,

All the boys will tease and scorn ye.

John Hookham Frere.

THE CAVERN AND THE HUT.

AN ancient cavern, huge and wide,

Was hollowed in a mountain’s side,

It served no purpose that I know,

Except to shelter sheep or so,

Yet it was spacious, warm, and dry.

There stood a little hut hard by.—

The cave was empty quite, and poor,

The hut was full of furniture;

By looking to his own affairs,

He got a table and some chairs,

All useful instruments of metal,
 A pot, a frying-pan, a kettle,
 A clock, a warming-pan, a jack,
 A salt-box and a bacon-rack;
 With plates and knives and forks, and
 dishes,
 And lastly to complete his wishes,
 He got a sumptuous pair of bellows.—
 The cavern was extremely jealous:
 “How can that paltry hut contrive
 In this poor neighbourhood to
 thrive?”
 “The reason’s plain,” replied the hut,
 “Because I keep my mouth close shut;
 Whatever my good master brings,
 For furniture, or household things,
 I keep them close and shut the door,
 While you stand yawning evermore.”

If a little boy is yawning
 At his lesson every morning,
 Teaching him in prose or rhyme
 Will be merely loss of time;
 All your pains are thrown away,
 Nothing will remain a day
 (Nothing you can teach or say
 Nothing he has heard or read),
 In his poor unfurnished head.

John Hookham Frere.

SHOWING HOW THE CAVERN FOLLOWED THE HUT'S ADVICE.

THIS fable is a very short one:
 The cave resolved to make his fortune;
 He got a door and in a year
 Enriched himself with wine and beer.

Mamma will ask you, can you tell her,
 What did the cave become?—A cellar.

John Hookham Frere.

THE MAGPIE'S NEST.

WHEN the arts in their infancy were,
 In a fable of old 'tis express'd
 A wise magpie constructed that rare
 Little house for young birds, call'd
 a nest.

This was talk'd of the whole country
 round;
 You might hear it on every bough
 sung,
 “Now no longer upon the rough
 ground
 Will fond mothers brood over their
 young:

“For the magpie with exquisite skill
 Has invented a moss-cover'd cell
 Within which a whole family will
 In the utmost security dwell.”

To her mate did each female bird say,
 “Let us fly to the magpie, my dear;
 If she will but teach us the way,
 A nest we will build us up here.

“It's a thing that's close arched over-
 head,
 With a hole made to creep out and
 in;
 We, my bird, might make just a bed
 If we only knew how to begin.”

* * * * *

To the magpie soon every bird went
 And in modest terms made their re-
 quest,
 That she would be pleased to consent
 To teach them to build up a nest.

She replies, “I will show you the way.
 So observe everything that I do:
 First two sticks 'cross each other I
 lay—”

“To be sure,” said the crow, “why
 I knew

“It must begin with two sticks,
 And I thought that they crossed
 should be.”
 Said the pie, “Then some straw and
 moss mix
 In the way you now see done by
 me.”

“O yes, certainly,” said the jackdaw,
 “That must follow, of course, I have
 thought;
 Though I never before building saw,
 I guess’d that, without being
 taught.”

“More moss, straw, and feathers, I
 place
 In this manner,” continued the pie.
 “Yes, no doubt, madam, that is the
 case;
 Though no builder myself, so
 thought I.”

* * * * *

Whatever she taught them beside,
 In his turn every bird of them said,
 Though the nest-making art he ne’er
 tried
 He had just such a thought in his
 head.

Still the pie went on showing her art,
 Till a nest she had built up half-
 way;
 She no more of her skill would impart,
 But in her anger went fluttering
 away.

And this speech in their hearing she
 made,
 As she perch’d o’er their heads on a
 tree:
 “If ye all were well skill’d in my
 trade,
 Pray, why came ye to learn it of
 me?”

When a scholar is willing to learn,
 He with silent submission should
 hear;
 Too late they their folly discern,
 The effect to this day does appear.

For whenever a pie’s nest you see,
 Her charming warm canopy view.
 All birds’ nests but hers seem to be
 A magpie’s nest just cut in two.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE COTTAGER AND HIS LANDLORD.

FROM THE LATIN OF MILTON.

A PEASANT to his lord paid yearly
 court,
 Presenting pippins of so rich a sort,
 That he, displeased to have a part
 alone,
 Removed the tree, that all might be
 his own.
 The tree, too old to travel, though
 before
 So fruitful, withered, and would yield
 no more.
 The ‘squire, perceiving all his labour
 void,
 Cursed his own pains, so foolishly
 employed;
 And, “Oh!” he cried, “that I had
 lived content
 With tribute, small indeed, but kindly
 meant!
 My avarice has expensive proved to
 me,
 And cost me both my pippins and my
 tree.”

William Cowper.

THE COLUMBRIAD.

CLOSE by the threshold of a door
 nailed fast
 Three kittens sat; each kitten looked
 aghast;
 I, passing swift and inattentive by,
 At the three kittens cast a careless
 eye;
 Little concerned to know what they
 did there;
 Not deeming kittens worth a poet’s
 care.
 But presently a loud and furious hiss
 Caused me to stop and to exclaim
 “What’s this?”
 When lo! a viper there did meet my
 view
 With head erect and eyes of fiery hue.

Forth from his head his forked tongue
 he throws,
 Darting it full against a kitten's nose!
 Who, never having seen in field or
 house
 The like, sat still and silent as a
 mouse.

Only projecting, with attention due,
 Her whiskered face, she asked him
 "Who are you?"

On to the hall went I, with pace not
 slow

But swift as lightning, for a long
 Dutch hoe;

With which, well armed, I hastened
 to the spot

To find the viper;—but I found him
 not;

And turning up the leaves and shrubs
 around,

Found only—that he was not to be
 found.

But still the kittens, sitting as before,
 Were watching close the bottom of the
 door.

"I hope," said I, "the villain I would
 kill

Has slipped between the door and the
 door-sill;

And if I make despatch, and follow
 hard

No doubt but I shall find him in the
 yard."

(For long ere now it should have been
 rehearsed,

'Twas in the garden that I found him
 first.)

Ev'n there I found him; there the
 full-grown cat

His head, with velvet paw, did gently
 pat;

As curious as the kittens erst had been
 To learn what this phenomenon might
 mean.

Filled with heroic ardour at the sight,
 And fearing every moment he would
 bite,

And rob our household of the only cat
 That was of age to combat with a rat,
 With outstretched hoe I slew him at
 the door,
 And taught him NEVER TO COME THERE
 NO MORE.

William Cowper.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

THE mountain and the squirrel
 Had a quarrel,
 And the former called the latter "Lit-
 tle prig;"
 Bun replied,
 "You are doubtless very big;
 But all sorts of things and weather
 Must be taken in together
 To make up a year,
 And a sphere.
 And I think it no disgrace
 To occupy my place.
 If I'm not so large as you,
 You are not so small as I,
 And not half so spry:
 I'll not deny you make
 A very pretty squirrel track.
 Talents differ; all is well and wisely
 put;
 If I cannot carry forests on my back,
 Neither can you crack a nut."

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE RAVEN.

UNDERNEATH a huge oak tree
 There was of swine a huge company.
 That grunted as they crunched the
 mast;
 For that was ripe, and fell full fast.
 Then they trotted away, for the wind
 it grew high:
 One acorn they left, and no more
 might you spy.
 Next came a Raven, that liked not
 such folly:

He belonged, they did say, to the
witch Melancholy!
Blacker was he than blackest jet,
Flew low in the rain and his feathers
not wet.
He picked up the acorn and buried it
straight
By the side of a river both deep and
great.
Where then did the Raven go?
He went high and low,
Over hill, over dale, did the black
Raven go.
Many autumns, many springs
Travelled he with wandering wings:
Many summers, many winters—
I can't tell half his adventures.
At length he came back and with him
a she,
And the acorn was grown to a tall oak
tree.
They built them a nest in the top-most
bough,
And young ones they had, and were
happy enow.
But soon came a woodman in leathern
guise,
His brow, like a pent house hung over
his eyes.
He'd an axe in his hand, not a word
he spoke,
But with many a hem! and a sturdy
stroke,
At length he brought down the poor
Raven's old oak.
His young ones were killed, for they
could not depart,
And their mother did die of a broken
heart.
The boughs from the trunk the wood-
man did sever;
And they floated it down on the course
of the river.
They sawed it in planks, and its back
they did strip,
And with this tree and others they
made a good ship.

The ship it was launched, but in sight
of the land
Such a storm there did rise as no ship
could withstand.
It bulged on a rock, and the waves
rushed in fast;
The old Raven flew round and round,
and cawed to the blast.
He heard the last shriek of the perish-
ing souls—
See! see! o'er the top-mast the mad
water rolls!
Right glad was the Raven, and off
he went fleet,
And Death riding home on a cloud he
did meet,
And he thanked him again and again
for this treat:
They had taken his all, and revenge
it was sweet.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

THE GOURD AND THE PALM.

(A Persian Fable.)

"How old art thou?" said the garru-
lous gourd,
As o'er the palm-tree's crest it poured
Its spreading leaves and tendrils fine,
And hung a bloom in the morning
shine.
"A hundred years!" the palm-tree
sighed:
"And I," the saucy gourd replied,
"Am at the most a hundred hours,
And overtop thee in the bowers!"
Through all the palm-tree's leaves
there went
A tremor as of self-content.
"I live my life," it whispering said,
"See what I see, and count the dead;
And every year, of all I've known,
A gourd above my head I've grown,
And made a boast, like thine to-day;
Yet here I stand—but where are
they?"

Unknown.

THE WATERFALL AND THE
EGLANTINE.

“BEGONE, thou fond presumptuous
Elf,”

Exclaimed an angry voice,
“Nor dare to thrust thy foolish self
Between me and my choice!”
A small Cascade fresh swoln with
snows

Thus threatened a poor Briar-rose,
That, all bespattered with his foam,
And dancing high and dancing low,
Was living, as a child might know,
In an unhappy home.

“Dost thou presume my course to
block?

Off, off! or, puny Thing!
I'll hurl thee headlong with the rock
To which thy fibres cling.”

The Flood was tyrannous and strong,
The patient Briar suffered long,
Nor did he utter groan or sigh,
Hoping the danger would be past;
But, seeing no relief, at last,
He ventured to reply.

“Ah!” said the Briar, “blame me
not:

Why should we dwell in strife?
We who in this sequestered spot
Once lived a happy life!
You stirred me on my rocky bed—
What pleasure through my veins you
spread!

The summer long, from day to day,
My leaves you freshened and bedewed:
Nor was it common gratitude
That did your cares repay.

“When spring came on with bud and
bell,

Among the rocks did I,
Before you hang my wreaths to tell
That gentle days were nigh!

And in the sultry summer hours,
I sheltered you with leaves and flow-
ers;

And in my leaves—now shed and
gone—

The linnet lodged, and for us two
Chanted his pretty songs, when you
Had little voice or none.

“But now proud thoughts are in your
breast—

What grief is mine you see,
Ah! would you think, even yet how
blest

Together we might be!
Though of both leaf and flower bereft,
Some ornaments to me are left—
Rich store of scarlet hips is mine,
With which I, in my humble way,
Would deck you many a winter day;
A happy Eglantine!”

What more he said I cannot tell,
The stream came thundering down
the dell,

With aggravated haste:
I listened, nor aught else could hear;
The Briar quaked—and much I fear
Those accents were his last.

William Wordsworth.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND
GLOW-WORM.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his
spark;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.

The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent—
“Did you admire my lamp,” quoth he,
“As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For ’twas the self-same power divine,
Taught you to sing, and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.”
The songster heard his short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

William Cowper.

GOD’S JUDGMENT ON A WICKED BISHOP.

THE summer and autumn had been so
wet
That in winter the corn was growing
yet:
’Twas a piteous sight to see, all
around,
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto’s door;
For he had a plentiful last year’s
store,
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay:
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the
winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flocked from far and
near;
The great barn was full as it could
hold
Of women and children, and young
and old.

Then, when he saw it could hold no
more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;
And while for mercy on Christ they
call,
He set fire to the barn, and burnt
them all.

“I’ faith ’tis an excellent bonfire!”
quoth he,
“And the country is greatly obliged
to me
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,
Of rats that only consume the corn.”

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an inno-
cent man;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning, as he entered the hall
Where his picture hung against the
wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the
frame.

As he looked, there came a man from
his farm;
He had a countenance white with
alarm;
“My lord, I opened your granaries
this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn.”

Another came running presently,
And he was as pale as pale could be:
“Fly! my lord bishop, fly!” quoth he.
“Ten thousand rats are coming this
way:
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!”

“I’ll go to my tower on the Rhine,”
replied he;
“’Tis the safest place in Germany;

The walls are high, and the shores are
steep,
And the stream is strong, and water
deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he crossed the Rhine without
delay,
And reached his tower, and barred
with care
All windows, doors, and loop-holes
there.

He laid him down and closed his
eyes,—
But soon a scream made him arise,
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the
screaming came.

He listened and looked; it was only
the cat;
But the Bishop grew more fearful for
that,
For she sat screaming, mad with fear
At the army of rats that were drawing
near.

For they have swam over the river so
deep,
And they have climbed the shores so
steep,
And up the tower their way is bent
To do the work for which they were
sent.

They are not to be told by a dozen or
score,
By thousands they come, and by
myriads and more;
Such numbers had never been heard
of before.
Such a judgment had never been wit-
nessed of yore.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did
tell,
As louder and louder drawing near
The gnawing of their teeth he could
hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the
door,
And through the walls helter-skelter
they pour,
And down from the ceiling, and up
through the floor,
From the right and the left, from be-
hind and before,
From within and without, from above
and below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against
the stones,
And now they pick the Bishop's
bones;
They gnaw the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on
him.

Robert Southey.

APPLE-SEED JOHN.

Poor Johnny was bended well nigh
double
With years of toil, and care, and
trouble;
But his large old heart still felt the
need
Of doing for others some kindly deed.

"But what can I do," old Johnny
said:
"I who work so hard for daily bread?
It takes heaps of money to do much
good;
I am far too poor to do as I would."

The old man sat thinking deeply a
while,
Then over his features gleamed a
smile,
And he clapped his hands with a boy-
ish glee,
And said to himself: "There's a way
for me!"

He worked, and he worked with might
and main,
But no one knew the plan in his brain.
He took ripe apples in pay for chores,
And carefully cut from them all the
cores.

He filled a bag full, then wandered
away,
And no man saw him for many a day.
With knapsack over his shoulder
slung,
He marched along, and whistled or
sung.

He seemed to roam with no object in
view,
Like one who had nothing on earth to
do;
But, journeying thus o'er the prairies
wide,
He paused now and then, and his bag
untied.

With pointed cane deep holes he would
bore,
And in every hole he placed a core;
Then covered them well, and left them
there
In keeping of sunshine, rain, and air.

Sometimes for days he waded through
grass,
And saw not a living creature pass,
But often, when sinking to sleep in
the dark,
He heard the owls hoot and the prai-
rie-dogs bark.

Sometimes an Indian of sturdy limb
Came striding along and walked with
him;
And he who had food shared with the
other,
As if he had met a hungry brother.

When the Indian saw how the bag was
filled,
And looked at the holes that the white
man drilled,
He thought to himself 'twas a silly
plan
To be planting seed for some future
man.

Sometimes a log cabin came in view,
Where Johnny was sure to find jobs
to do,
By which he gained stores of bread
and meat,
And welcome rest for his weary feet.

He had full many a story to tell,
And goodly hymns that he sung right
well;
He tossed up the babes, and joined the
boys
In many a game full of fun and noise.

And he seemed so hearty, in work or
play,
Men, women, and boys all urged him
to stay;
But he always said: "I have some-
thing to do,
And I must go on to carry it through."

The boys who were sure to follow him
round,
Soon found what it was he put in the
ground;
And so, as time passed and he trav-
elled on,
Ev'ry one called him "Old Apple-
Seed John."

Whenever he'd used the whole of his
store,
He went into cities and worked for
more;
Then he marched back to the wilds
again,
And planted seed on hillside and
plain.

In cities, some said the old man was
crazy;
While others said he was only lazy;
But he took no notice of gibes and
jeers,
He knew he was working for future
years.

He knew that trees would soon abound
Where once a tree could not have
been found;
That a flick'ring play of light and
shade
Would dance and glimmer along the
glade;

That blossoming sprays would form
fair bowers,
And sprinkle the grass with rosy
showers;
And the little seeds his hands had
spread,
Would become ripe apples when he
was dead.

So he kept on travelling far and wide,
Till his old limbs failed him, and he
died.

He said at the last: "'Tis a comfort
to feel
I've done good in the world, though
not a great deal."

Weary travellers, journeying west,
In the shade of his trees find pleasant
rest;
And they often start, with glad sur-
prise,
At the rosy fruit that round them
lies.

And if they inquire whence came such
trees,
Where not a bough once swayed in
the breeze,
The answer still comes, as they travel
on:
"These trees were planted by Apple-
Seed John."

Lydia Maria Child.

THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

A fox in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick and faint, expiring lay;
All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His numerous race around him stand
To learn their dying sire's command.
He raised his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone:

"Ah, sons, from evil ways depart;
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
See, see, the murder'd geese appear!
Why are those bleeding turkeys there?
Why all around this cackling train
Who haunt my ears for chickens
slain?"

The hungry foxes round them
star'd,
And for the promis'd feast prepar'd.
"Where, sir, is all this dainty
cheer?"

Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here.
These are the phantoms of your brain;
And your sons lick their lips in vain."

"O, gluttons," says the drooping
sire,

"Restrain inordinate desire.
Your liquorish taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace?
And gins and guns destroy our race?
Thieves dread the searching eye of
power

And never feel the quiet hour.

Old age (which few of us shall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions rein;
So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost redeem."

"The counsel's good" (a fox replies),
"Could we perform what you advise.
Think what our ancestors have done;
A line of thieves from son to son.
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath marked our race.
Though we like harmless sheep should feed,
Honest in thought, in word, in deed,
Whatever hen-roost is decreas'd,
We shall be thought to share the feast.
The change shall never be believ'd,
A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd."
"Nay then," replies the feeble fox,
"(But hark, I hear a hen that clucks),
Go; but be moderate in your food;
A chicken, too, might do me good."

John Gay.

THE LION AND THE CUB.

A LION cub, of sordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind;
Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
With asses all his time he spent,
Their club's perpetual president.
He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
An ass in everything but ears!
If e'er his Highness meant a joke,
They grinn'd applause before he spoke;
But at each word what shouts of praise;
Good gods! how naturally he brays!
Elate with flattery and conceit,
He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
Forward and fond to show his parts,
His Highness brays; the lion starts.

"Puppy! that curs'd vociferation
Betrays thy life and conversation:
Coxcombs, an ever noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace."

"Why so severe?" the cub replies;
"Our senate always held me wise!"

"How weak is pride," returns the sire:

"All fools are vain when fools admire!
But know, what stupid asses prize,
Lions and noble beasts despise."

John Gay.

THE TURKEY AND THE ANT.

IN other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye;

Each little speck and blemish find,
To our own stronger errors blind.

A Turkey, tired of common food,
Forsook the barn, and sought the wood;

Behind her ran an infant train,
Collecting, here and there, a grain.

"Draw near, my birds," the mother cries,

"This hill delicious fare supplies.

Behold the busy negro race,—

See, millions blacken all the place!

Fear not; like me with freedom eat;

An ant is most delightful meat.

How blest, how envied, were our life,

Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife:

But man, cursed man, on Turkeys preys,

And Christmas shortens all our days.

Sometimes with oysters we combine,

Sometimes assist the savoury chine;

From the low peasant to the lord,

The Turkey smokes on every board.

Some men for gluttony are cursed,

Of the seven deadly sins the worst."

An ant, who climbed beyond her reach,

Thus answer'd from a neighbouring beech;

“Ere you remark another’s sin,
 Bid thy own conscience look within;
 Control thy more voracious will,
 Nor, for a breakfast, nations kill.”

John Gay.

THE DOG OF REFLECTION.

A DOG growing thinner, for want of a
 dinner,

Once purloin’d a joint from a tray;
 “How happy I am, with this shoulder
 of lamb!”

Thought the cur, as he trotted away.

But the way that he took, lay just
 over a brook,

Which he found it was needful to
 cross,

So, without more ado, he plunged in to
 go through,

Not dreaming of danger or loss.

But what should appear, in this
 rivulet clear,

As he thought upon coolest reflec-
 tion,

But a cur like himself, who with ill-
 gotten pelf,

Had run off in that very direction.

Thought the dog, à propos! but that
 instant let go

(As he snatched at this same water-
 spaniel),

The piece he possess’d—so, with hun-
 ger distress’d,

He slowly walk’d home to his ken-
 nel.

Hence, when we are needy, don’t let
 us be greedy

(Excuse me this line of digression),

Lest in snatching at all, like the dog,
 we let fall

The good that we have in possession.

Jeffreys Taylor.

THE MILKMAID.

A MILKMAID, who poised a full pail on
 her head,

Thus mused on her prospects in life,
 it is said:

“Let me see—I should think that this
 milk will procure

One hundred good eggs, or fourscore,
 to be sure.

“Well then—stop a bit—it must not
 be forgotten,

Some of these may be broken, and
 some may be rotten;

But if twenty for accident should be
 detached,

It will leave me just sixty sound eggs
 to be hatched.

“Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound
 chickens, I mean:

Of these some may die—we’ll suppose
 seventeen.

Seventeen! not so many—say ten at
 the most,

Which will leave fifty chickens to boil
 or to roast.

“But then, there’s their barley, how
 much will they need?

Why they take but one grain at a time
 when they feed—

So that’s a mere trifle; now then, let
 us see,

At a fair market price, how much
 money there’ll be.

“Six shillings a pair—five—four—
 three-and-six.

To prevent all mistakes, that low price
 I will fix:

Now what will that make? fifty
 chickens, I said—

Fifty times three-and-sixpence—I’ll
 ask brother Ned.

“O! but stop—three-and-sixpence a
pair I must sell 'em;
Well, a pair is a couple—now then let
us tell 'em;
A couple in fifty will go—(my poor
brain!)
Why just a score times, and five pair
will remain.

“Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how
tiresome it is
That I can't reckon up such money
as this!
Well there's no use in trying, so let's
give a guess—
I'll say twenty pounds, *and it can't be
no less.*

“Twenty pounds, I am certain, will
buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys—eight
pigs and a sow;
Now if these turn out well, at the end
of the year,
I shall fill both my pockets with
guineas, 'tis clear.”

Forgetting her burden, when this she
had said,
The maid superciliously tossed up
her head;
When, alas! for her prospects—her
milk-pail descended,
And so all her schemes for the future
were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely
attached,—
“Reckon not on your chickens before
they are hatched.”

Jeffreys Taylor.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

A LION with the heat oppress'd,
One day composed himself to rest;
But whilst he dozed, as he intended,
A mouse his royal back ascended;

Nor thought of harm, as Æsop tells,
Mistaking him for some one else;
And travell'd over him, and round
him,
And might have left him as he found
him
Had he not—tremble when you hear—
Tried to explore the monarch's ear!
Who straightway woke, with wrath
immense,
And shook his head to cast him thence.
“You rascal, what are you about?”
Said he, when he had turned him out.
“I'll teach you soon,” the lion said,
“To make a mouse-hole in my head!”
So saying, he prepared his foot
To crush the trembling tiny brute;
But he (the mouse) with tearful eye,
Implored the lion's clemency,
Who thought it best at last to give
His little pris'ner a reprieve.

'Twas nearly twelve months after
this,
The lion chanced his way to miss;
When pressing forward, heedless yet,
He got entangled in a net.
With dreadful rage, he stamp'd and
tore,
And straight commenced a lordly
roar;
When the poor mouse, who heard the
noise,
Attended, for she knew his voice.
Then what the lion's utmost strength
Could not effect, she did at length;
With patient labour she applied
Her teeth, the network to divide;
And so at last forth issued he,
A lion, by a mouse set free.

Few are so small or weak, I guess,
But may assist us in distress,
Nor shall we ever, if we're wise,
The meanest, or the least despise.

Jeffreys Taylor.

THE YOUNG MOUSE.

IN a crack near a cupboard, with dainties provided,
A certain young mouse with her mother resided;
So securely they lived on that fortunate spot,
Any mouse in the land might have envied their lot.

But one day this young mouse, who was given to roam,
Having made an excursion some way from her home,
On a sudden return'd, with such joy in her eyes,
That her grey sedate parent express'd some surprise.

"O mother!" said she, "the good folks of this house,
I'm convinced, have not any ill-will to a mouse,
And those tales can't be true which you always are telling,
For they've been at the pains to construct us a dwelling.

"The floor is of wood, and the walls are of wires,
Exactly the size that one's comfort requires;
And I'm sure that we should there have nothing to fear,
If ten cats with their kittens at once should appear.

"And then they have made such nice holes in the walls,
One could slip in and out with no trouble at all,
But forcing one through such crannies as these,
Always gives one's poor ribs a most terrible squeeze.

"But the best of all is, they've provided us well,
With a large piece of cheese of most exquisite smell,
'Twas so nice, I had put my head in to go through,
When I thought it my duty to come and fetch you."

"Ah, child!" said her mother, "believe, I entreat,
Both the cage and the cheese are a horrible cheat.
Do not think all that trouble they took for our *good*;
They would catch us and *kill* us all there if they could,
As they've caught and killed scores, and I never could learn
That a mouse who once enter'd, did ever return!"

Let the young people mind what the old people say,
And when danger is near them, keep out of the way.

Jeffreys Taylor.

THE DAISY'S SONG.

(*A Fragment.*)

THE sun, with his great eye,
Sees not so much as I;
And the moon, all silver-proud
Might as well be in a cloud.

And O the spring—the spring!
I lead the life of a king!
Couch'd in the teeming grass,
I spy each pretty lass.

I look where no one dares,
And I stare where no one stares,
And when the night is nigh
Lambs bleat my lullaby.

John Keats.

A BOOK.

I'M a new contradiction; I'm new and
I'm old,
I'm often in tatters, and oft deck'd
in gold:
Though I never could read, yet letter'd I'm found;
Though blind, I enlighten; though
loose, I am bound—
I am always in black, and I'm always
in white;
I am grave and I'm gay, I am heavy
and light.
In form too I differ—I'm thick and
I'm thin,
I've no flesh, and no bones, yet I'm
cover'd with skin;
I've more points than the compass,
more stops than the flute—
I sing without voice, without speaking
confute;
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French
and I'm Dutch;
Some love me too fondly; some slight
me too much;
I often die soon, though I sometimes
live ages,
And no monarch alive has so many
pages.

Hannah More.

A RIDDLE.

THE LETTER "H."

'TWAS whispered in Heaven, 'twas
muttered in hell,
Our echo caught faintly the sound as
it fell;
On the confines of earth, 'twas per-
mitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its pres-
ence confess'd;
'Twill be found in the sphere when
'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning, and heard
in the thunder;

'Twas allotted to man, with his earliest
breath,
Attends him at birth and awaits him
in death,
Presides o'er his happiness, honour
and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end
of his wealth,
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded
with care,
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal
heir;
It begins every hope, every wish it
must bound,
With the husbandman toils, and with
monarchs is crowned;
Without it the soldier and seaman
may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it
from home!
In the whispers of conscience its voice
will be found,
Nor e'er in the whirlwind of passion
be drowned;
'Twill soften the heart; but though
deaf be the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly
hear.
Set in shade, let it rest like a delicate
flower;
Ah! breathe on it softly, it dies in an
hour.

Catherine Maria Fanshawe.

A RIDDLE.

THE VOWELS.

WE are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet.
'T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

Jonathan Swift.

A B C.

OH, thou alphabetic row,
 Fun and freedom's early foe;
 Shall I e'er forget the primer,
 Or the teacher Mrs. Trimmer—
 Or the problem then so vast,
 Whether Z was first or last?
 All pandora had for me
 Was emptied forth in A B C.

Curious letters—single—double,
 Source of many a childish trouble,
 How I strove with pouting pain
 To get thee quarter'd on my brain.
 But when the giant feat was done,
 How noble was the field I'd won!
 Wit, wisdom, reason, rhyme—the key
 To all their wealth but A B C.

Ye really ought to be exempt
 From slighting taunt and cool con-
 tempt
 But, drinking deep from learning's
 cup
 We scorn the hand that filled it up.
 Be courteous, pedants—stay and
 thank
 Your servants of the Roman rank,
 For F. R. S. and L. L. D.
 Can only follow A B C.

Eliza Cook.

THE LETTERS AT SCHOOL.

ONE day the letters went to school,
 And tried to teach each other,
 They got so mixed, 'twas really hard
 To pick one from the other.

A went in first, and Z went last;
 The rest were all between them,—
 K L and M and N O P—
 I wish you could have seen them!

B C D E and J K L,
 Soon jostled well their betters;
 Q R S T—I grieve to say—
 Were very naughty letters.

Of course, ere long they came to
 words—

What else could be expected!
 Till E made D J C and T
 Decidedly dejected.

Now through it all the consonants
 Were rudest and uncouthest,
 While all the pretty vowel girls
 Were certainly the smoothest.

And nimble U kept far from Q,
 With face demure and moral,
 "Because," she said, "we are, we two,
 So apt to start a quarrel!"

But spiteful P said, "Pooh for U!"
 (Which made her feel quite bitter),
 And, calling O L E to help,
 He really tried to hit her.

Cried A, "Now, E and C come here!
 If both will aid a minute,
 Good P will join in making peace!
 Or else the mischief's in it."

And smiling E the ready sprite,
 Said, "Yes, and count me double."
 This done, sweet peace shone o'er the
 scene,
 And gone was all the trouble!

Meanwhile, when U and P made up,
 The cons'nants looked about them,
 And kissed the vowels, for, you see,
 They couldn't do without them.

Unknown.

THE CAMEL'S NOSE.

ONCE in his shop a workman wrought,
 With languid head and listless
 thought,
 When, through the open window's
 space,
 Behold, a camel thrust his face!
 "My nose is cold," he meekly cried;
 "Oh, let me warm it by thy side!"

Since no denial word was said,
In came the nose, in came the head:
As sure as sermon follows text,
The long and scraggy neck came
 next;
And then, as falls the threatening
 storm,
In leaped the whole ungainly form.

Aghast the owner gazed around,
And on the rude invader frowned,
Convinced, as closer still he pressed,
There was no room for such a guest;
Yet more astonished, heard him say,
"If thou art troubled, go away,
For in this place I choose to stay."

O youthful hearts to gladness born,
Treat not this Arab lore with scorn!
To evil habits' earliest wile
Lend neither ear, nor glance, nor
 smile.
Choke the dark fountain ere it flows,
Nor e'en admit the camel's nose!

Lydia Huntly Sigourney.

NOW AND THEN.

IN distant days of wild romance,
Of magic mist and fable,
When stones could argue, trees ad-
 vance,
And brutes to talk were able;
When shrubs and flowers were said to
 preach,
And manage all the parts of speech;—
'Twas then, no doubt, if 'twas at all,
 (But doubts we need not mention,)
That THEN and NOW, two adverbs
 small,
Engaged in sharp contention;
But how they made each other hear,
Tradition doth not make appear.

THEN was a sprite of subtle frame,
With rainbow tints invested,
On clouds of dazzling light she came,
And stars her forehead crested;
Her sparkling eye of azure hue
Seemed borrowed from the distant
 blue.

Now rested on the solid earth,
And sober was her vesture;
She seldom either grief or mirth
Expressed by word or gesture;
Composed, sedate, and firm she stood,
And looked industrious, calm, and
 good.

THEN sang a wild, fantastic song,
Light as the gale she flies on;
Still stretching, as she sailed along
Towards the fair horizon,
Where clouds of radiance, fringed
 with gold,
O'er hills of emerald beauty rolled.

Now rarely raised her sober eye
To view the golden distance:
Nor let one idle minute fly
In hope of THEN's assistance;
But still, with busy hands, she stood,
Intent on doing *present* good.

She ate the sweet but homely fare
That passing moments brought her:
While THEN, expecting dainties rare,
Despised such bread and water;
And waited for the fruits and flowers
Of future, still receding hours.

Now, venturing once to ask her why,
She answered with invective;
And pointed as she made reply,
Towards that long perspective
Of years to come, in distant blue,
Wherein she meant to *live* and *do*.

“Alas!” says she, “how hard you
toil,
With undiverted sadness!
Behold yon land of wine and oil—
Those sunny hills of gladness;
Those joys I wait with eager brow”—
“And so you always will,” said NOW.

“That fairy land that looks so real,
Recedes as you pursue it;
Thus while you wait for times ideal,
I take my work and do it;
Intent to form, when time is gone,
A pleasant past to look upon.”

“Ah, well,” said THEN, “I envy not
Your dull fatiguing labours;
Aspiring to a brighter lot,
With thousands of my neighbours;
Soon as I reach that golden hill”—
“But that,” says NOW, “you never
will.”

“And e’en suppose you should,” said
she,
“(Though mortal ne’er attained it,)
Your nature you must change with
me,
The moment you had gained it:
Since hope fulfilled, you must allow,
Turns NOW to THEN, and THEN to
NOW.”

Jane Taylor.

HOW-D'-Y'-DO AND GOOD-BYE.

ONE day, Good-bye met How-d'-y'-do,
Too close to shun saluting,
But soon the rival sisters flew,
From kissing to disputing.

“Away!” says How-d'-y'-do, “your
mien
Appals my cheerful nature;
No name so sad as yours is seen
In Sorrow’s nomenclature.

“Where’er I give one sunshine hour,
Your cloud comes o’er to shade it;
Whene’er I plant one bosom flower,
Your mildew drops to fade it.

“Ere How-d'-y'-do has tun’d each
tongue
To Hope’s delightful measure;
Good-bye in Friendship’s ear is sung,
The knell of parting pleasure!

“From sorrow’s past, my chemic skill
Draws smiles of consolation,
While you from present joys distil
The tears of separation.”—

Good-bye replied, “Your statement’s
true,
And well your cause you’ve pleaded;
But pray who’d think of How-d'-y'-
do,
Unless Good-bye preceded?

“Without my prior influence,
Could yours have ever flourished;
And can your hand one flower dis-
pense
But those my tears have nourish’d?

“How oft, if at the court of Love,
Concealment be the fashion,
When How-d'-y'-do has failed to
move,
Good-bye reveals the passion.

“How oft, when Cupid’s fires decline,
As every heart remembers,
One sigh of mine, and only mine,
Revives the dying embers.

“Go bid the timid lover choose,
And I’ll resign my charter;
If he, for ten kind How-d'-y'-do’s,
One kind Good-bye would barter.

“From Love and Friendship’s kindred source
We both derive existence,
And they would both lose half their
force,
Without our joint assistance.

“ ’Tis well the world our merit knows,
Since time there’s no denying,
One half in How-d’-y’-doing goes,
And t’other in Good-byeing.”

William Robert Spencer.

DISPUTE BETWEEN NOSE AND EYES.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange
contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily
wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the
world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought
to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued
the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig
full of learning,
While chief Baron Ear, sat to balance
the laws,
So famed for his talent, in nicely
discerning.

“In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly
appear,
And your lordship,” he said, “will
undoubtedly find
That the Nose has had spectacles al-
ways in wear,
Which amounts to possession,—time
out of mind.”

Then holding the Spectacles up to the
court—

“Your lordship observes they are
made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is—in
short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like
a saddle.

“Again, would your lordship a mo-
ment suppose
(’Tis a case that has happened, and
may be again),
That the visage or countenance had
not a nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear
spectacles then?

“On the whole it appears, and my
argument shows
With a reasoning the court will
never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made
for the nose,
And the nose was as plainly in-
tended for them.”

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer
knows how)
He pleaded again in behalf of the
Eyes;
But what were his arguments few
people know,
For the court did not think they
were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave
solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one “if”
or “but,”
That, whenever the Nose put his
spectacles on,
By day-light or candle-light, Eyes
should be shut.

William Cowper.

PETER PIPER picked a peck of pickled
peppers;
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper
picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of
pickled peppers,
Where's the peck of pickled peppers
Peter Piper picked?

WHEN a Twister a twisting will twist
him a twist;
For the twisting of his twist, he three
times doth intwist;
But if one of the twines of the twist
do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth
the twine.

Untwirling the twine that untwisteth
between,
He twirls, with the twister, the two in
a twine.

Then twice having twisted the twines
of the twine
He twisteth the twine he had twined
in twain.

The twain that in twining, before in
the twine,
As twines were intwisted; he now
doth untwine;
'Twixt the twain inter-twisting a
twine more between,
He twirling his twister, makes a twist
of the twine.

A CANDLE.

LITTLE Nanny Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose;
The longer she stands
The shorter she grows.

PART II

VI

The Seasons

HARK, HARK THE LARK.

HARK! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate
sings,
And Phœbus* 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies.

And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin:
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.

William Shakespeare.

GOOD MORNING.

Up! quit thy bower, late wears the
hour,
Long have the rooks cawed round the
tower;
O'er flower and tree loud hums the
bee,
And the wild-kid sports merrily:—
The sun is bright, the skies are clear;
Wake, lady! wake, and hasten here.

Up! maiden fair, and bind thy hair,
And rouse thee in the breezy air;
The lulling stream that soothed thy
dream

* Phœbus—The Sun.

Is dancing in the sunny beam;
Waste not these hours, so fresh, so
gay,
Leave thy soft couch and haste away.

Up! time will tell, the morning bell
Its service-sound has chimed well;
The aged crone keeps house alone,
The reapers to the fields are gone.
Lose not these hours, so cool, so gay,
Lo! whilst thou sleep'st they haste
away.

Joanna Baillie.

A SPRING LILT.

THROUGH the silver mist
Of the blossom-spray
Trill the orioles: list
To their joyous lay!
“What in all the world, in all the
world,” they say,
“Is half so sweet, so sweet, is half so
sweet as May?”

“June! June! June!”
Low croon
The brown bees in the clover.
“Sweet! sweet! sweet!”
Repeat
The robins, nested over.

Unknown.

THE MORNING MIST.

Look, William, how the morning mists
Have covered all the scene,
Nor house nor hill canst thou behold
Grey wood, or meadow green.

The distant spire across the vale
These floating vapours shroud,
Scarce are the neighbouring poplars
seen
Pale shadowed in the cloud.

But seest thou, William, where the
mists
Sweep o'er the southern sky,
The dim effulgence of the sun
That lights them as they fly?

Soon shall that glorious orb of day
In all his strength arise,
And roll along his azure way,
Through clear and cloudless skies.

Then shall we see across the vale
The village spire so white,
And the grey wood and meadows
green
Shall live again in light.

Robert Southey.

NOONTIDE.

THE shepherd boy lies on the hill
At noon with upward eye;
Deep on his gaze and deeper still
Ascends the clear blue sky.

You pass him by, and deem perchance
He lies but half awake,
And picture in what airy trance
His soul may sport or ache.

Full wakeful he, both eye and heart,
For he a cloud hath seen
Into that waste of air depart,
As bark in ocean green.

John Keble.

EVENING.

OH, Hesperus! thou bringest all good
things—
Home to the weary, to the hungry
cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brood-
ing wings,
The welcome stall to the o'er-
laboured steer!
Whate'er of peace about our hearth-
stone clings,
Whate'er our household gods pro-
tect of dear,
Are gathered round us by thy look of
rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the
mother's breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and
melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the
first day
When they from their sweet friends
are torn apart
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his
way,
As the far bell of vesper makes him
start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's
decay;
Is this a fancy which our reason
scorns?
Ah, surely nothing dies but something
mourns!

George Gordon Byron.

EVENING SONG.

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is,

Hanging on their velvet heads,
 Like a rope of crystal beads:
 See the heavy clouds low-falling
 And bright Hesperus down calling
 The dead Night from under ground;
 At whose rising, mists unsound,
 Damps and vapours fly apace,
 Hovering o'er the wanton face
 Of these pastures, where they come,
 Striking dead both bud and bloom:
 Therefore, from such danger lock
 Every one his lovèd flock;
 And let your dogs lie loose without,
 Lest the wolf come as a scout
 From the mountain, and, ere day,
 Bear a lamb or kid away;
 Or the crafty thievish fox
 Break upon your simple flocks.
 To secure yourselves from these,
 Be not too secure in ease;
 Let one eye his watches keep,
 Whilst the other eye doth sleep;
 So you shall good shepherds prove,
 And for ever hold the love
 Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,
 And soft silence, fall in numbers
 On your eyelids! So, farewell!
 Thus I end my evening's knell.

John Fletcher.

NIGHT IN THE DESERT.

How beautiful is night!
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck,
 nor stain,
 Breaks the serene of heaven.
 In full-orb'd glory yonder moon divine
 Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
 Beneath her steady ray
 The desert-circle spreads,
 Like the round ocean, girdled with the
 sky.
 How beautiful is night!

Robert Southey.

NIGHT.

THE sun descending in the west,
 The evening star does shine;
 The birds are silent in their nest,
 And I must seek for mine.
 The moon, like a flower,
 In heaven's high bower,
 With silent delight
 Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy
 groves,
 Where the flocks took delight;
 Where lambs have nibbled, silent
 moves
 The feet of angels bright.
 Unseen they pour blessing,
 And joy without ceasing,
 On each bud and blossom
 And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
 Where birds are cover'd warm;
 They visit caves of every beast,
 To keep them all from harm.
 If they see any weeping
 That should have been sleeping,
 They pour sleep on their head,
 And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey
 They pitying stand and weep,
 Seeking to drive their thirst away,
 And keep them from the sheep.
 But if they rush dreadful,
 The angels most heedful
 Receive each wild spirit,
 New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
 Shall flow with tears of gold,
 And pitying the tender cries,
 And walking round the fold,
 Saying, "Wrath, by his meekness
 And by his health, sickness
 Is driven away
 From our immortal day.

“And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
 I can lie down and sleep;
 Or think on him who bore thy name,
 Graze after thee, and weep.
 For, wash’d in life’s river,
 My bright mane for ever
 Shall shine like the gold
 As I guard o’er the fold.”

William Blake.

GOOD-NIGHT.

THE sun is down, and time gone by,
 The stars are twinkling in the sky,
 Nor torch nor taper longer may
 Eke out a blithe but stinted day;
 The hours have passed with stealthy
 flight,
 We needs must part: good-night, good-
 night!

* * * *

The lady in her curtained bed,
 The herdsman in his wattled shed,
 The clansmen in the heathered hall
 Sweet sleep be with you, one and all!
 We part in hopes of days as bright
 As this gone by: good-night, good-
 night!

Sweet sleep be with us, one and all!
 And if upon its stillness fall
 The visions of a busy brain,
 We’ll have our pleasures o’er again,
 To warm the heart, to charm the sight,
 Gay dreams to all! good-night, good-
 night!

Joanna Baillie.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the
 Night
 Sweep through the marble halls!
 I saw her sable skirts all fringed with
 light
 From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of
 might,
 Stoop o’er me from above;
 The calm majestic presence of the
 Night,
 As of the one I love.

I hear the sounds of sorrow and
 delight,
 The manifold, soft chimes,
 That fill the haunted chambers of the
 Night,
 Like some old poet’s rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight
 air
 My spirit drank repose;
 The fountain of perpetual peace flows
 there,—
 From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to
 bear
 What man has borne before!
 Thou layest thy finger on the lips of
 Care,
 And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe
 this prayer!
 Descend with broad-winged flight,
 The welcome, the thrice-prayed for,
 the most fair,
 The best-loved, Night!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR.

THE sad and solemn Night
 Has yet her multitude of cheerful
 fires;
 The glorious host of light
 Walk the dark hemisphere till she
 retires;
 All through her silent watches, gliding
 slow,
 Her constellations come, and climb the
 heavens, and go.

Day, too, hath many a star
 To grace his gorgeous reign, as
 bright as they:
 Through the blue fields afar,
 Unseen, they follow in his flaming
 way;
 Many a bright lingerer, as the eve
 grows dim,
 Tells what a radiant troop arose and
 set with him.

And thou dost see them rise,
 Star of the Pole! and thou dost see
 them set.
 Alone in thy cold skies,
 Thou keep'st thy old, unmoving
 station yet,
 Nor join'st the dances of that glitter-
 ing train,
 Nor dipp'st thy virgin orb in the blue
 western main.

There, at morn's rosy birth,
 Thou lookest meekly through the
 kindling air,
 And eve, that round the earth
 Chases the day, beholds thee watch-
 ing there;
 There noontide finds thee, and the
 hour that calls
 The shapes of polar flame to scale
 heaven's azure walls.

Alike, beneath thine eye,
 The deeds of darkness and of light
 are done;
 High towards the starlit sky
 Towns blaze—the smoke of battle
 blots the sun—
 The nightstorm on a thousand hills is
 loud—
 And the strong wind of day doth min-
 gle sea and cloud.

On thy unaltering blaze
 The half-wrecked mariner, his com-
 pass lost,

Fixes his steady gaze,
 And steers, undoubting, to the
 friendly coast:
 And they who stray in perilous wastes
 by night,
 Are glad when thou dost shine to
 guide their footsteps right.

And, therefore, bards of old,
 Sages, and hermits of the solemn
 wood,
 Did in thy beams behold
 A beauteous type of that unchang-
 ing good,
 That bright eternal beacon, by whose
 ray
 The voyager of time should shape his
 heedful way.

William Cullen Bryant.

THE STARS.

THEY glide upon their endless way,
 For ever calm, for ever bright,
 No blind hurry, no delay,
 Mark the Daughters of the Night:
 They follow in the track of Day,
 In divine delight

And oh! how still beneath the stars
 The once wild, noisy Earth doth lie;
 As though she now forsook her jars,
 And caught the quiet of the sky.
 Pride sleeps; and Love (with all his
 scars)
 In smiling dreams doth lie.

Shine on, sweet orbéd souls, for aye,
 For ever calm, for ever bright:
 We ask not whither lies your way,
 Nor whence ye came, nor what your
 light.
 Be, still,—a dream throughout the
 day,
 A blessing through the night!

Barry Cornwall.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

THE night is come, but not too soon;
 And sinking silently,
 All silently, the little moon
 Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
 But the cold light of stars;
 And the first watch of night is given
 To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
 The star of love and dreams?
 O no! from that blue tent above,
 A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
 When I behold afar,
 Suspended in the evening skies,
 The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
 And smile upon my pain;
 Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
 And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
 But the cold light of stars;
 I give the first watch of the night
 To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
 He rises in my breast,
 Serene, and resolute, and still,
 And calm, and self-posessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art
 That readest this brief psalm,
 As one by one thy hopes depart,
 Be resolute and calm.

O, fear not, in a world like this,
 And thou shalt know ere long,
 Know how sublime a thing it is,
 To suffer and be strong.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
 When our mother Nature laughs
 around,
 And even the deep blue heavens look
 glad,
 And gladness breathes from the
 blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-
 bird and wren,
 And the gossip of swallows through
 all the sky;
 The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by
 his den,
 And the wilding bee hums merrily
 by.

The clouds are at play in the azure
 space,
 And their shadows at play on the
 bright green vale,
 And here they stretch to the frolic
 chase,
 And there they roll on the easy
 gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen
 bower,
 There's a titter of winds in that
 beechen tree,
 There's a smile on the fruit, and a
 smile on the flower,
 And a laugh from the brook that
 runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how
 he smiles
 On the dewy earth that smiles in his
 ray,
 On the leaping waters and gay young
 isles;
 Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom
 away.

William Cullen Bryant.

JOY OF LIFE.

THE sun is careering in glory and
might,
'Mid the deep blue sky and the clouds
so bright;
The billow is tossing its foam on high,
And the summer breezes go lightly
by;
The air and the water dance, glitter,
and play—
And why should not I be as merry as
they?

The linnet is singing the wild wood
through,
The fawn's bounding footsteps skim
over the dew,
The butterfly flits round the blossom-
ing tree,
And the cowslip and blue-bell are bent
by the bee:
All the creatures that dwell in the
forest are gay,
And why should not I be as merry as
they?

Mary Russell Mitford.

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirst-
ing flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shades for the leaves when
laid
In their noon-day dreams;
From my wings are shaken the dews
that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's
breast,
As she dances in the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains be-
low,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the
blast,
Sublime on the towers of my skycy
bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the
thunder—
It struggles and howls by fits.
Over earth and ocean, with gentle
motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that
move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the
hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain
or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;
And I, all the while, bask in heaven's
blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor
eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning-star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and
swings,
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit,
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from
the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depths of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy
nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbéd maiden, with white fire
laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like
floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen
feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my
tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer!
And I laugh to see them whirl and
flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-
built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through
me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and
these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning
zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of
pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars
reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banners
unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like
shape
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I
march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are
chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours
wove,
While the moist air was laughing
below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean
and shores;
I change, but I cannot die:
For, after the rain, when, with never
a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with
their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a
ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE WATER! THE WATER!

THE Water! the Water!
The joyous brook for me,
That tuneth through the quiet night
Its ever-living glee.

The Water! the Water!
That sleepless, merry heart,
Which gurgles on unstintedly,
And loveth to impart
To all around it, some small measure
Of its own most perfect pleasure.

The Water! the Water!
The gentle stream for me,
That gushes from the old grey stone
Beside the alder-tree.
The Water! the Water!
That ever-bubbling spring
I loved and look'd on while a child,
In deepest wondering,—
And ask'd it whence it came and went,
And when its treasures would be
spent.

The Water! the Water!
The merry wanton brook
That bent itself to pleasure me,
Like mine old shepherd crook.



*Leaping and flashing,
From morn till night!*

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THE FOUNTAIN

The Water! the Water!
 That sang so sweet at noon,
 And sweeter still all night, to win
 Smiles from the pale, proud moon,
 And from the little fairy faces
 That gleam in heaven's remotest
 places.

William Motherwell.

THE FOUNTAIN.

INTO the sunshine,
 Full of the light,
 Leaping and flashing
 From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,
 Whiter than snow,
 Waving so flower-like
 When the winds blow!

Into the starlight,
 Rushing in spray,
 Happy at midnight,
 Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
 Blithesome and cheery,
 Still climbing heavenward,
 Never weary;

Glad of all weathers,
 Still seeming best,
 Upward or downward
 Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
 Nothing can tame,
 Changed every moment,
 Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
 Ceaseless content,
 Darkness or sunshine
 Thy element;

Glorious fountain!
 Let my heart be
 Fresh, changeful, constant,
 Upward like thee!

James Russell Lowell.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

How does the water come down at
 Lodore?

My little boy asked me thus, once
 on a time.

Moreover, he task'd me to tell him
 in rhyme;

Anon at the word there first came one
 daughter,

And then came another to second
 and third

The request of their brother, and hear
 how the water

Comes down at Lodore, with its rush
 and its roar,

As many a time they had seen it
 before.

So I told them in rhyme, for of
 rhymes I had store.

And 'twas in my vocation that thus I
 should sing,

Because I was laureate to them and
 the King.

From its sources which well
 In the tarn on the fell,
 From its fountain in the moun-
 tain,

Its rills and its gills,
 Through moss and through
 brake,

It runs and it creeps,
 For a while till it sleeps,
 In its own little lake,

And thence at departing,
 Awakening and starting,
 It runs through the reeds,
 And away it proceeds,

Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter—hurry-scurry.

How does the water come down at
Lodore?

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting, and
strong,
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Twining and twisting,
Around and around,
Collecting, disjecting,
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear
with its sound.

Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And whitening and brighten-
ing,
And quivering and shivering,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,

And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and growing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and flounder-
ing;

And falling and crawling and sprawl-
ing,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and
wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and
rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and
doubling,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And grumbling and rumbling and
tumbling,
And clattering and battering and
shattering;

And gleaming and steaming and
streaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brush-
ing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clap-
ping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling
and twirling,
Retreating and beating and meeting
and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing
and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glanc-
ing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and
boiling,

And thumping and flumping and
bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splash-
ing and clashing,—
And so never ending, but always
descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever
are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty
uproar—
And this way the water comes down
at Lodore.

Robert Southey.

THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

Alfred Tennyson.

SIGNS OF RAIN.

THE hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is
low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
The spiders from their cobwebs peep:
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head:

The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
 For, see, a rainbow spans the sky;
 The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
 Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
 Hark how the chairs and tables crack!
 Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
 Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks
 cry,
 The distant hills are seeming nigh.
 How restless are the snorting swine!
 The busy flies disturb the kine;
 Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,
 The cricket, too, how sharp he sings;
 Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
 Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws.
 Through the clear stream the fishes
 rise,
 And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
 The glow-worms, numerous and
 bright,
 Illumed the dewy dell last night.
 At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
 Hopping and crawling o'er the green;
 The whirling wind the dust obeys,
 And in the rapid eddy plays;
 The frog has changed his yellow vest,
 And in a russet coat is dressed.
 Though June, the air is cold and still,
 The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill.
 My dog, so altered in his taste,
 Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast;
 And see yon rooks, how odd their
 flight,
 They imitate the gliding kite,
 And seem precipitate to fall,
 As if they felt the piercing ball.
 'Twill surely rain I see with sorrow,
 Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

Edward Jenner.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain!
 After the dust and heat,
 In the broad and fiery street,
 In the narrow lane,
 How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
 Like the tramp of hoofs!
 How it gushes and struggles out
 From the throat of the overflowing
 spout!

Across the window pane
 It pours and pours;
 And swift and wide,
 With a muddy tide,
 Like a river down the gutter roars
 The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
 At the twisted brooks;
 He can feel the cool
 Breath of each little pool;
 His fevered brain
 Grows calm again,
 And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighbouring school
 Come the boys,
 With more than their wonted noise
 And commotion;
 And down the wet streets
 Sail their mimic fleets,
 Till the treacherous pool
 Engulfs them in its whirling
 And turbulent ocean.

In the country on every side,
 Where far and wide,
 Like a leopard's tawny and spotted
 hide
 Stretches the plain,
 To the dry grass and the drier grain
 How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
 The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
 Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
 With their dilated nostrils spread,
 They silently inhale
 The clover-scented gale,

And the vapours that arise
From the well-watered and smoking
soil.

For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain,
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

* * * *

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

A WEATHER RULE.

If the evening's red and the morning
gray,
It is the sign of a bonny day;
If the evening's gray and the morn-
ing's red,
The lamb and the ewe will go wet to
bed.

Unknown.

SUNSHINE AFTER A SHOWER.

EVER after summer shower,
When the bright sun's returning
power
With laughing beam has chased the
storm,
And cheer'd reviving Nature's form,
By sweet-briar hedges bathed in dew,
Let me my wholesome path pursue;
There, issuing forth, the frequent
snail
Wears the daub way with slimy trail;
While as I walk from pearléd bush
The sunny sparkling drop I brush;

And all the landscape fair I view
Clad in robe of fresher hue;
And so loud the blackbird sings,
That far and near the valley rings.
From shelter deep of shaggy rock
The shepherd drives his joyful flock;
From bowering beech the mower
blithe
With new-born vigour grasps the
scythe;
While o'er the smooth unbounded
meads
His last faint gleam the rainbow
spreads.

Thomas Warton.

A FINE DAY.

CLEAR had the day been from the
dawn,
All checquer'd was the sky,
Thin clouds like scarfs of cobweb
lawn
Veil'd heaven's most glorious eye.
The wind had no more strength than
this,
That leisurely it blew,
To make one leaf the next to kiss
That closely by it grew.

Michael Drayton.

THE SUN.

SOMEWHERE it is always light;
For when 'tis morning here,
In some far distant land 'tis night,
And the bright moon shines there.

When you're undressed and going to
bed,
They are just rising there,
And morning on the hills doth spread
When it is evening here.

And other distant lands there be,
Where it is always night;
For weeks and weeks they never see
The sun, nor have they light.

For it is dark both night and day,
 But what's as wondrous quite,
 The darkness it doth pass away,
 And then for weeks 'tis light.

Yes, while you sleep the sun shines
 bright,
 The sky is blue and clear;
 For weeks and weeks there is no night,
 But always daylight there.

Thomas Miller.

THE BROOK IN WINTER.

Down swept the chill wind from the
 mountain peak,
 From the snow five thousand sum-
 mers old;
 On open wold and hill-top bleak
 It had gathered all the cold,
 And whirled it like sleet on the wan-
 derer's cheek;
 It carried a shiver everywhere
 From the unleaved boughs and pas-
 tures bare;
 The little brook heard it and built a
 roof
 'Neath which he could house him,
 winter-proof;
 All night by the white stars' frosty
 gleams
 He groined his arches and matched
 his beams;
 Slender and clear were his crystal
 spars
 As the lashes of light that trim the
 stars;
 He sculptured every summer delight
 In his halls and chambers out of
 sight;
 Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
 Down through a frost-leaved forest
 crypt,
 Long, sparkling aisles of steel-
 stemmed trees

Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
 Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
 But silvery mosses that downward
 grew;
 Sometimes it was carved in sharp re-
 lief
 With quaint arabesques of ice-fern
 leaf;
 Sometimes it was simply smooth and
 clear
 For the gladness of heaven to shine
 through, and here
 He had caught the nodding bulrush-
 tops
 And hung them thickly with diamond
 drops,
 That crystallised the beams of moon
 and sun,
 And made a star of every one:
 No mortal builder's most rare device
 Could match this winter palace of ice;
 'Twas as if every image that mirrored
 lay
 In his depths serene through the
 summer day,
 Each flitting shadow of earth and sky,
 Lest the happy model should be
 lost,
 Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
 By the elfin builders of the frost.

James Russell Lowell.

"MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD."

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky;
 So was it when my life began;
 So it is now I am a man;
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die!
 The Child is father of the Man;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

William Wordsworth.

THE WHIRL-BLAST.

A WHIRL-BLAST from behind the hill
 Rush'd o'er the woods with startling
 sound;
 Then—all at once the air was still,
 And showers of hailstones patter'd
 round.
 Where leafless oaks tower'd high
 above,
 I sat within an undergrove
 Of tallest hollies, tall and green;
 A fairer bower was never seen.
 From year to year the spacious floor
 With wither'd leaves is cover'd o'er,
 And all the year the bower is green;
 But see! where'er the hailstones drop
 The wither'd leaves all skip and hop;
 There's not a breeze—no breath of
 air—
 Yet here, and there, and everywhere
 Along the floor, beneath the shade
 By those embowering hollies made,
 The leaves in myriads jump and
 spring,
 As if with pipes and music rare
 Some Robin Goodfellow were there,
 And all those leaves, in festive glee,
 Were dancing to the minstrelsy.

William Wordsworth.

THE SNOWSTORM.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of
 the sky,
 Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er
 the fields,
 Seems nowhere to alight; the whited
 air
 Hides hills and woods, the river, and
 the heaven,
 And veils the farmhouse at the
 garden's end.
 The sledge and traveller stopped, the
 courier's feet

Delayed, all friends shut out, the
 house-mates sit
 Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed
 In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come, see the north wind's masonry.
 Out of an unseen quarry evermore
 Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
 Curves his white bastions with pro-
 jected roof
 Round every windward stake, or tree,
 or door.
 Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild
 work
 So fanciful, so savage, naught cares
 he
 For number or proportion. Mock-
 ingly,
 On coop or kennel he hangs Parian
 wreaths;

A swan-like form invests the hidden
 thorn;
 Fills up the farmer's lane from wall
 to wall,
 Maugre the farmer's sighs; and, at
 the gate,
 A tapering turret overtops the work:
 And when his hours are numbered,
 and the world
 Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
 Leaves, when the sun appears, as-
 tonished Art
 To mimic in slow structures, stone by
 stone,
 Built in an age, the mad wind's night-
 work,
 The frolic architecture of the snow.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 When a' the hills are cover'd wi'
 snaw,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to
west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang's the night frae e'en to
morn;
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Robert Burns.

THE MONTHS.

JANUARY brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes sharp and chill,
Shakes the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Sporting round their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings thunder-showers,
Apricots, and gilly-flowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn;
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit;
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Brown October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast—
Hark! the leaves are whirling fast.

Cold December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

Sara Coleridge.

AN APPLE ORCHARD IN THE SPRING.

HAVE you seen an apple orchard in
the spring?

In the spring?

An English apple orchard in the
spring?

When the spreading trees are hoary
With their wealth of promised
glory,

And the mavis sings its story,
In the spring.

Have you plucked the apple blossoms
in the spring?

In the spring?

And caught their subtle odours in the
spring?

Pink buds pouting at the light,
Crumpled petals baby white,
Just to touch them a delight—

In the spring.

Have you walked beneath the blossoms
in the spring?

In the spring?

Beneath the apple blossoms in the
spring?

When the pink cascades are falling,
And the silver brooklets brawling,
And the cuckoo bird soft calling,

In the spring.

If you have not, then you know not,
in the spring,

In the spring,

Half the colour, beauty, wonder of the
spring,
No sweet sight can I remember
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple blossoms render
In the spring.

William Martin.

SPRING.

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's
pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids
dance in a ring;
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds
do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and the may make country
houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds
pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry
lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies
kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sun-
ning sit;
In every street these tunes our ears do
greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring! the sweet Spring!

Thomas Nashe.

THE PROCESSION OF THE FLOWERS.

FIRST came the primrose,
On the bank high,
Like a maiden looking forth
From the window of a tower
When the battle rolls below,
So look'd she,
And saw the storms go by.

Then came the wind-flower
In the valley left behind,
As a wounded maiden, pale
With purple streaks of woe,
When the battle has roll'd by
Wanders to and fro,
So totter'd she,
Dishevell'd in the wind.

Then came the daisies,
On the first of May,
Like a banner'd show's advance
While the crowd runs by the way,
With ten thousand flowers about them
They came trooping through the
fields.

As a happy people come,
So came they,
As a happy people come
When the war has roll'd away,
With dance and tabor, pipe and drum,
And all make holiday.

Then came the cowslip,
Like a dancer in the fair,
She spread her little mat of green,
And on it danced she.
With a fillet bound about her brow,
A fillet round her happy brow,
A golden fillet round her brow,
And rubies in her hair.

Sydney Dobell.

NOW THAT WINTER'S GONE.

Now that the winter's gone, the earth
hath lost
Her snow-white robes; and no more
the frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy
cream
Upon the silver lake or crystal stream;

But the warm thaws the benumbed
 earth,
 And makes it tender; gives a sacred
 birth
 To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow
 tree
 The drowsy cuckoo and the humble-
 bee.
 Now do a choir of chirping minstrels
 bring
 In triumph to the world, the youthful
 Spring:
 The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich
 array,
 Welcome the coming of the long'd-for
 May.

Thomas Carew.

MARCH.

THE stormy March is come at last,
 With wind, and cloud, and chang-
 ing skies;
 I hear the rushing of the blast
 That through the snowy valley
 flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
 Wild, stormy month, in praise of
 thee;
 Yet though thy winds are loud and
 bleak,
 Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands, again
 The glad and glorious sun dost
 bring;
 And thou hast joined the gentle train,
 And wear'st the gentle name of
 Spring.

* * * * *

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
 In joy that they again are free,
 And, brightly leaping down the hills,
 Renew their journey to the sea.

* * * * *

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm
 skies,
 And that soft time of sunny
 showers,
 When the wide bloom, on earth that
 lies,
 Seems of a brighter world than ours.

William Cullen Bryant.

SPRING.

SOUND the flute!
 Now it's mute.
 Birds delight
 Day and night;
 Nightingale
 In the dale,
 Lark in sky
 Merrily

Merrily, merrily, to welcome in the
 year.

Little boy,
 Full of joy;
 Little girl,
 Sweet and small;
 Cock does crow,
 So do you.
 Merry voice,
 Infant noise,

Merrily, merrily, to welcome in the
 year.

Little lamb,
 Here I am;
 Come and lick
 My white neck;
 Let me pull
 Your soft wool;
 Let me kiss
 Your soft face:

Merrily, merrily, we welcome in the
 year.

William Blake.

WRITTEN IN MARCH.

THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun:
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest:
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising,
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated,
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—
anon:
There's joy in the mountains,
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing,
The rain is over and gone!

William Wordsworth.

THE SPRING WALK.

WE had a pleasant walk to-day,
Over the meadows and far away,
Across the bridge by the water-mill,
By the woodside, and up the hill;
And if you listen to what I say,
I'll tell you what we saw to-day.

Amid a hedge, where the first leaves
Were peeping from their sheaths so
shy,
We saw four eggs within a nest,
And they were blue as the summer's
sky.

An elder-branch dipp'd in the brook,
We wondered why it moved and
found
A silken-hair'd, smooth water-rat
Nibbling and swimming round and
round.

Where daisies open'd to the sun,
In a broad meadow, green and
white,
The lambs were racing eagerly—
We never saw a prettier sight.

We saw upon the shady banks,
Long rows of golden flowers shine,
And first mistook for buttercups,
The star-shaped yellow celandine.

Anemones and primroses,
And the blue violets of spring,
We found whilst listening by a hedge
To hear a merry ploughman sing.

And from the earth the plough turn'd
up
There came a sweet refreshing
smell,
Such as the lily of the vale
Sends forth from many a woodland
dell.

We saw the yellow wall-flower wave
Upon a mouldering castle wall,
And then we watch'd the busy rooks
Among the ancient elm-trees tall.

And leaning from the old stone
bridge,
Below we saw our shadows lie,
And through the gloomy arches
watch'd
The swift and fearless swallows fly.

We heard the speckle-breasted lark
As it sang somewhere out of sight,
And we tried to find it, but the sky
Was fill'd with clouds of dazzling
light.

We saw young rabbits near the wood,
And heard a pheasant's wing go
“whirr”;
And then we saw a squirrel leap
From an old oak-tree to a fir.

We came back by the village fields,
 A pleasant walk it was across 'em,
 For all behind the houses lay
 The orchards red and white with
 blossom.

Were I to tell you all we saw,
 I'm sure that it would take me
 hours;
 For the whole landscape was alive
 With bees, and birds, and buds and
 flowers.

Thomas Miller.

THE NEW MOON.

WHEN, as the garish day is done,
 Heaven burns with the descended sun,
 'Tis passing sweet to mark,
 Amid the flush of crimson light,
 The new moon's modest bow grow
 bright,
 As earth and sky grow dark.

Few are the hearts too cold to feel
 A thrill of gladness o'er them steal
 When first the wandering eye
 Sees faintly, in the evening blaze,
 That glimmering curve of tender rays
 Just planted in the sky.

* * * * *

William Cullen Bryant.

SONG ON A MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, Day's
 harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the East, and
 leads with her
 The flowery May, who from her green
 lap throws
 The yellow cowslip and the pale prim-
 rose.
 Hail, Bounteous May, that doth in-
 spire
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing;
 Thus we salute thee with our early
 song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

John Milton.

A SUMMER INVOCATION.

O, GENTLE, gentle summer rain,
 Let not the silver lily pine,
 The drooping lily pine in vain
 To feel that dewy touch of thine—
 To drink thy freshness once again,
 O, gentle, gentle summer rain!

In heat the landscape quivering lies;
 The cattle pant beneath the tree;
 Through parching air and purple skies
 The earth looks up in vain, for thee;
 For thee—for thee, it looks in vain,
 O, gentle, gentle summer rain!

Come, thou, and brim the meadow
 streams,
 And soften all the hills with mist,
 O falling dew! from burning dreams
 By thee shall herb and flower be
 kissed;
 And earth shall bless thee yet again,
 O, gentle, gentle summer rain!

William Cox Bennett.

AUTUMN.

A Dirge.

THE warm sun is failing, the bleak
 wind is wailing,
 The bare boughs are sighing, the pale
 flowers are dying;
 And the year
 On the earth her death-bed, in a
 shroud of leaves dead,
 Is lying.

Come, Months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array,—
Follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And like dim shadows watch by her
sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipt
worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is
knelling,
For the year;
The blithe swallows are flown, and the
lizards each gone
To his dwelling.
Come, Months, come away;
Put on white, black, and gray;
Let your light sisters play;
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And make her grave green with tear
on tear.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

SEPTEMBER.

THERE are twelve months throughout
the year,
From January to December—
And the primest month of all the
twelve
Is the merry month of September!
Then apples so red
Hang overhead,
And nuts ripe-brown
Come showering down
In the bountiful days of September!

There are flowers enough in the
summer-time,
More flowers than I can remember—
But none with the purple, gold, and
red
That dyes the flowers of September!
The gorgeous flowers of September!

And the sun looks through
A clearer blue,
And the moon at night
Sheds a clearer light
On the beautiful flowers of Sep-
tember!

The poor too often go scant and bare,
But it glads my soul to remember
That 'tis harvest-time throughout the
land
In the bountiful month of Sep-
tember!
Oh! the good, kind month of Sep-
tember!
It giveth the poor
The growth of the moor;
And young and old
'Mong sheaves of gold,
Go gleaning in rich September.

Mary Howitt.

DECEMBER.

IN a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity.
The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

IN a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any
Writhed not at passed joy?

Poems for Children

To know the change and feel it,
 When there is none to heal it,
 Nor numbed sense to steal it,
 Was never said in rhyme.

John Keats.

DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,
 And the winter winds are wearily
 sighing:
 Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
 And tread softly and speak low,
 For the Old Year lies a-dying.

Old Year, you must not die;
 You came to us so readily,
 You lived with us so steadily,
 Old Year, you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move;
 He will not see the dawn of day.
 He hath no other life above.
 He gave me a friend, and a true true-
 love,
 And the New Year will take 'em away.

Old Year, you must not go;
 So long as you have been with us,
 Such joy as you have seen with us,
 Old Year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
 A jollier year we shall not see.
 But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
 And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
 He was a friend to me.

Old Year, you shall not die;
 We did so laugh and cry with you,
 I've half a mind to die with you,
 Old Year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
 But all his merry quips are o'er.
 To see him die, across the waste
 His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
 But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.
 The night is starry and cold, my
 friend,
 And the New Year blithe and bold,
 my friend,
 Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
 I heard just now the crowing cock.
 The shadows flicker to and fro;
 The cricket chirps; the light burns
 low;
 'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands before you die.
 Old Year, we'll dearly rue for you;
 What is it we can do for you?
 Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin,
 Alack! our friend is gone.
 Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
 Step from the corpse, and let him in
 That standeth there alone,

And waiteth at the door.
 There's a new foot on the floor, my
 friend,
 And a new face at the door, my
 friend,
 A new face at the door.

Alfred Tennyson.

THE WINTER FIRE.

A FIRE'S a good companionable friend,
 A comfortable friend, who meets your
 face
 With welcome glad, and makes the
 poorest shed
 As pleasant as a palace! Are you
 cold?
 He warms you—Weary? he refreshes
 you,

Are you in darkness? he gives light
to you—
In a strange land? he wears a face
that is
Familiar from your childhood. Are
you poor?—
What matters it to him? He knows
no difference
Between an emperor and the poorest
beggar!
Where is the friend, that bears the
name of man,
Will do as much for you?

Mary Howitt.

WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL.

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his
nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in
pail;
When blood is nipp'd and ways be
foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, To-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all around the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's
saw,
And birds sit brooding in the mow,
And Marian's nose looks red and
raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, To-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

William Shakespeare.

THE WIND.

THE wind has a language, I would I
could learn;
Sometimes 'tis soothing, and some-
times 'tis stern;
Sometimes it comes like a low, sweet
song,
And all things grow calm, as the
sound floats along;
And the forest is lulled by the dreamy
strain;
And slumber sinks down on the wan-
dering main;
And its crystal arms are folded in
rest,
And the tall ship sleeps on its heaving
breast.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

THE NORTH-EAST WIND.

WELCOME, wild north-easter!
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr,
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black north-easter!
O'er the German foam;
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.
Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming,
Hot and breathless air.
Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day;
Jovial wind of winter,
Turn us out to play!
Sweep the golden reed-beds;
Crisp the lazy dyke;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.
Fill the lake with wild-fowl;
Fill the marsh with snipe;
While on dreamy moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.

Through the black fir forest
 Thunder harsh and dry,
 Shattering down the snow flakes,
 Off the curdled sky.

* * * *

Charles Kingsley.

THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

THE wind one morning sprang up
 from sleep,
 Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a
 leap!
 Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!
 I'll make a commotion in every
 place!"

So it swept with a bustle right
 through a great town,
 Cracking the signs and scattering
 down
 Shutters; and whisking, with merci-
 less squalls,
 Old women's bonnets and gingerbread
 stalls.
 There never was heard a much lustier
 shout,
 As the apples and oranges trundled
 about;
 And the urchins that stand with their
 thievish eyes
 For ever on watch, ran off each with a
 prize.

Then away to the field it went bluster-
 ing and humming,
 And the cattle all wonder'd whatever
 was coming;
 It pluck'd by the tails the grave
 matronly cows,
 And toss'd the colts' manes all over
 their brows;
 Till, offended at such an unusual
 salute,
 They all turn'd their backs, and stood
 sulky and mute.

So on it went capering and playing its
 pranks,
 Whistling with reeds on the broad
 river's banks,
 Puffing the birds as they sat on the
 spray,
 Or the traveller grave on the king's
 highway.
 It was not too nice to hustle the bags
 Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty
 rags;
 'Twas so bold, that it feared not to
 play its joke
 With the doctor's wig or the gentle-
 man's cloak.
 Through the forest it roar'd, and cried
 gaily, "Now,
 You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you
 bow!"

And it made them bow without much
 ado,
 Or it crack'd their great branches
 through and through.
 Then it rush'd like a monster on cot-
 tage and farm,
 Striking their dwellings with sudden
 alarm;
 And they ran out like bees in a mid-
 summer swarm.
 There were dames with their kerchiefs
 tied over their caps,
 To see if their poultry were free from
 mishaps;

The turkeys they gobbled, the geese
 scream'd aloud,
 And the hens crept to roost in a terri-
 fied crowd;
 There was rearing of ladders, and logs
 laying on,
 Where the thatch from the roof
 threaten'd soon to be gone.
 But the wind had swept on, and had
 met in a lane
 With a schoolboy, who panted and
 struggled in vain;

For it toss'd him, and twirl'd him,
 then pass'd, and he stood
 With his hat in a pool, and his shoes
 in the mud.

Then away went the wind in its holi-
 day glee,
 And now it was far on the billowy sea,
 And the lordly ships felt its stagger-
 ing blow,
 And the little boats darted to and fro.
 But lo! it was night, and it sank to
 rest
 On the sea-bird's rock in the gleaming
 west,
 Laughing to think, in its fearful fun,
 How little of mischief it had done.

William Howitt.

WHICH WAY DOES THE WIND BLOW?

WHICH way does the wind blow,
 Which way does he go?
 He rides over the water,
 He rides over snow;

O'er wood and o'er valley,
 And o'er rocky height,
 Which the goat cannot traverse,
 He taketh his flight.

He rages and tosses
 In every bare tree,
 As, if you look upwards,
 You plainly may see.

But whence he both cometh
 And whither he goes,
 There's never a scholar
 In England that knows.

Lucy Aikin.

WINTER NIGHT.

BLOW, wind, blow!
 Drift the flying snow!
 Send it twirling, whirling overhead!
 There's a bedroom in a tree
 Where, snug as snug can be,
 The squirrel nests in his cosey bed.

Shriek, wind, shriek!
 Make the branches creak!
 Battle with the boughs till break o'
 day!
 In a snow-cave warm and tight,
 Through the icy winter night
 The rabbit sleeps the peaceful hours
 away.

Call, wind, call,
 In entry and in hall,
 Straight from off the mountain white
 and wild!
 Soft purrs the pussy-cat,
 On her little fluffy mat,
 And beside her nestles close her furry
 child.

Scold, wind, scold,
 So bitter and so bold!
 Shake the windows with your tap,
 tap, tap!
 With half-shut, dreamy eyes
 The drowsy baby lies
 Cuddled closely in his mother's lap.

Mary Frances Butts.

WILD WINDS.

OH, oh, how the wild winds blow!
 Blow high,
 Blow low,
 And whirlwinds go,
 To chase the little leaves that fly—
 Fly low and high,
 To hollow and to steep hillside;
 They shiver in the dreary weather,
 And creep in little heaps together,
 And nestle close and try to hide.

Oh, oh, how the wild winds blow!
 Blow low,
 Blow high,
 And whirlwinds try
 To find a crevice—to find a crack,
 They whirl to the front; they whirl
 to the back.
 But Tommy and Will and the baby
 together
 Are snug and safe from the wintry
 weather.

 All the winds that blow
 Cannot touch a toe—
 Cannot twist or twirl
 One silken curl.
 They may rattle the doors in a noisy
 pack,
 But the blazing fires will drive them
 back.

Mary Frances Butts.

THE FROST.

THE Frost looked forth, one still clear
 night,
 And whispered, "Now I shall be out
 of sight;
 So through the valley and over the
 height,
 In silence I'll take my way:
 I will not go on like that blustering
 train,
 The wind and the snow, the hail and
 the rain,
 Who make so much bustle and noise
 in vain,
 But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain and
 powdered its crest;
 He lit on the trees, and their boughs
 he dressed
 In diamond beads—and over the
 breast
 Of the quivering lake he spread
 A coat of mail, that it need not fear
 The downward point of many a spear

That hung on its margin far and near,
 Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who
 slept,
 And over each pane, like a fairy,
 crept;
 Wherever he breathed, wherever he
 slept,
 By the light of the moon were seen
 Most beautiful things—there were
 flowers and trees;
 There were bevvies of birds and swarms
 of bees;
 There were cities with temples and
 towers, and these
 All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly
 fair;
 He peeped in the cupboard, and find-
 ing there
 That all had forgotten for him to
 prepare—
 "Now just to set them a-thinking,
 I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
 "This costly pitcher I'll burst in
 three,
 And the glass of water they've left
 for me
 Shall '*tchick!*' to tell them I'm
 drinking."

Hannah Flagg Gould.

WINTER.

LASTLY came Winter clothèd all in
 frize,
 Chattering his teeth for cold that did
 him chill;
 Whilst on his hoary beard his breath
 did freeze,
 And the dull drops that from his
 purple bill
 As from a limbeck did adown distill;
 In his right hand a tippèd staff he
 held

With which his feeble steps he stayèd
still,
For he was faint with cold and weak
with eld,
That scarce his loosèd limbs he able
was to weld.

Edmund Spenser.

OLD WINTER.

OLD Winter sad, in snowy clad,
Is making a doleful din;
But let him howl till he crack his
jowl,
We will not let him in.

Ay, let him lift from the billowy drift
His hoary, haggard form,
And scowling stand, with his wrinkled
hand
Outstretching to the storm.

And let his weird and sleety beard
Stream loose upon the blast,
And, rustling, chime to the tinkling
rime
From his bald head falling fast.

Let his baleful breath shed blight and
death
On herb and flower and tree;
And brooks and ponds in crystal
bonds
Bind fast, but what care we?

Let him push at the door—in the
chimney roar,
And rattle the window pane;
Let him in at us spy with his icicle
eye,
But he shall not entrance gain.

Let him gnaw, forsooth, with his
freezing tooth,
On our roof tiles, till he tire;
But we care not a whit, as we jovial
sit
Before our blazing fire.

Come, lads, let's sing, till the rafters
ring;

Come, push the can about;—
From our snug fire-side this Christ-
mas-tide
We'll keep old Winter out.
Thomas Noel.

MIDWINTER.

THE speckled sky is dim with snow,
The light flakes falter and fall slow;
Athwart the hill-top, rapt and pale,
Silently drops a silver veil;
And all the valley is shut in
By flickering curtains gray and thin.

But cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree;
The snow sails round him as he sings,
White as the down of angels' wings.

I watch the snowflakes as they fall
On bank and brier and broken wall;
Over the orchard, waste and brown,
All noiselessly they settle down,
Tipping the apple-boughs, and each
Light quivering twig of plum and
peach.

On turf and curb and bower-roof
The snow-storm spreads its ivory woof;
It paves with pearl the garden-walk;
And lovingly round tattered stalk
And shivering stem its magic weaves
A mantle fair as lily-leaves.

The hooded beehive small and low,
Stands like a maiden in the snow;
And the old door-slab is half hid
Under an alabaster lid.

All day it snows: the sheeted post
Gleams in the dimness like a ghost;
All day the blasted oak has stood
A muffled wizard of the wood;
Garland and airy cap adorn
The sumach and the wayside thorn,
And clustering spangles lodge and
shine
In the dark tresses of the pine.

The ragged bramble, dwarfed and old,
 Shrinks like a beggar in the cold;
 In surplice white the cedar stands,
 And blesses him with priestly hands.
 Still cheerily the chickadee
 Singeth to me on fence and tree:
 But in my inmost ear is heard
 The music of a holier bird;
 And heavenly thoughts as soft and
 white

As snowflakes on my soul alight,
 Clothing with love my lonely heart,
 Healing with peace each bruised part,
 Till all my being seems to be
 Transfigured by their purity.

John Townsend Trowbridge.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN.*

WHEN the frost is on the punkin and
 the fodder's in the shock,
 And you hear the kyouck and gobble
 of the struttin' turkey-cock,
 And the clackin' of the guineys, and
 the cluckin' of the hens,
 And the rooster's hallylooyer as he
 tiptoes on the fence;
 O, it's then's the times a feller is
 a-feelin' at his best,
 With the risin' sun to greet him from
 a night of peaceful rest,
 As he leaves the house, bareheaded,
 and goes out to feed the stock,
 When the frost is on the punkin and
 the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kindo' harty-like
 about the atmusfere
 When the heat of summer's over and
 the coolin' fall is here—
 Of course we miss the flowers, and the
 blossoms on the trees,

*From the Biographical Edition of the
 complete works of James Whitcomb Riley,
 copyright 1913, used by special permission of
 the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

And the mumble of the hummin'-birds
 and buzzin' of the bees;
 But the air's so appetizin'; and the
 landscape through the haze
 Of a crisp and sunny morning of the
 airly autumn days
 Is a pictur' that no painter has the
 colorin' to mock—
 When the frost is on the punkin and
 the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty russel of the tassels
 of the corn,
 And the raspin' of the tangled leaves,
 as golden as the morn;
 The stubble in the furries—kindo'
 lonesome-like, but still
 A-preachin' sermons to us of the
 barns they growed to fill;
 The strawstack in the medder, and the
 reaper in the shed;
 The hosses in theyr stalls below—the
 clover overhead!—
 O, it sets my hart a-clickin' like the
 tickin' of a clock,
 When the frost is on the punkin and
 the fodder's in the shock.

Then your apples all is gethered, and
 the ones a feller keeps
 Is poured around the celler-floor in
 red and yeller heaps;
 And your cider-makin' 's over, and
 your wimmen-folks is through
 With their mince and apple-butter,
 and theyr souse and sausage,
 too!

I don't know how to tell it—but ef
 sich a thing could be
 As the Angels wantin' boardin', and
 they'd call around on *me*—
 I'd want to 'commodate 'em—all the
 whole-indurin' flock—
 When the frost is on the punkin and
 the fodder's in the shock!

James Whitcomb Riley.

VII

Fields and Woods

THE BARLEY-MOWERS' SONG.

BARLEY-MOWERS, here we stand,
One, two, three, a steady band;
True of heart, and strong of limb,
Ready in our harvest trim;
All a-row with spirits blithe,
Now we whet the bended scythe,
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-
tink!

Side by side, now bending low,
Down the swaths of barley go,
Stroke by stroke, as true as chime
Of the bells, we keep in time;
Then we whet the ringing scythe,
Standing 'mid the barley lithe,
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-
tink!

Barley-mowers must be true,
Keeping still the end in view,
One with all, and all with one,
Working on till set of sun,
Bending all with spirits blithe,
Whetting all at once the scythe,
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-
tink!

Day and night, and night and
day,
Time, the mower, will not stay;
We must hear him in our path
By the falling barley-swath;
While we sing with voices blithe,
We may hear his ringing scythe,
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-
tink!

After labours cometh ease;
Sitting now beneath the trees,
Round we send the barley wine
Life-infusing, clear and fine;
Now refreshed, alert, and blithe,
Rise we all and whet the scythe,
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-
tink!

Mary Howitt.

CORNFIELDS.

IN the young merry time of spring,
When clover 'gins to burst;
When bluebells nod within the wood,
And sweet May whitens first;
When merle * and mavis † sing their
fill,
Green is the young corn on the hill.

But when the merry spring is past,
And summer groweth bold,
And in the garden and the field
A thousand flowers unfold,
Before a green leaf yet is sere,
The young corn shoots into the ear.

And then as day and night succeed,
And summer weareth on,
And in the flowery garden-beds
The red rose groweth wan,
And hollyhocks and sunflowers tall
O'ertop the mossy garden wall.

* Merle—blackbird.

† Mavis—thrush.

When on the breath of autumn breeze,
 From pastures dry and brown,
 Goes floating like an idle thought,
 The fair white thistle-down;
 Oh, then what joy to walk at will
 Upon that golden harvest hill!

* * * *

O golden fields of bending corn
 How beautiful they seem!
 The reaper folk, the piled-up sheaves,
 To me are like a dream;
 The sunshine and the very air
 Seem of old time and take me there!

Mary Howitt.

THE CORN SONG.

HEAP high the farmer's wintry board!
 Heap high the golden corn!
 No richer gift has autumn poured
 From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
 The apple from the pine,
 The orange from its glossy green,
 The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift
 Our rugged vales bestow,
 To cheer us when the storm shall drift
 Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of
 flowers,
 Our plough their furrows made,
 While on the hills the sun and showers
 Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and
 plain
 Beneath the sun of May,
 And frightened from our sprouting
 grain
 The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of
 June

Its leaves grew green and fair,
 And waved in hot midsummer's noon
 Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with autumn's moonlit eves,
 Its harvest-time has come,
 We pluck away the frosted leaves,
 And bear the treasure home.

There richer than the fabled gift
 Apollo showered of old,
 Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
 And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
 Around their costly board;
 Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
 By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
 Sends up its smoky curls,
 Who will not thank the kindly earth,
 And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
 Whose folly laughs to scorn
 The blessing of our hardy grain,
 Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
 Let mildew blight the rye,
 Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
 The wheat field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn
 The hills our fathers trod;
 Still let us for His golden corn,
 Send up our thanks to God!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE HOCK-CART, OR
HARVEST-HOME.

COME, sons of summer, by whose toil
We are the lords of wine and oil;
By whose tough labours and rough
hands,
We rip up first, then reap our lands.
Crown'd with the ears of corn, now
come,
And, to the pipe, sing Harvest Home!

Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
Drest up with all the country art:—
See, here a maukin, there a sheet,
As spotless pure as it is sweet;
The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
Clad all in linen white as lilies:—
The harvest swains and wenches bound
For joy, to see the hock-cart crown'd.

About the cart hear how the rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout,
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with
laughter.

Some bless the cart, some kiss the
sheaves,

Some prank them up with oaken
leaves;

Some cross the fill-horse, some with
great

Devotion stroke the home-borne wheat;
While other rustics, less attent
To prayers than to merriment,
Run after with their breeches rent.

Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's
hearth,

Glitt'ring with fire, where, for your
mirth,

You shall see first the large and chief
Foundation of your feast, fat beef!

With upper stories, mutton, veal,
And bacon, which makes full the meal;

With sev'ral dishes standing by,
As, here a custard, there a pie,

And here all-tempting frumenty.

And for to make the merry cheer,
If smirking wine be wanting here,
There's that, which drowns all care,
stout beer;

Which freely drink to your lord's
health,

Then to the plough, the common-
wealth,

Next to your flails, your fanes, your
fatts;

Then to the maids with wheaten hats;
To the rough sickle, and crook't scythe,

Drink, frolick, boys, till all be blythe.

Feed and grow fat, and as ye eat,

Be mindful that the lab'ring neat,

As you, may have their fill of meat;

And know, besides, ye must revoke

The patient ox unto the yoke,

And all go back unto the plough

And harrow, though they're hanged
up now

And, you must know, your lord's
words true,

Feed him ye must, whose food fills
you:

And that this pleasure is like rain,

Not sent ye for to drown your pain,

But for to make it spring again.

Robert Herrick.

A BOY'S SONG.

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the
sweetest,

Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me..

James Hogg.

BATHING.

THE May winds gently lift the willow
leaves;
Around the rushy point comes wel-
tering slow
The brimming stream; alternate sinks
and heaves
The lily-bud, where small waves ebb
and flow.
Willow herb and meadow sweet!
Ye the soft gales, that visit there,
From your waving censers greet
With store of freshest balmiest air.

Come bathe—the steaming noontide
hour invites;
Even in your face the sparkling
waters smile—
Yet on the brink they linger, timid
wights,
Pondering and measuring; on their
gaze the while
Eddying pool and shady creek
Darker and deeper seem to grow:
On and onward still, they seek
Where sports may less adventurous
show.

At length the boldest springs: but ere
he cleave
The flashing waters, eye and thought
grow dim;
Too rash it seems, the firm green earth
to leave:
Heaven is beneath him: shall he
sink or swim?
Far in boundless depth he sees
The rushing clouds obey the gale,
Trembling hands and tottering
knees,
All in that dizzy moment fail.

John Keble.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

William Shakespeare.

THE SHEPHERD.

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot;
From the morn to the evening he
strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with
praise.

For he hears the lamb's innocent call,
And he hears the ewe's tender reply;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is
nigh.

William Blake.

SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG.

HE that is down needs fear no fall;
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his Guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is,
That go on pilgrimage:
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

John Bunyan.

LINES FROM THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

THE western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path, in shadow
hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid.

* * * * *

Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's
child.

Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale and violet flower
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
Fox-glove and night-shade, side by
side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every
stain

The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every
breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent
flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on
high,
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks
glanced,
Where glist'ning streamers waved
and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might
seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

Walter Scott.

HIGHLAND CATTLE.

Down the wintry mountain
Like a cloud they come,
Not like a cloud in its silent shroud
When the sky is leaden and the
earth all dumb,
But tramp, tramp, tramp,
With a roar and a shock,
And stamp, stamp, stamp,
Down the hard granite rock,
With the snow-flakes falling fair
Like an army in the air
Of white-winged angels leaving
Their heavenly homes, half grieving,
And half glad to drop down kindly
upon earth so bare:
With a snort and a bellow
Tossing manes dun and yellow,
Red and roan, black and gray,
In their fierce merry play,
Though the sky is all leaden and the
earth all dumb—
Down the noisy cattle come!

Throned on the mountain
 Winter sits at ease:
 Hidden under mists are those peaks
 of amethyst
 That rose like hills of heaven above
 the amber seas.
 While crash, crash, crash,
 Through frozen heather brown,
 And dash, dash, dash,
 Where the ptarmigan drops down
 And the curlew stops her cry
 And the deer sinks, like to die—
 And the waterfall's loud noise
 Is the only lifting voice—
 With a plunge and a roar
 Like mad waves upon the shore,
 Or the wind through the pass
 Howling o'er the reedy grass—
 In a wild battalion pouring from the
 heights unto the plain,
 Down the cattle come again!

* * * * *

Dinah Maria Mulock.

THE SHEPHERD IN WINTER.

WHEN red hath set the beamless sun,
 Through heavy vapours dark and dun;
 When the tired ploughman, dry and
 warm,
 Hears, half-asleep, the rising storm
 Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,
 Against the casement's tinkling
 pane;—
 The sounds that drive wild deer, and
 fox,
 To shelter in the brake and rocks,
 Are warnings which the shepherd ask
 To dismal and to dangerous task!
 Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,
 The blast may sink in mellowing rain;
 Till, dark above, and white below,
 Decided drives the flaky snow,
 And forth the hardy swain must go.

Long, with dejected look and whine,
 To leave the hearth his dogs repine;

Whistling and cheering them to aid,
 Around his back he wreathes the
 plaid;
 His flocks he gathers, and he guides
 To open downs, and mountain-sides,
 Where fiercest though the tempest
 blow,
 Least deeply lies the drift below.
 The blast, that whistles o'er the fells,
 Stiffens his locks to icicles;
 Oft he looks back, while streaming far,
 His cottage window seems a star,—
 Loses its feeble gleam,—and then
 Turns patient to the blast again,
 And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
 Drives through the gloom his lagging
 sheep.

If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
 Benumbing death is in the gale:
 His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
 Close to the hut, no more his own,
 Close to the aid he sought in vain,
 The morn may find the stiffen'd
 swain:

The widow sees, at dawning pale,
 His orphans raise their feeble wail;
 And, close beside him, in the snow,
 Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
 Couches upon his master's breast,
 And licks his cheek to break his rest.

Walter Scott.

THE BLOSSOM.

MERRY, merry sparrow,
 Under leaves so green,
 A happy blossom
 Sees you, swift as arrow
 Seek your cradle narrow
 Near my bosom.

Pretty, pretty robin,
 Under leaves so green,
 A happy blossom
 Hears you sobbing, sobbing,
 Pretty, pretty robin,
 Near my bosom.

William Blake.

I STOOD TIPTOE UPON A LITTLE HILL.

I STOOD tiptoe upon a little hill;
 The air was cooling and so very still,
 That the sweet buds which with a
 modest pride
 Pull droopingly, in slanting curve
 aside,
 Their scanty-leaved, and finely-taper-
 ing stems,
 Had not yet lost their starry diadems
 Caught from the early sobbing of the
 morn.
 The clouds were pure and white as
 flocks new-shorn,
 And fresh from the clear brook;
 sweetly they slept
 On the blue fields of heaven, and then
 there crept
 A little noiseless noise among the
 leaves,
 Born of the very sigh that silence
 heaves;
 For not the faintest motion could be
 seen
 Of all the shades that slanted o'er the
 green.

John Keats.

TO MEADOWS.

YE have been fresh and green;
 Ye have been filled with flowers;
 And ye the walks have been
 Where maids have spent their hours.

You have beheld how they
 With wicker arks did come,
 To kiss and bear away
 The richer cowslips home.

You've heard them sweetly sing,
 And seen them in a round;
 Each virgin like a spring,
 With honeysuckles crowned.

But now we see none here,
 Where silvery feet did tread,
 And with dishevelled hair
 Adorn this smoother mead.

Like unthrifths, having spent
 Your stock, and needy grown,
 You're left here to lament
 Your poor estates alone.

Robert Herrick.

A GARDEN.

A SENSITIVE plant in a garden grew,
 And the young winds fed it with sil-
 ver dew,
 And it open'd its fan-like leaves to
 the light,
 And closed them beneath the kisses of
 night.

And the Spring arose on the garden
 fair,
 And the Spirit of Love fell every-
 where;
 And each flower and herb on Earth's
 dark breast
 Rose from the dreams of its wintry
 nest.

* * * * *

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
 Arose from the ground with warm
 rain wet,
 And their breath was mix'd with fresh
 odour, sent
 From the turf, like the voice and the
 instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the
 tulip tall,
 And narcissi, the fairest among them
 all,
 Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's
 recess,
 Till they die of their own dear loveli-
 ness.

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and pas-
sion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bell is
seen,
Through their pavilions of tender
green.

And the hyacinth, purple and white
and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet
peal anew,
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the
sense.

* * * * *

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet
tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that
blows;
And all rare blossoms from every
clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

Percy Bysshe Shelley,

GARDENING.

SEEST thou yon woodland child,
How amid flowerets wild,
Wilder himself, he plies his pleasure-
task?
That ring of fragrant ground,
With its low woodbine bound,
He claims: no more, as yet, his little
heart need ask.

There learns he flower and weed
To sort with careful heed:
He waits not for the weary noontide
hour.
There with the soft night air
Comes his refreshing care:
Each tiny leaf looks up and thanks
him for the shower.

Thus faithful found a while,
He wins the joyous smile
Of friend or parent: glad and bright
is he,
For when his garland gay
He hears the kind voice say,
“Well hast thou wrought, dear boy:
the garden thine shall be.”

John Keble.

GOING A-MAYING.

GET up, get up, for shame! the bloom-
ing morn
Upon her wings presents the god
unshorn;
See how Aurora throws her fair,
Fresh-quilted colours through the
air.
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew-bespangling herb and
tree!
Each flower has wept, and bowed to-
ward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you not
drest—
Nay, not so much as out of bed;
When all the birds have matins
said,
And sung their thankful hymns;
'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
Whenas a thousand virgins on this
day,
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch
in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be
seen
To come forth, like the Springtime,
fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair!
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you.

Besides, the childhood of the day has
kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls
unwept.

Come, and receive them while the
light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the
night,
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth! Wash, dress, be
brief in praying,
Few beads are best, when once we go
a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and coming,
mark
How each field turns a street, each
street a park,
Made green, and trimmed with
trees! See how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch! each porch, each door,
ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly inter-
wove,
As if here were the cooler shades of
love.
Can such delights be in the street,
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey
The proclamation made for May.
And sin no more, as we have done, by
staying,
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-
Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl, this
day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in
May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden
home.
Some have despatched their cakes
and cream,

Before that we have left to dream:
And some have wept, and woo'd, and
plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast
off sloth.

Many a green gown has been given,
Many a kiss, both odd and even,
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament:
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks picked, yet we're
not a-Maying.

Robert Herrick.

VIOLETS.

WELCOME, maids of honour!
You do bring
In the Spring,
And wait upon her.

She hath virgins many,
Fresh and fair;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

You're the maiden poisies;
And so graced,
To be placed
'Fore damask roses.

Yet, though thus respected,
By and by
Ye do lie,
Poor girls, neglected.

Robert Herrick.

GREEN THINGS GROWING.

OH, the green things growing, the
green things growing,
The faint sweet smell of the green
things growing!
I should like to live, whether I smile
or grieve,
Just to watch the happy life of my
green things growing.

Oh, the fluttering and the pattering of
 those green things growing!
 How they talk each to each, when none
 of us are knowing;
 In the wonderful white of the weird
 moonlight
 Of the dim dreamy dawn when the
 cocks are crowing.

I love, I love them so,—my green
 things growing!
 And I think that they love me, with-
 out false showing;
 For by many a tender touch, they
 comfort me so much,
 With the soft mute comfort of green
 things growing.

Dinah Maria Mulock.

SWEET PEAS.

HERE are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a
 flight:
 With wings of gentle flush o'er deli-
 cate white,
 And taper fingers catching at all
 things,
 To bind them all about with tiny
 rings.
 Linger a while upon some bending
 planks
 That lean against a streamlet's rushy
 banks,
 And watch intently Nature's gentle
 doings:
 They will be found softer than ring-
 dove's cooings.
 How silent comes the water round that
 bend!
 Not the minutest whisper does it send
 To the o'erhanging sallows: blades of
 grass
 Slowly across the chequer'd shadows
 pass.

John Keats.

A ROSEBUD.

A ROSEBUD by my early walk,
 Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
 All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
 In a' its crimson glory spread,
 And drooping rich the dewy head,
 It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
 A little linnet fondly prest,
 The dew sat chilly on her breast
 Sae early in the morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jenny fair,
 On trembling string, or vocal air,
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care
 That tents thy early morning.

So thou sweet rosebud, young and gay,
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
 And bless the parents' evening ray
 That watch thy early morning.

Robert Burns.

TO A PRIMROSE.

WELCOME, pale Primrose! starting up
 between
 Dead matted leaves of ash and oak,
 that strew
 The sunny lawn, the wood, and cop-
 pice through,
 'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker
 green;
 How much thy presence beautifies
 the ground!
 How sweet thy modest, unaffected
 pride
 Glows on the sunny bank, and wood's
 warm side!
 And where thy fairy flowers in
 groups are found,

The schoolboy roams enchantedly
 along,
 Plucking the fairest with a rude
 delight:
 While the meek shepherd stops his
 simple song,
 To gaze a moment on the pleasing
 sight;
 O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly
 bring
 The welcome news of sweet returning
 spring.

John Clare.

WISHING.

RING-TING! I wish I were a Prim-
 rose,
 A bright yellow Primrose blowing in
 the Spring!
 The stooping boughs above me,
 The wandering bee to love me,
 The fern and moss to keep across,
 And the Elm-tree for our King!

Nay—nay! I wish I were an Elm-
 tree,
 A great lofty Elm-tree, with green
 leaves gay!
 The winds would set them danc-
 ing,
 The sun and moonshine glance in,
 The Birds would house among the
 boughs,
 And sweetly sing!

O—no! I wish I were a Robin,
 A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere
 to go;
 Through forest, field or garden,
 And ask no leave or pardon,
 Till Winter comes with icy thumbs
 To ruffle up our wing.

Well—tell! Where should I fly to,
 Where go to sleep in the dark wood or
 dell?

Before a day was over,
 Home comes the rover,
 For Mother's kiss—sweeter this
 Than any other thing!

William Allingham.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

BUTTERCUPS and daisies,
 Oh, the pretty flowers;
 Coming ere the spring time,
 To tell of sunny hours.
 While the trees are leafless,
 While the fields are bare,
 Buttercups and daisies
 Spring up here and there.

Ere the snow-drop peepeth,
 Ere the crocus bold,
 Ere the early primrose
 Opes its paly gold,—
 Somewhere on the sunny bank
 Buttercups are bright;
 Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass
 Peeps the daisy white.

Little hardy flowers,
 Like to children poor,
 Playing in their sturdy health
 By their mother's door.
 Purple with the north-wind,
 Yet alert and bold;
 Fearing not, and caring not,
 Though they be a-cold!

What to them is winter!
 What are stormy showers!
 Buttercups and daisies
 Are these human flowers!
 He who gave them hardships
 And a life of care,
 Gave them likewise hardy strength
 And patient hearts to bear.

Mary Howitt.

WILD ROSE.

SOME innocent girlish Kisses by a
 charm
 Changed to a flight of small pink
 Butterflies,
 To waver under June's delicious
 skies
 Across gold-sprinkled meads — the
 merry swarm
 A smiling powerful world did next
 transform
 To little Roses mesh'd in green,
 allies
 Of earth and air, and everything we
 prize
 For mirthful, gentle, delicate and
 warm.

William Allingham.

FIELD FLOWERS.

YE field flowers! the gardens eclipse
 you, 'tis true,
 Yet, wildings of Nature, I doat upon
 you,
 For ye waft me to summers of old,
 When the earth teemed around me
 with fairy delight,
 And when daisies and buttercups
 gladdened my sight,
 Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into
 dreams
 Of the blue Highland mountains and
 echoing streams—
 And of birchen glades breathing
 their balm,
 While the deer was seen glancing in
 sunshine remote,
 And the deep mellow crush of the
 wood-pigeon's note,
 Made music that sweetened the
 calm.

Not a pastoral song had a pleasanter
 tune
 Than ye speak to my heart, little wild-
 ings of June;
 Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
 Where I thought it delightful your
 beauties to find,
 When the magic of Nature first
 breathed on my mind,
 And your blossoms were part of her
 spell.
 Even now what affections the violet
 awakes!
 What loved little islands, twice seen in
 their lakes,
 Can the wild water lily restore!
 What landscape I read in the prim-
 rose's looks,
 And what pictures of pebbled and
 minnowy brooks,
 In the vetches that tangled their
 shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart
 ye were dear,
 Ere the fever of passion, or ague of
 fear,
 Had scathed my existence's bloom;
 Once I welcome you more, in life's
 passionless stage;
 With the visions of youth to revisit
 my age,
 And I wish you to grow on my
 tomb.

Thomas Campbell.

ALMOND BLOSSOM.

BLOSSOM of the almond trees,
 April's gift to April's bees,
 Birthday ornament of spring,
 Flora's fairest daughterling;
 Coming when no flowerets dare
 Trust the cruel outer air;
 When the royal kingcup bold
 Dares not don his coat of gold;

And the sturdy black-thorn spray
 Keeps the silver for the May:—
 Coming when no flowerets would,
 Save thy lowly sisterhood,
 Early violets, blue and white,
 Dying for their love of light.
 Almond blossom, sent to teach us
 That the spring days soon will reach
 us,
 Lest, with longing over-tried,
 We die, as the violets died—
 Blossom, clouding all the tree
 With thy crimson broidery,
 Long before a leaf of green
 O'er the bravest bough is seen;
 Ah! when winter winds are swinging
 All thy red bells into ringing,
 With a bee in every bell,
 Almond blossoms, we greet thee well.

Edwin Arnold.

THE BLUEBELL.

THE Bluebell is the sweetest flower
 That waves in summer air:
 Its blossoms have the mightiest power
 To soothe my spirit's care.

There is a spell in purple heath
 Too wildly, sadly dear;
 The violet has a fragrant breath,
 But fragrance will not cheer.

The trees are bare, the sun is cold,
 And seldom, seldom seen;
 The heavens have lost their zone of
 gold,
 And earth her robes of green.

And ice upon the glancing stream
 Has cast its sombre shade;
 The distant hills and valleys seem
 In frozen mist arrayed.

The Bluebell cannot charm me now,
 The heath has lost its bloom;
 The violets in the glen below,
 They yield no sweet perfume.

But though I mourn the sweet Blue-
 bell,
 'Tis better far away;
 I know how fast my tears would swell
 To see it smile to-day.

For, oh! when chill the sunbeams fall
 Adown that dreary sky,
 And gild yon dank and darkened wall
 With transient brilliancy.

How do I weep, how do I pine
 For the time of flowers to come,
 And turn me from that fading shrine,
 To mourn the fields of home.

Emily Brontë.

THE GRASS.

THE grass so little has to do,—
 A sphere of simple green,
 With only butterflies to brood,
 And bees to entertain,

And stir all day to pretty tunes
 The breezes fetch along,
 And hold the sunshine in its lap
 And bow to everything;

And thread the dewes all night, like
 pearls,
 And make itself so fine,—
 A duchess were too common
 For such a noticing.

And even when it dies, to pass
 In odours so divine,
 As lowly spices gone to sleep,
 Or amulets of pine.

And then to dwell in sovereign barns,
 And dream the days away,—
 The grass so little has to do,
 I wish I were the hay!

Emily Dickinson.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen
sire!

Whose modest form so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first ques-
tioned Winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the
fight,

Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low vale the promise of the
year,
Serene thou openest to the nipping
gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid
the storms
Of chill adversity; in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved.

While every bleaching breeze that on
her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

Henry Kirke White.

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story;
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star;

Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout!

I'm as great as them, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out.
Little Flower! I'll make a stir,
Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an elf
Bold, and lavish of thyself;

Since we needs must first have met,
I have seen thee high and low,
Thirty years or more, and yet
'Twas a face I did not know;
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In a time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood!
Travel with the multitude:
Never heed them; I aver
That they all are wanton wooers;
But the thrifty cottager,
Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home;
Spring is coming, thou art come!

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly, unassuming spirit!

Careless of thy neighbourhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane—there's not a place
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours!
Buttercups, that will be seen,
Whether we will see or no;
Others, too, of lofty mien;
They have done as worldings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble Celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Ill-requited upon earth;
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing,
Serving at my heart's command,
Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
I will sing, as dost behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love.
William Wordsworth.

MINE HOST OF THE "GOLDEN APPLE."

A GOODLY host one day was mine,
A Golden Apple his only sign,
That hung from a long branch, ripe
and fine.

My host was the beautiful Apple-tree;
He gave me shelter and nourished me
With the best of fare, all fresh and
free.

And light-winged guests came not a
few,
To his leafy inn, and sipped the dew,
And sang their best songs ere they
flew.

I slept at night on a downy bed
Of moss, and my Host benignly spread
His own cool shadow over my head.

When I asked what reckoning there
might be,
He shook his broad boughs cheerily:—
A blessing be thine, green Apple-
tree!

Thomas Westwood.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH A PLOUGH.
WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour,
For I must crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power;
Thou bonny gem!

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonny lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mong the dewy weet,
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward springing, blithe to
meet
The purpling east.

Cold blew the bitter biting north
Upon thy early humble birth,
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm;
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens
yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun
shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield*
Of clod or stane.
Adorn'st the histie stubble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lift'st thy unassuming head,
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies.

* * * * *

Robert Burns.

* Shelter.

NARCISSUS.

I SAW the pride of all the meadows
 At morn, a gay Narcissus, blow
 Upon a river's bank, whose shadow
 Bloomed in the silver waves below.
 By noontide's heat its youth was
 wasted,
 The waters as they passed com-
 plained;
 At eve its glories were all blasted,
 And not one former grace remained.
 While the wild rose, more safely grow-
 ing
 Low in the unaspiring vale,
 Amidst retirement's shelter blowing,
 Long sheds its sweetness on the gale.

William Cowper.

THE DAISY.

ON FINDING ONE IN BLOOM ON CHRIST-
 MAS DAY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
 With silver crest and golden eye,
 That welcomes every changing hour
 And weathers every sky;
 The prouder beauties of the field
 In gay but quick succession shine;
 Race after race their honours yield,
 They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
 While moons and stars their courses
 run,
 Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
 Companion of the sun.
 It smiles upon the lap of May,
 To sultry August spreads its
 charms,
 Lights pale October on its way,
 And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom,
 On moory mountains catch the gale.
 O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
 The violet in the vale;

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
 Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
 Plays on the margin of the rill,
 Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
 It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
 And blooms on consecrated ground,
 In honour of the dead.
 The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
 The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
 The blue fly bends its pensile stem
 Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page: in every place,
 In every season, fresh and fair,
 It opens with perennial grace,
 And blossoms everywhere.
 On waste and woodland, rock and
 plain,
 The humble buds unheeded rise;
 The rose has but a summer reign,
 The daisy never dies.

James Montgomery.

I WANDERED LONELY AS A
CLOUD.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and
 hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host of golden daffodils:
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay:
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but
 they
 Out-did the sparkling waves in
 glee:—

A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company;
I gazed — and gazed — but little
thought
What wealth the show to me had
brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

William Wordsworth.

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon:
Stay, stay
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the evensong;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything.
We die
As your hours do; and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

Robert Herrick.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

THOU blossom bright with autumn
dew,
And coloured with the heaven's own
blue,
That openest, when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs
unseen,
Or columbines in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden
nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare, and birds are
flown,
And frosts and shortening days por-
tend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to Heaven as I depart.

William Cullen Bryant.

BABY SEED SONG.

LITTLE brown brother, oh! little brown
brother,
Are you awake in the dark?
Here we lie cosily, close to each other:
Hark to the song of the lark—
“Waken!” the lark says, “waken and
dress you;
Put on your green coats and gay,
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine
caress you—
Waken! 'tis morning—'tis May!”

Little brown brother, oh! little brown
brother,
What kind of flower will you be?
I'll be a poppy—all white, like my
mother;
Do be a poppy like me.

What! you're a sun-flower? How I
 shall miss you
 When you've grown golden and
 high!
 But I shall send all the bees up to kiss
 you;
 Little brown brother, good-bye.

Edith Nesbit.

ORPHEUS.

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
 Bow themselves, when he did sing:
 To his music, plants, and flowers,
 Ever spring; as sun and showers,
 There has been a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet music is such art;
 Killing care and grief of heart,
 Fall asleep, or, hearing die.

William Shakespeare.

THE FATE OF THE OAK.

THE owl to her mate is calling;
 The river his hoarse song sings;
 But the oak is marked for falling,
 That has stood for a hundred
 springs.
 Hark! a blow, and a dull sound fol-
 lows;
 A second—he bows his head;
 A third—and the wood's dark hollows
 Now know that their king is dead.

His arms from their trunk are riven;
 His body all barked and squared;
 And he's now, like a felon, driven
 In chains to the strong dock-yard!

He's sawn through the middle, and
 turned
 For the ribs of a frigate free;
 And he's caulked, and pitched, and
 burned;
 And now—he is fit for sea!

Oh! now—with his wings outspread
 Like a ghost (if a ghost may be),
 He will triumph again, though dead,
 And be dreaded in every sea:
 The lightning will blaze about,
 And wrap him in flaming pride:
 And the thunder-loud cannon will
 shout,
 In the fight, from his bold broadside.

And when he has fought, and won,
 And been honoured from shore to
 shore;
 And his journey on earth is done,—
 Why, what can he ask for more?
 There is nought that a king can claim,
 Or a poet or warrior bold,
 Save a rhyme and a short-lived name.
 And to mix with the common mould!

Barry Cornwall.

THE OAK AND THE BEECH.

For the tender beech and the sapling
 oak,
 That grew by the shadowy rill,
 You may cut down both at a single
 stroke,
 You may cut down which you will.

But this you must know, that as long
 as they grow,
 Whatever change may be,
 You can never teach either oak or
 beech
 To be aught but a greenwood tree.

Thomas Love Peacock.

BIND-WEED.

In the deep shadows of the porch
A slender bind-weed springs,
And climbs, like airy acrobat,
The trellises, and swings
And dances in the golden sun
In fairy loops and rings.

Its cup-shaped blossoms, brimmed
with dew,
Like pearly chalices,
Hold cooling fountains, to refresh
The butterflies and bees;
And humming-birds on vibrant wings
Hover, to drink at ease.

And up and down the garden-beds,
Mid box and thyme and yew,
And spikes of purple lavender,
And spikes of larkspur blue,
The bind-weed tendrils win their way,
And find a passage through.

With touches coaxing, delicate,
And arts that never tire,
They tie the rose-trees each to each,
The lilac to the brier,
Making for graceless things a grace,
With steady, sweet desire.

Till near and far the garden growths,
The sweet, the frail, the rude,
Draw close, as if with one consent,
And find each other good,
Held by the bind-weed's pliant loops,
In a dear brotherhood.

Like one fair sister, slender, arch,
A flower in bloom and poise,
Gentle and merry and beloved,
Making no stir or noise,
But swaying, linking, blessing all
A family of boys.

Susan Coolidge.

A SONG OF CLOVER.

I WONDER what the clover thinks,—
Intimate friend of Bob-o'-links,
Lover of Daisies slim and white,
Waltzer with Buttercups at night;
Keeper of Inn for traveling Bees,
Serving to them wine-dregs and lees
Left by the Royal Humming Birds,
Who sip and pay with fine-spun
words;
Fellow with all the lowliest,
Peer of the gayest and the best;
Comrade of winds, beloved of sun,
Kissed by the Dew-drops, one by one;
Prophet of Good-Luck mystery
By sign of four which few may see;
Symbol of Nature's magic zone,
One out of three, and three in one;
Emblem of comfort in the speech
Which poor men's babies early reach;
Sweet by the roadsides, sweet by rills,
Sweet in the meadows, sweet on hills,
Sweet in its white, sweet in its red,—
Oh, half its sweetness cannot be
said;—
Sweet in its every living breath,
Sweetest, perhaps, at last, in death!
Oh! who knows what the Clover
thinks?
No one! unless the Bob-o'-links!
“*Saxe Holm.*”

THE WHITE ANEMONE.

'Tis the white anemone, fashioned so
Like to the stars of the winter snow,
First thinks, “If I come too soon, no
doubt
I shall seem but the snow that stayed
too long,
So 'tis I that will be Spring's un-
guessed scout,”
And wide she wanders the woods
among.
Then, from out of the mossiest hiding-
places,
Smile meek moonlight-colored faces

Of pale primroses puritan,
 In maiden sisterhood demure;
 Each virgin floweret faint and wan
 With the bliss of her own sweet breath
 so pure.

* * * * *

Owen Meredith.

FLOWERS.

I WILL not have the mad Clytie,
 Whose head is turned by the sun;
 The tulip is a courtly quean,
 Whom, therefore, I will shun:
 The cowslip is a country wench,
 The violet is a nun;—
 But I will woo the dainty rose,
 The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wanton witch,
 In too much haste to wed,
 And clasps her rings on every hand;
 The wolfsbane I should dread;
 Nor will I dreary rosemarye,
 That always mourns the dead;
 But I will woo the dainty rose,
 With her cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,
 And so is no mate for me;
 And the daisy's cheek is tipped with a
 blush,
 She is of such low degree;
 Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,
 And the broom's betrothed to the
 bee;—
 But I will plight with the dainty rose,
 For fairest of all is she.

Thomas Hood.

THE ROSE.

A ROSE, as fair as ever saw the North,
 Grew in a little garden all alone;
 A sweeter flower did Nature ne'er put
 forth,
 Nor fairer garden yet was never
 known:

The maidens danced about it morn
 and noon,
 And learnèd bards of it their ditties
 made;
 The nimble fairies by the pale-faced
 moon
 Watered the root and kissed her
 pretty shade.
 But well-a-day!—the gardener care-
 less grew;
 The maids and fairies both were kept
 away,
 And in a drought the caterpillars
 threw
 Themselves upon the bud and every
 spray.
 God shield the stock! If heaven
 send no supplies,
 The fairest blossom of the garden
 dies.

William Browne.

THE RHODORA.

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our
 solitudes,
 I found the fresh Rhodora in the
 woods,
 Spreading its leafless blooms in a
 damp nook,
 To please the desert and the sluggish
 brook:
 The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
 Made the black waters with their
 beauty gay;
 Here might the red-bird come his
 plumes to cool,
 And court the flower that cheapens
 his array.
 Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
 This charm is wasted on the earth
 and sky,
 Dear, tell them, that if eyes were
 made for seeing,
 Then beauty is its own excuse for
 being.

Why thou were there, O rival of the
rose!

I never thought to ask; I never
knew,
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The self-same Power that brought
me there, brought you.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the
saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
the withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and
to the rabbits' tread.
The robin and the wren are flown,
and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-tops calls the
crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young
flowers that lately sprang and
stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a
beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the
gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the
fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but
the cold November rain,
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth,
the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they
perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchid died
amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and
the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook
in autumn beauty stood,

Till fell the frost from the clear cold
heaven, as falls the plague on
men,
And the brightness of their smile was
gone, from upland, glade, and
glen.

And now when comes the calm mild
day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from
out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is
heard, though all the trees are
still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the
waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flow-
ers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her
youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
and faded by my side;
In the cold moist earth we laid her,
when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should
have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like
that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should
perish with the flowers.

William Cullen Bryant.

HIE AWAY.

HIE away, hie away!
Over bank and over brae,
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
Where the lady ferns grow strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the blackcock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it:

Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green;
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away!

Walter Scott.

HUNTING SONG.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse and hunting-
spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knell-
ing,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they.
Waken, lords and ladies gay,

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
And foresters have busy been
To trace the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers
fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay.
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Walter Scott.

A-HUNTING WE WILL GO.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn;
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.
And a-hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay:
"My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows;
You cannot hunt to-day."
Yet a-hunting we will go.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,
Their steeds they soundly switch;
Some are thrown in, and some thrown
out,
And some thrown in the ditch.
Yet a-hunting we will go.

Sly Reynard now like lightning flies,
And sweeps across the vale;
And when the hounds too near he
spies,
He drops his bushy tail.
Then a-hunting we will go.

Fond echo seems to like the sport,
And join the jovial cry;
The woods, the hills, the sound retort,
And music fills the sky,
When a-hunting we do go.

At last his strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight;
Then, hungry, homeward we return,
To feast away the night,
And a-drinking we do go.

Ye jovial hunters in the morn
Prepare then for the chase;
Rise at the sounding of the horn,
And health with sport embrace
When a-hunting we do go.

Henry Fielding.

THE HUNTER'S SONG.

RISE! Sleep no more! 'Tis a noble
morn!
The dews hang thick on the fringed
thorn,
And the frost shrinks back, like a
beaten hound,
Under the steaming, steaming ground.

Behold where the billowy clouds flow
by,
And leave us alone in the clear gray
sky!

Our horses are ready and steady,—
So, ho!

I'm gone like a dart from the Tartar's
bow.

*Hark, hark! who calleth the maiden
morn*

*From her sleep in the woods and the
stubble corn?*

The horn—the horn!

*The merry sweet ring of the hunter's
horn!*

* * * * *

Sound, sound the horn! To the
hunter good

What's the gully deep, or the roaring
flood?

Right o'er he bounds, as the wild stag
bounds,

At the heels of his swift, sure, silent
hounds.

Oh! *what* delight can a mortal lack,
When he once is firm on his horse's
back,

With his stirrups short, and his snaffle
strong;

And the blast of the horn for his
morning song!

*Hark, hark! Now home! and dream
till morn*

*Of the bold sweet sound of the hunt-
er's horn!*

The horn—the horn!

*Oh, the sound of all sounds is the
hunter's horn!*

Barry Cornwall.

THE HUNT IS UP.

THE hunt is up, the hunt is up,
And it is well-nigh day;
And Harry our king is gone hunting
To bring his deer to bay.

The east is bright with morning light,
And darkness it is fled;
And the merry horn wakes up the
morn

To leave his idle bed.

Behold the skies with golden dyes
Are glowing all around;

The grass is green, and so are the
treen

All laughing at the sound.

The horses snort to be at sport,

The dogs are running free,

The woods rejoice at the merry noise
Of Hey tantara tee ree!

The sun is glad to see us clad

All in our lusty green,

And smiles in the sky as he riseth high
To see and to be seen.

Awake all men, I say again,

Be merry as you may;

For Harry our king is gone hunting,
To bring his deer to bay.

Unknown.

UP, UP! YE DAMES AND LASSES GAY!

Up, up! ye dames and lasses gay!

To the meadows trip away.

'Tis you must tend the flocks this
morn,

And scare the small birds from the
corn,

Not a soul at home may stay:

For the shepherds must go

With lance and bow

To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Leave the hearth and leave the house
To the cricket and the mouse;
Find grannam out a sunny seat,
With babe and lambkin at her feet.

Not a soul at home may stay :
 For the shepherds must go
 With lance and bow
 To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

A HAWKING PARTY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

HARK! hark! the merry warder's horn
 Far o'er the wooded hills is borne,
 And then out breaks a general din
 From those without, as those within
 Upon the terrace steps are seen
 In such a bright array!

The kenneled hounds' long bark is
 heard,
 The falconer talking to his bird,
 The neighing steeds, the angry word
 Of grooms impatient there.
 But soon the bustle is dismissed,
 The falconer sets on every wrist
 A hooded hawk, that's stroked and
 kissed
 By knight and lady fair.

And sitting in their saddles free,
 The brave, the fair of high degree,
 Forth rides that gallant company,
 Each with a bird on hand;
 And falconers with their hawking
 gear,
 And other birds, bring up the rear,
 And country-folk from far and near
 Fall in and join the band.

And merrily thus in shine and shade,
 Gay glancing through the forest glade,
 On rides the noble cavalcade,
 To moorlands wild and grey;
 And then the noble sport is high;
 The jess is loosed, the hood thrown by;
 And "leurre!" the jolly falconers cry,
 And wheeling round the falcons fly
 Impatient of their prey.

A moment and the quarry's ta'en,
 The falconer's cry sounds forth amain,
 The true hawk soars and soars again,
 Nor once the game is missed!
 And thus the jocund day is spent,
 In joyous sport and merriment:
 And baron old were well content
 To fell his wood, and pawn his rent,
 For the hawk upon his wrist.

Oh, falcon proud, and goshawk gay,
 Your pride of place has passed away,
 The lone wood is your home by day,
 Your resting perch by night;
 The craggy rock your castle-tower.
 The gay green wood your "ladies'
 bower,"
 Your own wild will the master power
 That can control your flight!

Yet, noble bird, old fame is thine,
 Still liv'st thou in the minstrel's line;
 Still in old pictures art the sign
 Of high and pure degree;
 And still, with kindling hearts we
 read,
 How barons came to Runnymede,
 Falcon on wrist, to do the deed
 That made all England free!

Mary Howitt.

VIII

Home

HOME SONG.

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and
rest;

Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know
not where

Are full of trouble and full of care,
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled, and beaten and
blown about

By the winds of the wilderness of
doubt;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and
rest;

The bird is safest in its nest:
O'er all that flutter their wings and
fly

A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE ECHOING GREEN.

THE sun doth arise
And make happy the skies;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the spring;
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound,
While our sports shall be seen
On the echoing green.

Old John with white hair
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play
And soon they all say:
"Such, such, were the joys
When we, all girls and boys,
In our youth-time were seen
On the echoing green."

Till, the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry;
The sun doth descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers,
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest;
And sport no more seen
On the echoing green.

William Blake.

A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside a hill;
A beehive's hum shall soothe my
ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built
nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome
guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring,
 Each fragrant flower that drinks
 the dew;
 And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
 In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church among the trees,
 Where first our marriage vows were
 given,
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze
 And point with taper spire to
 Heaven.

Samuel Rogers.

PLEASANT THINGS.

—'Tis sweet to hear
 At midnight on the blue and moon-
 lit deep
 The song and oar of Adria's gondo-
 lier,
 By distance mellowed, o'er the wa-
 ters sweep;
 'Tis sweet to see the evening star
 appear;
 'Tis sweet to listen as the night
 winds creep
 From leaf to leaf, 'tis sweet to view
 on high
 The rainbow, bared on ocean, span
 the sky.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's
 honest bark,
 Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we
 draw near home;
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will
 mark
 Our coming, and look brighter when
 we come;
 'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
 Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet
 the hum
 Of bees, the voice of girls, the songs of
 birds,
 The lisp of children, and their
 earliest words.

George Gordon Byron.

A TERNARIE OF LITTLES.

A LITTLE saint best fits a little shrine,
 A little prop best fits a little vine;
 As my small cruse best fits my little
 wine.

A little seed best fits a little soil,
 A little trade best fits a little toil;
 As my small jar best fits my little oil.

A little bin best fits a little bread,
 A little garland fits a little head;
 As my small stuff best fits my little
 shed.

A little hearth best fits my little fire,
 A little chapel fits a little choir;
 As my small bell best fits my little
 spire.

A little stream best fits a little boat,
 A little lead best fits a little float;
 As my small pipe best fits my little
 note.

Robert Herrick.

HAME, HAME, HAME.

HAME, hame, hame, O hame fain wad
 I be—
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain
 countree!

When the flower is i' the bud and the
 leaf is on the tree,
 The lark shall sing me hame in my ain
 countree;
 Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain wad
 I be—
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain coun-
 tree!

The green leaf o' loyaltie's beginning
 for to fa',
 The bonnie White Rose it is wither-
 ing an' a';

But I'll water 't wi' the blude of
usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will graw in my ain
countree.

O, there's nocht now frae ruin my
country can save,
But the keys o' kind heaven, to open
the grave;
That a' the noble martyrs wha died
for loyaltie
May rise again an' fight for their ain
countree.

The great now are gane, a' wha ven-
tured to save,
The new grass is springing on the tap
o' their grave;
But the sun through the mirk blinks
blithe in my e'e,
"I'll shine on ye yet in your ain
countree."

Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain wad
I be—
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain coun-
tree!

Allan Cunningham.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

From "Clari, the Maid of Milan"
'Mid pleasures and palaces though we
may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place
like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow
us there,
Which, seek through the world, is
ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's
no place like Home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles
in vain;
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage
again!

The birds singing gayly, that came at
my call,—

Give me them,—and the peace of
mind, dearer than all!

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's
no place like Home!

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond
father's smile,

And the cares of a mother to soothe
and beguile!

Let others delight mid new pleasures
to roam,

But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures
of home!

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's
no place like Home!

To thee I'll return, overburdened with
care;

The heart's dearest solace will smile
on me there;

No more from that cottage again will
I roam;

Be it ever so humble, there's no place
like home.

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's
no place like Home!

John Howard Payne.

HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH.

THOUGH clock
To tell how night draws hence, I've
none,

A cock
I have to sing how day draws on:

I have
A maid, my Prue, by good luck sent,
To save

That little, Fates me gave or lent:
A hen

I keep, which, creeping day by day,
 Tells when
 She goes her long white eggs to lay:
 A goose
 I have, which, with jealous care,
 Lets loose
 Her tongue, to tell what danger's
 near:
 A lamb
 I keep, tame, with my morsels fed,
 Whose dam
 An orphan left him lately dead:
 A cat
 I keep, that plays about my house,
 Grown fat
 With eating many a miching mouse:
 To these
 A Tracy * I do keep, whereby
 I please
 The more my rural privacy:
 Which are
 But toys, to give my heart some ease.
 Where care
 None is, slight things do slightly
 please.

Robert Herrick.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village
 street
 Stands the old-fashioned country seat.
 Across its antique portico
 Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
 And from its station in the hall
 An ancient time-piece says to all—
 “For ever—never!
 Never—for ever!”

* * * * *

By day its voice is low and light;
 But in the silent dead of night,
 Distinct as a passing footstep's fall
 It echoes along the vacant hall,

* His spaniel.

Along the ceiling, along the floor,
 And seems to say, at each chamber
 door—

“For ever—never!
 Never—for ever!”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
 Through days of death and days of
 birth

Through every swift vicissitude
 Of changeful time, unchanged it has
 stood,

And as if, like God, it all things saw,
 It calmly repeats those words of awe—

“For ever—never!
 Never—for ever!”

In that mansion used to be
 Free-hearted Hospitality;
 His great fires up the chimney roared;
 The stranger feasted at his board;
 But, like the skeletons at the feast,
 That warning time-piece never ceased—

“For ever—never!
 Never—for ever!”

There groups of merry children
 played,
 There youths and maidens dreaming
 strayed;

Oh precious hours! Oh golden prime,
 And affluence of love and time!
 Even as a miser counts his gold,
 Those hours the ancient time-piece
 told—

“For ever—never!
 Never—for ever!”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
 The bride came forth on her wedding
 night;

There, in that silent room below,
 The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
 And in the hush that followed the
 prayer,

Was heard the old clock on the stair—

“For ever—never!
 Never—for ever!”

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
“Ah! when shall they all meet again!”
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient time-piece makes reply—

“For ever—never!
Never—for ever!”

Never here—for ever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear,—
For ever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly—

“For ever—never!
Never—for ever!”

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

THE sun shines bright in the old Ken-
tucky home;

'Tis summer, the darkeys are gay;
The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's
in the bloom,

While the birds make music all the
day.

The young folks roll on the little cabin
floor,

All merry, all happy and bright;
By-'n'-by hard times comes a-knock-
ing at the door:—

Then my old Kentucky home, good-
night!

Weep no more, my lady,
O, weep no more to-day!

We will sing one song for the old
Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far
away.

They hunt no more for the 'possum
and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the
shore;

They sing no more by the glimmer of
the moon,

On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the
heart,

With sorrow, where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkeys
have to part:—

Then my old Kentucky home, good-
night!

The head must bow, and the back will
have to bend,

Wherever the darkey may go;

A few more days and the troubles all
will end,

In the field where the sugar-canes
grow.

A few more days for to tote the weary
load,—

No matter, 'twill never be light;

A few more days till we totter on the
road:—

Then my old Kentucky home, good-
night!

Weep no more, my lady,
O, weep no more to-day!

We will sing one song for the old
Kentucky home,

For the old Kentucky home, far
away.

Stephen Collins Foster.

THE INGLE-SIDE.

It's rare to see the morning bleeze
Like a bonfire frae the sea,
It's fair to see the burnie kiss
The lip o' the flowery lea;

An' fine it is on green hillside,
Where hums the bonnie bee,
But rarer, fairer, finer far
Is the ingle-side for me.

Glens may be gilt wi' gowans rare,
The birds may fill the tree;
An' haughs hae a' the scented ware
The simmer-growth can gie:
But the canty hearth where cronies
meet,
An' the darling o' our e'e,
That makes to us a warl' complete:
Oh, the ingle-side for me!

Hew Ainslee.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it—I love it, and who shall
dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-
chair!
I've treasured it long as a sainted
prize—
I've bedewed it with tears, I've em-
balmed it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my
heart,
Not a tie will break, not a link will
start;
Would you learn the spell?—A mother
sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-
chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near,
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would
give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide
With truth for my creed, and God for
my Guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest
prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eyes were dim and her locks
were grey,
And I almost worshipped her when
she smiled
And turned from her Bible to bless
her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped,
My idol was shattered—my earth-star
fled;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-
chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it
now
With quivering breath and throbbing
brow;
'Twas there she nursed me—'twas
there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide!
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding tears run down my
cheek;
But I love it—I love it, and cannot
tear
My soul from my mother's old arm-
chair.

Eliza Cook.

SONG OF THE FIRE.

'Tis a sad sight
To see the year dying,
When Autumn's last wind
Sets the yellow woods sighing:
Sighing, O sighing.

When such a time cometh
I do retire
Into an old room
Beside a bright fire:
O pile a bright fire!

And there I sit,
 Reading old things,
 Of knights and ladies,
 While the wind sings—
 O drearily sings!

I never look out
 Nor attend to the blast;
 For all to be seen
 Is the leaves falling fast;
 Falling, falling!

But close at the hearth,
 Like a cricket sit I
 Reading of summer
 And chivalry—
 Gallant chivalry!

* * * * *

Then the clouds part,
 Swallows soaring between;
 The spring is awake,
 And the meadows are green!

I jump up like mad,
 Break the old pipe in twain,
 And away to the meadows,
 The meadows again.

Edward Fitzgerald.

A CEREMONY FOR CANDLEMAS DAY.

Down with the rosemary and so
 Down with the bays and mistletoe;
 Down with the holly, ivy, all
 Wherewith ye dressed the Christmas
 hall;
 That so the superstitious find
 No one least branch there left behind;
 For look, how many leaves then be
 Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
 So many goblins you shall see.

Robert Herrick.

OLD CHRISTMAS.

Now, he who knows old Christmas,
 He knows a carle of worth;
 For he is as good a fellow,
 As any upon the earth.

He comes warm-cloaked and coated,
 And buttoned up to the chin;
 And soon as he comes a-nigh the door,
 We open and let him in.

We know that he will not fail us,
 So we sweep the hearth up clean;
 We set him the old armed-chair,
 And a cushion whereon to lean.

And with sprigs of holly and ivy
 We make the house look gay,
 Just out of an old regard to him,—
 For 'twas his ancient way.

We broach the strong ale barrel,
 And bring out wine and meat;
 And thus we have all things ready,
 Our dear old friend to greet.

And soon as the time wears round,
 The good old carle we see,
 Coming a-near—for a creditor
 Less punctual is than he.

He comes with a cordial voice,
 That does one good to hear;
 He shakes one heartily by the hand,
 As he hath done many a year.

And after the little children
 He asks in a cheerful tone,
 Jack, Kate, and little Annie,—
 He remembers them every one!

What a fine old fellow he is!
 With his faculties all as clear,
 And his heart as warm and light,
 As a man's in his fortieth year!

What a fine old fellow, in troth!
 Not one of your griping elves,
 Who, with plenty of money to spare,
 Think only about themselves.

Not he! for he loveth the children,
 And holiday begs for all;
 And comes with his pockets full of
 gifts,
 For the great ones and the small.

With a present for every servant,—
 For in giving he doth not tire,—
 From the red-faced jovial butler,
 To the girl by the kitchen fire.

And he tells us witty old stories,
 And singeth with might and main;
 And we talk of the old man's visit,
 Till the day that he comes again.

Oh! he is a kind old fellow,
 For though the beef be dear,
 He giveth the parish paupers,
 A good dinner once a year.

And all the workhouse children,
 He sets them down in a row,
 And giveth them rare plum pudding,
 And twopence apiece also!

Oh, could you have seen those paupers,
 Have heard those children young,
 You would wish with them, that
 Christmas
 Came often and tarried long!

He must be a rich old fellow,—
 What money he gives away!
 There is not a lord in England
 Could equal him any day!

Good luck unto old Christmas,
 And long life, let us sing,
 For he doth more good unto the poor,
 Than many a crownéd king!

Mary Howitt.

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

HEAP on more wood!—the wind is
 chill;
 But let it whistle as it will,
 We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

Each age has deem'd the new-born
 year
 The fittest time for festal cheer:
 And well our Christian sires of old
 Loved when the year its course had
 roll'd,
 And brought blithe Christmas back
 again,
 With all his hospitable train.
 Domestic and religious rite
 Gave honour to the holy night;
 On Christmas Eve the bells were
 rung;
 On Christmas Eve the mass was sung:
 That only night in all the year,
 Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
 The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen;
 The hall was dress'd with holly green;
 Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
 To gather in the mistletoe.
 Then open'd wide the Baron's hall
 To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
 Power laid his rod of rule aside,
 And Ceremony doff'd his pride.
 The heir, with roses in his shoes,
 That night might village partner
 choose;
 The lord, underogating, share
 The vulgar game of "post and pair."
 All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight
 And general voice, the happy night,
 That to the cottage, as the Crown,
 Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs sup-
 plied,
 Went roaring up the chimney wide;

The huge hall-table's oaken face,
 Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to
 grace,
 Bore then upon its massive board
 No mark to part the squire and lord.
 Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
 By old blue-coated serving-man;
 Then the grim boar's head frown'd on
 high,
 Crested with bays and rosemary.
 Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell,
 How, when, and where, the monster
 fell;
 What dogs before his death he tore,
 And all the baiting of the boar.
 The wassail round, in good brown
 bowls,
 Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely
 trowls.
 There the huge sirloin reek'd; hard by
 Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas
 pie;
 Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,
 At such high tide, her savoury goose.
 Then came the merry maskers in,
 And carols roar'd with blithesome
 din;
 If unmelodious was the song,
 It was a hearty note, and strong.
 Who lists may in their mumming see
 Traces of ancient mystery;
 White shirts supplied the masquerade,
 And smutted cheeks the visors made;—
 But, O! what maskers, richly dight,
 Can boast of bosoms half so light!
 England was merry England, when
 Old Christmas brought his sports
 again.
 'Twas Christmas broach'd the mighti-
 est ale;
 'Twas Christmas told the merriest
 tale;
 A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
 The poor man's heart through half
 the year.

Walter Scott.

CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMAS.

COME, bring with a noise,
 My merry, merry boys,
 The Christmas log to the firing,
 While my good dame she
 Bids ye all be free,
 And drink to your heart's desiring.

With the last year's brand,
 Light the new block, and
 For good success in his spending,
 On your psalteries play
 That sweet luck may
 Come while the log is a-tending.

Drink now the strong beer,
 Cut the white loaf here,
 The while the meat is a-shredding;
 For the rare mince-pie,
 And the plums stand by,
 To fill the paste that's a-kneading.

Robert Herrick.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of
 the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheered the
 labouring swain;
 Where smiling spring its earliest visits
 paid,
 And parting summer's lingering
 bloom delayed;
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and
 ease,
 Seats of my youth, when every sport
 could please!
 How often have I loitered o'er thy
 green,
 Where humble happiness endeared
 each scene;
 How often have I paused on every
 charm—
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,

The decent church that topp'd the
 neighbouring hill,
 The hawthorn-bush, with seats be-
 neath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers
 made!
 How often have I blessed the coming
 day,
 When toil remitting lent its turn to
 play,
 And all the village train, from labour
 free,
 Led up their sports beneath the
 spreading tree:
 While many a pastime, circled in the
 shade,
 The young contended as the old sur-
 veyed;
 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the
 ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of
 strength went round;
 And still, as each repeated pleasure
 tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band
 inspired;
 The dancing pair that simply sought
 renown,
 By holding out to tire each other
 down;
 The swain, mistrustless of his smuttred
 face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round
 the place;
 The bashful virgin's side-long looks of
 love,
 The matron's glance that would those
 looks reprove.
 These were thy charms, sweet village!
 sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught e'en toil
 to please;
 These round thy bowers their cheerful
 influence shed,
 These *were* thy charms—but all these
 charms are fled.

Oliver Goldsmith.

FATHER IS COMING.

THE clock is on the stroke of six,
 The father's work is done;
 Sweep up the hearth, and mend the
 fire,
 And put the kettle on:
 The wild night-wind is blowing cold,
 'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He is crossing o'er the wold apace,
 He is stronger than the storm;
 He does not feel the cold, not he,
 His heart it is so warm;
 For father's heart is stout and true
 As ever human bosom knew.

He makes all toil, all hardship light;
 Would all men were the same!
 So ready to be pleased, so kind,
 So very slow to blame!
 Folks need not be unkind, austere;
 For love hath readier will than fear.

Nay, do not close the shutters, child,
 For far along the lane
 The little window looks, and he
 Can see it shining plain;
 I've heard him say he loves to mark
 The cheerful firelight, through the
 dark.

And we'll do all that father likes;
 His wishes are so few;
 Would they were more; that every
 hour
 Some wish of his I knew!
 I'm sure it makes a happy day,
 When I can please him any way.

I know he's coming by this sign,
 That baby's almost wild,
 See how he laughs, and crows, and
 stares—

Heaven bless the merry child!
 His father's self in face and limb,
 And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now,
 He's through the garden gate;
 Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
 And do not let him wait.
 Shout, baby, shout! and clap thy
 hands,
 For father on the threshold stands.

Mary Howitt.

BABY MAY.

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches;
 Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
 Poppies paleness; round large eyes
 Ever great with new surprise.
 Minutes filled with shadeless gladness,
 Minutes just as brimmed with sadness,
 Happy smiles and wailing cries,
 Crows and laughs and tearful eyes.
 Lights and shadows swifter form
 Than on wind-swept autumn corn,
 Ever some new tiny notion,
 Making every limb all motion,
 Catching up of legs and arms,
 Throwings back and small alarms,
 Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,
 Twining feet, whose each toe works,
 Kickings up and straining risings,
 Mother's ever new surprisings.
 Hands all wants, and looks all wonder
 At all things the heavens under.
 Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings,
 That have more of love than lovings,
 Mischiefs done with such a winning
 Archness, that we prize such sinning.
 Breakings dire of plates and glasses,
 Graspings small at all that passes,
 Pullings off of all that's able
 To be caught from tray or table;
 Silences—small meditations,
 Deep as thoughts of cares for nations,
 Breaking into wisest speeches
 In a tongue that nothing teaches,
 All the thoughts of whose possessing
 Must be wooed to light by guessing;
 Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings,
 That we'd ever have such dreamings,

Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
 And we'd always have thee waking;
 Wealth for which we know no meas-
 ure,

Pleasure high above all pleasure,
 Gladness brimming over gladness,
 Joy in care—delight in sadness,
 Loveliness beyond completeness,
 Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
 Beauty all that beauty may be—
 That's May Bennett, that's my baby.

William Cox Bennett.

MY EARLY HOME.

HERE sparrows build upon the trees,
 And stockdove hides her nest;
 The leaves are winnowed by the breeze
 Into a calmer rest:
 The black-cap's song was very sweet,
 That used the rose to kiss;
 It made the Paradise complete:
 My early home was this.

The red-breast from the sweetbrier
 bush
 Dropped down to pick the worm;
 On the horse-chestnut sang the thrush,
 O'er the house where I was born;
 The moonlight, like a shower of pearls,
 Fell o'er this "bower of bliss,"
 And on the bench sat boys and girls:
 My early home was this.

The old house stooped just like a cave,
 Thatched o'er with mosses green;
 Winter around the walls would rave,
 But all was calm within;
 The trees are here all green again,
 Here bees the flowers still kiss,
 But flowers and trees seemed sweeter
 then:
 My early home was this.

John Clare.

THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

IN tattered old slippers that toast at
the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed
with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and
its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four
pairs of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be
sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air
rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny
day
Is grand, through the chimney-pots
over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed
in all nooks
With worthless old knickknacks and
silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old
ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap
keepsakes from friends.

Old armour, prints, pictures, pipes,
china (all cracked),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-
backed;
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to
see;
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you,
friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan re-
quire,
Than the creaking old sofa that basks
by the fire,
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what mu-
sic you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy
spinnet.

That praying-rug came from a Turco-
man's camp;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen
old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has
drawn:
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muf-
fins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the
night, and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old
friends, and old times:
As we sit in a fog made of rich Lata-
kie,
This chamber is pleasant to you,
friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that
garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish
the best;
For the finest of couches that's padded
with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-
bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered,
worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted
old feet;
But since the fair morning when
Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-
bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding
such charms,
A thrill must have passed through
your withered old arms!
I looked, and I longed, and I wished
in despair;
I wished myself turned to a cane-bot-
tomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this
place,
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile
on her face!
A smile on her face, and a rose in her
hair,
And she sat there, and bloomed in my
cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever
since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the
throne of a prince;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I
declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-
bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the
company's gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here
alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a
pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed
chair.

She comes from the past, and revisits
my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty
and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so
fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bot-
tomed chair.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY.

HE ne'er had seen one earthly sight;
The sun, the day; the stars, the night;
Or tree, or butterfly, or flower,
Or fish in stream, or bird in bower,
Or woman, man, or child.

And yet he neither drooped nor pined,
Nor had a melancholy mind;
For God took pity on the boy,
And was his friend; and gave him joy
Of which we nothing know.

His mother, too, no doubt, above
Her other children him did love!
For, was she here, or was she there,
She thought of him with constant care,
And more than mother's love.

And proud was she of heart, when,
clad
In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,
And bonnet with a feather gay,
To Kirk he on the Sabbath day,
Went hand in hand with her.

A dog, too, had he; not for need,
But one to play with and to feed;
Which would have led him, if bereft
Of company or friends, and left
Without a better guide.

And then the bag-pipes he could blow;
And thus from house to house would
go,
And all were pleased to hear and see;
For none made sweeter melody
Than did the poor blind boy.

William Wordsworth.

HEART'S CONTENT.

“A SAIL! a sail! Oh, whence away,
And whither, o'er the foam?
Good brother mariners, we pray,
God speed you safely home!”
“Now wish us not so foul a wind,
Until the fair be spent;
For hearth and home we leave behind:
We sail for Heart's Content.”

“For Heart’s Content! And sail ye
 so,
 With canvas flowing free?
 But, pray you, tell us, if ye know,
 Where may that harbor be?
 For we that greet you, worn of time,
 Wave-racked, and tempest-rent,
 By sun and star, in every clime,
 Have searched for Heart’s Content.

“In every clime the world around,
 The waste of waters o’er;
 An El Dorado have we found,
 That ne’er was found before.
 The isles of spice, the lands of dawn,
 Where East and West are blent—
 All these our eyes have looked upon,
 But where is Heart’s Content?

“Oh, turn again, while yet ye may,
 And ere the hearths are cold,
 And all the embers ashen-gray,
 By which ye sat of old,
 And dumb in death the loving lips
 That mourned as forth ye went
 To join the fleet of missing ships,
 In quest of Heart’s Content;

“And seek again the harbor-lights,
 Which faithful fingers trim,
 Ere yet alike the days and nights
 Unto your eyes are dim!
 For woe, alas! to those that roam
 Till time and tide are spent,
 And win no more the port of home—
 The only Heart’s Content!”

Unknown.

THE AULD HOUSE.

OH, the auld house, the auld house,—
 What though the rooms were wee?
 Oh, kind hearts were dwelling there,
 And bairnies fu’ o’ glee;

The wild rose and the jessamine
 Still hang upon the wa’:
 How mony cherished memories
 Do they sweet flowers reca’!

Oh, the auld laird, the auld laird,
 Sae canty, kind, and crouse,—
 How mony did he welcome to
 His ain wee dear auld house;
 And the leddy too, sae genty,
 There sheltered Scotland’s heir,
 And clipped a lock wi’ her ain hand,
 Frae his lang yellow hair.

The mavis still doth sweetly sing,
 The bluebells sweetly blaw,
 The bonny Earn’s clear winding still,
 But the auld house is awa’.
 The auld house, the auld house,—
 Deserted though ye be,
 There ne’er can be a new house
 Will seem sae fair to me.

Still flourishing the auld pear-tree
 The bairnies liked to see;
 And oh, how often did they speir
 When ripe they a’ wad be!
 The voices sweet, the wee bit feet
 Aye rinnin’ here and there,
 The merry shout—oh! whiles we greet
 To think we’ll hear nae mair.

For they are a’ wide scattered now;
 Some to the Indies gane,
 And ane, alas! to her lang hame;
 Not here we’ll meet again.
 The kirkyard, the kirkyard!
 Wi’ flowers o’ every hue,
 Sheltered by the holly’s shade
 An’ the dark sombre yew.

The setting sun, the setting sun!
 How glorious it gaed doon;
 The cloudy splendor raised our hearts
 To cloudless skies aboon.

The auld dial, the auld dial!
 It tauld how time did pass;
 The wintry winds hae dung it doon,
 Now hid 'mang weeds and grass.

Carolina Nairne.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

OVER the mountains
 And over the waves,
 Under the fountains
 And under the graves;
 Under floods that are deepest,
 Which Neptune obey,
 Over rocks that are steepest,
 Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
 For the glow-worm to lie,
 Where there is no space
 For receipt of a fly;
 Where the midge dares not venture
 Lest herself fast she lay,
 If Love come, he will enter
 And will find out the way.

Unknown.

THE COUNTRY PARSON.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the
 garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden flower
 grows wild;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the
 place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest man-
 sion rose.
 A man he was, to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a
 year,
 Remote from towns he ran his godly
 race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to
 change, his place;

Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for
 power
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying
 hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learnt to
 prize,
 More skilled to raise the wretched
 than to rise.
 His house was known to all the va-
 grant train,
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved
 their pain;
 The long-remembered beggar was his
 guest,
 Whose beard descending, swept his
 aged breast;
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer
 proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his
 claims allowed,
 The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talked the night
 away;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of
 sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed
 how fields were won.
 Pleased with his guests, the good man
 learned to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their
 woe;
 Careless their merits or their faults to
 scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his
 pride,
 And e'en his failings leaned to vir-
 tue's side;
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watched and wept, he prayed and
 felt, for all.
 And, as a bird each fond endearment
 tries,
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to
 the skies;

He tried each art, reproved each dull
 delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the
 way.

Beside the bed where parting life was
 laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pains, by turns
 dismayed,
 The reverend champion stood. At his
 control,
 Despair and anguish fled the strug-
 gling soul;
 Comfort came down the trembling
 wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whis-
 pered praise.

At church with meek and unaffected
 grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with
 double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained
 to pray.
 The service past, around the pious
 man,
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic
 ran;
 E'en children followed, with endear-
 ing wile,
 And plucked his gown, to share the
 good man's smile,
 His ready smile a parent's warmth
 expressed;
 Their welfare pleased him, and their
 cares distressed;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs,
 were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest
 in heaven:
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful
 form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway
 leaves the storm,

Though round its breast the rolling
 clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Oliver Goldsmith.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
 The village smithy stands;
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands;
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
 His face is like the tan;
 His brow is wet with honest sweat,
 He earns whate'er he can,
 And looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till
 night,
 You can hear his bellows blow;
 You can hear him swing his heavy
 sledge,
 With measured beat and slow,
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
 When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
 Look in at the open door;
 They love to see the flaming forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
 And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among his boys;
 He hears the parson pray and preach,
 He hears his daughter's voice
 Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's
voice,

Singing in Paradise!

He needs must think of her once more,

How in the grave she lies;

And with his hard, rough hand he
wipes

A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,

Onward through life he goes;

Each morning sees some task begun,

Each evening sees its close;

Something attempted, something done,

Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy
friend,

For the lesson thou hast taught!

Thus at the flaming forge of life

Our fortunes must be wrought;

Thus on its sounding anvil shaped

Each burning deed and thought!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

IX

Insects, Birds, and Beasts

TO AN INSECT.

I LOVE to hear thine earnest voice,
Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty Katydid!
Thou mindest me of gentlefolks,—
Old gentlefolks are they,—
Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid!
I know it by the trill
That quivers through thy piercing
notes,
So petulant and shrill;
I think there is a knot of you
Beneath the hollow tree,—
A knot of spinster Katydids,—
Do Katydids drink tea?

Oh, tell me where did Katy live,
And what did Katy do?
And was she very fair and young,
And yet so wicked, too?
Did Katy love a naughty man,
Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
Than many a Kate has done.

Dear me! I'll tell you all about
My fuss with little Jane,
And Ann, with whom I used to walk
So often down the lane,
And all that tore their locks of black,
Or wet their eyes of blue,—
Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,
What did poor Katy do?

Ah no! the living oak shall crash,
That stood for ages still,
The rock shall rend its mossy base
And thunder down the hill,
Before the little Katydid
Shall add one word, to tell
The mystic story of the maid
Whose name she knows so well.

Peace to the ever-murmuring race!
And when the latest one
Shall fold in death her feeble wings
Beneath the autumn sun,
Then shall she raise her fainting voice,
And lift her drooping lid,
And then the child of future years
Shall hear what Katy did.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE HUMBLE-BEE.

BURLY dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;

Voyager of light and noon;
Epicurean of June;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and birdlike pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue
And brier-roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.

When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

TO A MOUSE.

On Turning Her Nest With the Plow,
November, 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous
beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa' sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring prattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born com-
panion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may
thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun
live!
A daimen icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request;
I'll get a blessin' wi' the laive,
And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an'
waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,—
Till, crash! the cruel coulter passed
Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turned out, for a' thy
trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men,
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us naught but grief an' pain,
For promised joy!

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward, though I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

Robert Burns.

THE SNAIL.

To grass or leaf, or fruit or wall,
The snail sticks close, nor fears to fall,
As if he grew there, house and all
Together.

Within that house secure he hides,
When danger imminent betides,
Of storm, or other harm besides
Of weather.

Give but his horns the slightest touch,
His self-collecting power is such,
He shrinks into his house with much
Displeasure.

Where'er he dwells, he dwells alone,
Except himself, has chattels none,
Well satisfied to be his own
Whole treasure.

Thus, hermit-like, his life he leads,
Nor partner of his banquet needs,
And if he meets one, only feeds
The faster.

Who seeks him must be worse than
blind
(He and his house are so combined),
If, finding it, he fails to find
Its master.

*From the Latin of Vincent Bourne,
by William Cowper.*

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

THE frugal snail, with forecast of re-
pose,
Carries his house with him where'er
he goes;
Peeps out,—and if there comes a
shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile amain.
Touch but a tip of him, a horn,—'tis
well,—
He curls up in his sanctuary shell.
He's his own landlord, his own ten-
ant; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter
Day.
Himself he boards and lodges; both
invites
And feasts himself; sleeps with him-
self o' nights.
He spares the upholsterer trouble to
procure
Chattels; himself is his own furniture,
And his sole riches. Whereso'er he
roam,—
Knock when you will,—he's sure to
be at home.

*From the Latin of Vincent Bourne,
by Charles Lamb.*

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND
THE CRICKET.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny
grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of
June:
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy
noon,
When even the bees lag at the sum-
moning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper,
who class
With those who think the candle's
come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your trick-
some tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they
pass!
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong
One to the fields, the other to the
hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though
small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem
given to earth
To sing in thoughtful ears their natu-
ral song—
In doors and out, summer and winter,
Mirth.

Leigh Hunt.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee,

All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice:
Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer he and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee, country hinds with gladness
hear,
Prophet of the ripened year:
Thee Phœbus loves and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know:
But when thou'st drunk, and danced,
and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among
(Voluptuous and wise withal,
Epicurean animal)
Sated with the summer feast
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

Abraham Cowley.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND
THE CRICKET.

THE poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the
hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will
run
From hedge to hedge about the new-
mown mead:
That is the grasshopper's—he takes
the lead
In summer luxury—he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out
with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant
weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the
frost

Has wrought a silence, from the stove
 there shrills
 The Cricket's song, in warmth in-
 creasing ever,
 And seems to one in drowsiness half
 lost,
 The grasshopper's among the grassy
 hills.

John Keats.

THE CRICKET.

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,
 Chirping on my kitchen hearth,
 Wheresoe'er be thy abode
 Always harbinger of good:
 Pay we for thy warm retreat
 With a song more soft and sweet;
 In return thou shalt receive
 Such a strain as I can give.

Thus thy praise shall be expressed,
 Inoffensive, welcome guest!
 While the rat is on the scout
 And the mouse with curious snout,
 With what vermin else infest
 Every dish and spoil the best;
 Frisking thus before the fire
 Thou hast all thy heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be
 Formed as if akin to thee,
 Thou surpassest, happier far,
 Happiest grasshoppers that are;
 Theirs is but a summer song,
 Thine endures the winter long,
 Unimpaired, and shrill, and clear,
 Melody throughout the year.

Neither night nor dawn of day
 Puts a period to thy play:
 Sing, then—and extend thy span
 Far beyond the date of man.
 Wretched man, whose years are spent
 In repining discontent,
 Lives not, aged though he be,
 Half a span, compared with thee.

*From the Latin of Vincent Bourne,
 by William Cowper.*

TO A CRICKET.

VOICE of summer, keen and shrill,
 Chirping round my winter fire,
 Of thy song I never tire,
 Weary others as they will,
 For thy song with summer's filled—
 Filled with sunshine, filled with
 June;
 Firelight echo of that noon
 Heard in fields when all is stilled
 In the golden light of May,
 Bringing scents of new-mown hay,
 Bees, and birds, and flowers away,
 Prithee, haunt my fireside still,
 Voice of summer, keen and shrill.

William Cox Bennett.

THE BUTTERFLY'S FIRST FLIGHT.

THOU has burst from thy prison,
 Bright child of the air,
 Like a spirit just risen
 From its mansion of care.

Thou art joyously winging
 Thy first ardent flight,
 Where the gay lark is singing
 Her notes of delight:

Where the sunbeams are throwing
 Their glories on thine,
 Till thy colours are glowing
 With tints more divine.

Then tasting new pleasure
 In summer's green bowers,
 Reposing at leisure
 On fresh-open'd flowers.

Or delighted to hover
 Around them, to see
 Whose charms, airy rover,
 Bloom sweetest for thee;

And fondly inhaling
 Their fragrance, till day
 From thy bright eye is failing
 And fading away.

Then seeking some blossom
 Which looks to the west,
 Thou dost find in its bosom
 Sweet shelter and rest.

And there dost betake thee
 Till darkness is o'er,
 And the sunbeams awake thee
 To pleasure once more.

Unknown.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

I've watched you now a full half-hour,
 Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
 And, little butterfly, indeed,
 I know not if you sleep or feed.

How motionless!—not frozen seas
 More motionless; and then,
 What joy awaits you when the breeze
 Hath found you out among the trees,
 And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard ground is ours,
 My trees they are, my sister's flowers;
 Here rest your wings when they are
 weary,
 Here lodge as in a sanctuary!

Come to us often, fear no wrong,
 Sit near us on the bough!
 We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
 And summer days when we were
 young;
 Sweet childish days that were as long
 As twenty days are now.

William Wordsworth.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

STAY near me—do not take thy flight!
 A little longer stay in sight!
 Much converse do I find in thee,
 Historian of my infancy!
 Float near me; do not yet depart!
 Dead times revive in thee:
 Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou
 art,
 A solemn image to my heart,
 My father's family!

Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days,
 The time when, in our childish plays,
 My sister Emmeline and I
 Together chased the butterfly!
 A very hunter did I rush
 Upon the prey—with leaps and
 springs
 I followed on from brake to bush,
 But she, God love her, feared to brush
 The dust from off its wings.

William Wordsworth.

THE BEE.

LIKE trains of cars on tracks of
 plush
 I hear the level bee:
 A jar across the flowers goes,
 Their velvet masonry

Withstands until the sweet assault
 Their chivalry consumes,
 While he, victorious, tilts away
 To vanquish other blooms.

His feet are shod with gauze,
 His helmet is of gold;
 His breast, a single onyx
 With chrysoprase, inlaid.

His labor is a chant,
 His idleness a tune;
 Oh, for a bee's experience
 Of clovers and of noon!

Emily Dickinson.

WHITE BUTTERFLIES.

FLY, white butterflies, out to sea,
Frail, pale wings for the wind to try,
Small white wings that we scarce can
see,

Fly!

Some fly light as a laugh of glee,
Some fly soft as a long, low sigh;
All to the haven where each would be,
Fly!

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch, when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the
bough.

William Shakespeare.

SONG OF THE BEES.

WE watch for the light of the morn to
break,
And colour the eastern sky
With its blended hues of saffron and
lake;
Then say to each other, "Awake!
awake!
For our winter's honey is all to make,
And our bread for a long supply."
And off we hie to the hill and dell,
To the field, to the meadow and
bower;
We love in the columbine's horn to
dwell,
To dip in the lily with snow-white
bell,
To search for the balm in its fragrant
cell,
The mint and the rosemary flower.

We seek the bloom of the eglantine,
Of the painted thistle and brier;
And follow the steps of the wandering
vine,
Whether it trail on the earth supine,
Or round the aspiring tree-top twine,
And aim at a state still higher.

While each, on the good of her sister
bent,
Is busy, and cares for all,
We hope for an evening of heart's
content
In the winter of life, without lament
That summer is gone, or its hours
misspent,
And the harvest is past recall.

Hannah Flagg Gould.

TO A BEE.

THOU wert out betimes, thou busy,
busy bee!
As abroad I took my early way,
Before the cow from her resting-place
Had risen up, and left her trace
On the meadow, with dew so gay,
Saw I thee, thou busy, busy bee!
Thou wert working late, thou busy,
busy bee!
After the fall of the cistus flower,
When the primrose of evening was
ready to burst,
I heard thee last, as I saw thee first;
In the silence of the evening hour,
Heard I thee, thou busy, busy bee!
Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy bee!
Late and early at employ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy summer in keeping and hoarding
is spent,
What thy winter will never enjoy.
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy,
busy bee!

Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy
bee!

What is the end of thy toil,
When the latest flowers of the ivy are
gone,
And all thy work for the year is done,
Thy master comes for the spoil;
Woe then for thee, thou busy, busy
bee!

Robert Southey.

TO A FLY.

BUSY, curious, thirsty Fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Could'st thou sip, and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hast'ning quick to their decline:—
Thine's a summer: mine's no more,
Though repeated to three-score:—
Three-score summers, when they're
gone
Will appear as short as one.

William Oldys.

MISTER FLY.

WHAT a sharp little fellow is Mister
Fly,
He goes where he pleases, low or high,
And can walk just as well with his
feet to the sky
As I can on the floor;
At the window he comes
With a buzz and a roar,
And o'er the smooth glass
Can easily pass
Or through the keyhole of the door.
He eats the sugar, and goes away,
Nor ever once asks what there is to
pay;

And sometimes he crosses the teapot's
steam,

And comes and plunges his head in
the cream;

Then on the edge of the jug he stands,
And cleans his wings with his feet
and hands.

This done, through the window he
hurries away,

And gives a buzz, as if to say,
"At present I haven't a minute to
stay,

But I'll peep in again in the course of
the day."

Then again he'll fly

Where the sunbeams lie,

And neither stop to shake hands

Nor bid good-bye:

Such a strange little fellow is Master
Fly,

Who goes where he pleases, low or
high,

And can walk on the ceiling

Without ever feeling

A fear of tumbling down "sky-high."

Thomas Miller.

THE FLY.

LITTLE fly,
Thy summer's play,
My thoughtless hand
Has brush'd away.

Am not I
A fly like thee?
Or art not thou
A man like me?

For I dance,
And drink and sing,
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life
And strength and breath,
And the want
Of thought is death;

Then am I
A happy fly
If I live
Or if I die.

William Blake.

THE TRUE STORY OF WEB- SPINNER.

WEB-SPINNER was a miser old,
Who came of low degree;
His body was large, his legs were thin,
And he kept bad company;
And his visage had the evil look
Of a black felon grim;
To all the country he was known,
But none spoke well of him.
His house was seven stories high,
In a corner of the street,
And it always had a dirty look,
When other homes were neat;
Up in his garret dark he lived,
And from the windows high,
Looked out in the dusky evening
Upon the passers-by.
Most people thought he lived alone,
Yet many have averred
That dismal cries from out his house
Were often loudly heard;
And that none living left his gate,
Although a few went in;
For he seized the very beggar old,
And stripped him to the skin.
And though he prayed for mercy,
Yet mercy ne'er was shown—
The miser cut his body up,
And picked him bone from bone.
Thus people said, and all believed
The dismal story true;
As it was told to me, in truth,
I tell it so to you.

There was an ancient widow—
One Madgy de la Moth,
A stranger to the man, or she
Had ne'er gone there in troth:

But she was poor and wandered out,
At nightfall in the street,
To beg from rich men's tables
Dry scraps of broken meat.
So she knocked at old Web-Spinner's
door
With a modest tap, and low,
And down stairs came he speedily
Like an arrow from a bow.
"Walk in, walk in, mother," said he,
And shut the door behind—
She thought, for such a gentleman,
That he was wondrous kind.
But ere the midnight clock had tolled,
Like a tiger of the wood,
He had eaten the flesh from off her
bones,
And drunk of her heart's blood!

Now after this foul deed was done,
A little season's space,
The Burly Baron of Bluebottle
Was riding from the chase.
The sport was dull, the day was hot,
The sun was sinking down,
When wearily the Baron rode
Into the dusty town.
Says he, "I'll ask a lodging,
At the first house I come to;"
With that, the gate of Web-Spinner
Came suddenly in view;
Loud was the knock the Baron gave:
Down came the churl with glee;
Says Bluebottle, "Good Sir, to-night
I ask your courtesy;
I am wearied by a long day's chase—
My friends are far behind."
"You may need them all," said Web-
Spinner,
"It runneth in my mind."
"A Baron am I," said Bluebottle;
"From a foreign land I come;"
"I thought as much," said Web-
Spinner,
"Fools never stay at home!"

Says the Baron, "Churl, what mean-
eth this?

I defy you, villain base!"
And he wished the while, in his in-
most heart,

He was safely from the place.
Web-Spinner ran and locked the door,
And a loud laugh laughéd he,
With that, each one on the other
sprang,

And they wrestled furiously.
The Baron was a man of might,
A swordsman of renown;
But the Miser had the stronger arm,
And kept the Baron down.

Then out he took a little cord,
From a pocket at his side,
And with many a crafty, cruel knot,
His hands and feet he tied;
And bound him down unto the floor,
And said in savage jest,
"There is heavy work for you in
store;

So, Baron, take your rest!"
Then up and down his house he went,
Arranging dish and platter,
With a dull and heavy countenance,
As if nothing were the matter.
At length he seized on Bluebottle,
That strong and burly man,
And, with many and many a desper-
ate tug,

To hoist him up began:
And step by step, and step by step,
He went with heavy tread;
But ere he reached the garret door,
Poor Bluebottle was dead.

Now all this while, a magistrate,
Who lived in a house hard by,
Had watched Web-Spinner's cruelty
Through a window privily:
So in he burst, through bolts and bars,
With a loud and thundering sound,
And vowed to burn the house with
fire,
And level it with the ground;

But the wicked churl, who all his life
Had looked for such a day,
Passed through a trap-door in the
wall,

And took himself away.
But where he went, no man could tell:
'Twas said that under ground
He died a miserable death—

But his body ne'er was found.
They pulled his house down, stick and
stone,

"For a caitiff vile as he,"
Said they, "within our quiet town
Shall not a dweller be!"

Mary Howitt.

MY THRUSH.

ALL through the sultry hours of June,
From morning blithe to golden noon,
And till the star of evening climbs
The gray-blue East, a world too soon,
There sings a Thrush amid the
limes.

God's poet, hid in foliage green,
Sings endless songs, himself unseen;
Right seldom come his silent times.
Linger, ye summer hours serene!
Sing on, dear Thrush, amid the
limes!

Nor from these confines wander out,
Where the old gun, bucolic lout,
Commits all day his murderous
crimes:
Though cherries ripe are sweet, no
doubt,
Sweeter thy song amid the limes.

May I not dream God sends thee there,
Thou mellow angel of the air,
Even to rebuke my earthlier rhymes
With music's soul, all praise and
prayer?
Is that thy lesson in the limes?

Closer to God art thou than I:
 His minstrel thou, whose brown wings
 fly
 Through silent ether's summer
 climes.
 Ah, never may thy music die!
 Sing on, dear Thrush, amid the
 limes!

Mortimer Collins.

THE EAGLE.

HE clasps the crag with crooked
 hands;
 Close to the sun in lonely lands,
 Ringed with the azure world, he
 stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
 He watches from his mountain walls,
 And like a thunderbolt he falls.

Alfred Tennyson.

THE NAUTILUS.

WHERE southern suns and winds pre-
 vail,
 And undulate the summer seas,
 The Nautilus expands his sail,
 And scuds before the freshening
 breeze.

Oft is a little squadron seen
 Of mimic ships, all rigged complete;
 Fancy might think the fairy-queen
 Was sailing with her elfin fleet.

With how much beauty is designed
 Each channeled bark of purest
 white!
 With orient pearl each cabin lined,
 Varying with every change of light.

While with his little slender oars,
 His silken sail and tapering mast,
 The dauntless mariner explores
 The dangers of the watery waste;

Prepared, should tempests rend the
 sky,
 From harm his fragile bark to keep,
 He furls his sail, his oars lays by,
 And seeks his safety in the deep.

Then safe on ocean's shelly bed,
 He hears the storm above him roar,
 'Mid groves of coral glowing red,
 And rocks o'erhung with madre-
 pore.

So let us catch life's favouring gale;
 But, if fate's adverse winds be rude
 Take calmly in the adventurous sail,
 And find repose in solitude.

Charlotte Smith.

THE KITTEN AT PLAY.

SEE the kitten on the wall,
 Sporting with the leaves that fall,
 Withered leaves, one, two, and three
 Falling from the elder-tree,
 Through the calm and frosty air
 Of the morning bright and fair.

See the kitten, how she starts,
 Crouches, stretches, paws and darts;
 With a tiger-leap half way
 Now she meets her coming prey.
 Lets it go as fast and then
 Has it in her power again.

Now she works with three and four,
 Like an Indian conjurer;
 Quick as he in feats of art,
 Gracefully she plays her part;
 Yet were gazing thousands there,
 What would little Tabby care?

William Wordsworth.



*See the kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall*

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THE KITTEN AT PLAY

THE RETIRED CAT.

A POET'S cat, sedate and grave
As poet well could wish to have,
Was much addicted to inquire
For nooks to which she might retire,
And where, secure as mouse in chink,
She might repose, or sit and think.

* * * * *

Sometimes ascending, debonair,
An apple-tree, or lofty pear,
Lodged with convenience in the fork
She watched the gardener at his work;
Sometimes her ease and solace sought
In an old empty watering-pot;
There, wanting nothing but a fan,
To seem some nymph in her sedan,
Apparelled in exactest sort,
And ready to be borne to court.

But love of change it seems has place
Not only in our wiser race;
Cats also feel, as well as we,
That passion's force, and so did she.
Her climbing, she began to find,
Exposed her too much to the wind,
And the old utensil of tin
Was cold and comfortless within;
She therefore wished, instead of those,
Some place of more secure repose,
Where neither cold might come, nor
air

Too rudely wanton with her hair,
And sought it in the likeliest mode
Within her master's snug abode.

A drawer, it chanced, at bottom lined
With linen of the softest kind—
A drawer impending o'er the rest,
Half open, in the topmost chest,
Of depth enough, and none to spare,
Inviting her to slumber there.
Puss, with delight beyond expression,
Surveyed the scene and took possession.

Then resting at her ease, ere long,
And lulled by her own hum-drum
song,

She left the cares of life behind,
And slept as she would sleep her last;

When in came, housewifely inclined,
The chambermaid, and shut it fast;
By no malignity impelled,
But all unconscious whom it held.

Awakened by the shock, cried Puss,
"Was ever cat attended thus!
The open drawer was left I see,
Merely to prove a nest for me;
For soon as I was well composed,
Then came the maid, and it was closed.
How smooth these kerchiefs and how
sweet;

Oh! what a delicate retreat,
I will resign myself to rest,
Till Sol declining in the west,
Shall call to supper, when, no doubt,
Susan will come and let me out."

The evening came, the sun descended,
And Puss remained still unattended.
The night rolled tardily away
(With her, indeed, 'twas never day),
The sprightly moon her course re-
newed,

The evening grey again ensued;
And Puss came into mind no more
Than if entombed the day before.
With hunger pinched, and pinched for
room,

She now presaged approaching doom,
Nor slept a single wink or purred,
Conscious of jeopardy incurred.

That night, by chance, the poet watch-
ing,

Heard an inexplicable scratching;
His noble heart went pit-a-pat,
And to himself he said, "What's
that?"

He drew the curtain at his side,
And forth he peeped, but nothing
spied;

Yet, by his ear directed, guessed
 Something imprisoned in the chest,
 And doubtful what, with prudent care,
 Resolved it should continue there.
 At length a voice which well he knew,
 A long and melancholy mew,
 Saluting his poetic ears,
 Consoled him and dispelled his fears.
 He left his bed, he trod the floor,
 And 'gan in haste the drawers ex-
 plore,
 The lowest first, and without stop
 The rest in order, to the top;
 For 'tis a truth well known to most,
 That whatsoever thing is lost,
 We seek it ere it come to light
 In every cranny but the right.

Forth skipped the cat, not now replete,
 As erst, with airy self-conceit,
 Nor in her own fond apprehension
 A theme for all the world's attention;
 But sober, modest, cured of all
 Her notions so hyperbolical,
 And wishing for her place of rest
 Anything rather than a chest.
 Then stepped the poet into bed
 With this reflection in his head:

MORAL.

Beware of too sublime a sense
 Of your own worth and consequence!
 The man who dreams himself so great,
 And his importance of such weight,
 That all around in all that's done,
 Must move and act for *him* alone,
 Will learn in school of tribulation,
 The folly of his expectation.

William Cowper.

ON A SPANIEL CALLED "BEAU"
 KILLING A YOUNG BIRD.

A SPANIEL, *Beau*, that fares like you,
 Well fed, and at his ease,
 Should wiser be than to pursue
 Each trifle that he sees.

But you have killed a tiny bird
 Which flew not till to-day,
 Against my orders, when you heard
 Forbidding you the prey.

Nor did you kill that you might eat
 And ease a doggish pain;
 For him, though chased with furious
 heat,
 You left where he was slain.

Nor was he of the thievish sort,
 Or one whom blood allures,
 But innocent was all his sport
 Whom you have torn for yours.

My dog! what remedy remains,
 Since teach you all I can,
 I see you, after all my pains,
 So much resemble man.

William Cowper.

BEAU'S REPLY.

SIR, when I flew to seize the bird
 In spite of your command,
 A louder voice than yours I heard
 And harder to withstand.

You cried, "Forbear!"—but in my
 breast
 A mightier cried, "Proceed!"—
 'Twas Nature, sir, whose strong be-
 hest
 Impelled me to the deed.

Yet much as Nature I respect,
 I ventured once to break
 (As you perhaps may recollect)
 Her precept for your sake;

And when your linnet on a day,
 Passing his prison door,
 Had fluttered all his strength away,
 And panting, pressed the floor;

Well knowing him a sacred thing,
Not destined to my tooth,
I only kissed his ruffled wing,
And licked the feathers smooth.

Let my obedience then excuse
My disobedience now;
Nor some reproof yourself refuse
From your aggrieved Bow-wow;

If killing birds be such a crime
(Which I can hardly see),
What think you, sir, of killing Time
With verse addressed to me?

William Cowper.

THE LITTLE BEACH-BIRD.

THOU little bird, thou dweller by the
sea,
Why takest thou its melancholy
voice,
And with that boding cry
Why o'er the waves dost fly?
O, rather, bird, with me
Through the fair land rejoice!

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim
and pale,
As driven by a beating storm at sea;
Thy cry is weak and scared,
As if thy mates had shared
The doom of us. Thy wail,—
What doth it bring to me?

Thou call'st along the sand, and
haunt'st the surge,
Restless, and sad; as if, in strange
accord
With the motion and the roar
Of waves that drive to shore,
One spirit did ye urge—
The Mystery—the Word.

Of thousands, thou, both sepulchre
and pall,
Old Ocean! A requiem o'er the
dead,

From out thy gloomy cells,
A tale of mourning tells,—
Tells of man's woe and fall,
His sinless glory fled.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take
thy flight
Where the complaining sea shall
sadness bring
Thy spirit nevermore.
Come, quit with me the shore,
For gladness and the light,
Where birds of summer sing.

Richard Henry Dana.

AN EPITAPH.

HERE lies one who never drew
Blood himself, yet many slew;
Gave the gun its aim, and figure
Made in field, yet ne'er pulled trig-
ger.

Armed men have gladly made
Him their guide, and him obeyed;
At his signified desire,
Would advance, present, and fire.
Stout he was, and large of limb,
Scores have fled at sight of him;
And to all this fame he rose
Only following his nose.
Neptune was he called, not he
Who controls the boisterous sea,
But of happier command,
Neptune of the furrowed land;
And your wonder vain to shorten,
Pointer to Sir John Throckmorton.

William Cowper.

CHIMNEY SWALLOWS.

I SLEPT in an old homestead by the
sea:
And in their chimney nest,
At night the swallows told home-lore
to me,
As to a friendly guest.

A liquid twitter, low, confiding, glad,
 From many glossy throats,
 Was all the voice; and yet its accents
 had
 A poem's golden notes.

Quaint legends of the fireside and the
 shore,
 And sounds of festal cheer,
 And tones of those whose tasks of love
 are o'er,
 Were breathed into mine ear;

And wondrous lyrics, felt but never
 sung,
 The heart's melodious bloom;
 And histories, whose perfumes long
 have clung
 About each hallowed room.

I heard the dream of lovers, as they
 found
 At last their hour of bliss,
 And fear and pain and long suspense
 were drowned
 In one heart-healing kiss.

I heard the lullaby of babes, that grew
 To sons and daughters fair;
 And childhood's angels, singing as
 they flew,
 And sobs of secret prayer.

I heard the voyagers who seemed to
 sail
 Into the sapphire sky,
 And sad, weird voices in the autumn
 gale,
 As the swift ships went by;

And sighs suppressed and converse
 soft and low
 About the sufferer's bed,
 And what is uttered when the stricken
 know
 That the dear one is dead;

And steps of those who, in the Sab-
 bath light,
 Muse with transfigured face;
 And hot lips pressing, through the
 long, dark night,
 The pillow's empty place;

And fervent greetings of old friends,
 whose path
 In youth had gone apart,
 But to each other brought life's after-
 math,
 With uncorroded heart.

The music of the seasons touched the
 strain,
 Bird-joy and laugh of flowers,
 The orchard's bounty and the yellow
 grain,
 Snow-storm and sunny showers;

And secrets of the soul that doubts
 and yearns
 And gropes in regions dim,
 Till, meeting Christ with raptured
 eye, discerns
 Its perfect life in Him.

So, thinking of the Master and His
 tears,
 And how the birds are kept,
 I sank in arms that folded me from
 fears,
 And, like an infant, slept.

Horatio Nelson Powers.

THE WOUNDED HARE.

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barbar-
 ous art,
 And blasted be thy murder-aiming
 eye;
 May never pity soothe thee with a
 sigh,
 Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel
 heart!

—Go, live, poor wanderer of the wood
and field,
The bitter little that of life remains;
No more the thickening brakes and
verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime
yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of
wonted rest.
No more of rest, but now thy dying
bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er
thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom
prest.

Oft, as by winding Nith, I, musing,
wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful
dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy
lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and
mourn thy hapless fate.

Robert Burns.

CHILD'S TALK IN APRIL.

I WISH you were a pleasant wren,
And I your small accepted mate;
How we'd look down on toilsome men!
We'd rise and go to bed at eight
Or it may not be quite so late.

Then you should see the nest I'd build,
The wondrous nest for you and me;
The outside rough perhaps, but filled
With wool and down; ah, you should
see
The cosy nest that it would be.

We'd have our change of hope and
fear,
Some quarrels, reconcilements sweet;
I'd perch by you to chirp and cheer,
Or hop about on active feet,
And fetch you dainty bits to eat.

We'd be so happy by the day,
So safe and happy through the
night,
We both should feel, and I should say,
It's all one season of delight,
And we'll make merry whilst we
may.

Perhaps some day there'd be an egg
When spring had blossomed from
the snow:
I'd stand triumphant on one leg;
Like chanticler I'd almost crow
To let our little neighbors know.

Next you should sit and I would sing
Through lengthening days of sunny
spring;
Till, if you wearied of the task,
I'd sit; and you should spread your
wing
From bough to bough; I'd sit and
bask.

Fancy the breaking of the shell,
The chirp, the chickens wet and
bare,
The untried proud paternal swell;
And you with housewife-matron air
Enacting choicer bills of fare.

Fancy the embryo coats of down,
The gradual feathers soft and sleek;
Till clothed and strong from tail to
crown,
With virgin warblings in their beak,
They too go forth to soar and seek.

So would it last an April through
And early summer fresh with dew,
Then should we part and live as
twain:
Love-time would bring me back to
you
And build our happy nest again.

Christina Georgina Rossetti.

THE JACKDAW.

THERE is a bird, who by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be supposed a crow;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where bishop-like he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather;
Look up—your brains begin to swim,
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the raree-show,
That occupy mankind below,
Secure and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall.
No: not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great roundabout,
The world, with all its medley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs, and its businesses
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—what says he?—"Caw."

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men;

And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.

*From the Latin of Vincent Bourne,
by William Cowper.*

THE SQUIRREL.

"THE squirrel is happy, the squirrel
is gay,"
Little Henry exclaim'd to his
brother;
"He has nothing to do or to think of
but play,
And to jump from one bough to
another."

But William was older and wiser,
and knew
That all play and no work would
not answer,
So he ask'd what the squirrel in
winter must do,
If he spent all the summer a
dancer.

"The squirrel, dear Harry, is merry
and wise,
For true wisdom and mirth go to-
gether;
He lays up in summer his winter
supplies,
And then he don't mind the cold
weather."

Bernard Barton.

THE BLOOD HORSE.

GAMARRA is a dainty steed,
Strong, black, and of a noble breed,
Full of fire, and full of bone,
All his line of fathers known;
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within!
His mane, a stormy river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light.

Look—around his straining throat,
Grace and shifting beauty float!
Sinewy strength is in his reins,
And the red blood gallops through his
veins.

Richer, redder, never ran
Through the boasting heart of man,
He can trace his lineage higher
Than the Bourbon dare aspire,—
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,
Or O'Brien's blood itself!

He, who hath no peer, was born,
Here, upon a red March morn;
But his famous fathers dead
Were Arabs all, and Arab bred,
And the last of that great line
Trod like one of race divine!
And yet—he was but friend to one,
Who fed him at the set of sun,
By some lone fountain fringed with
green:
With *him*, a roving Bedouin,
He lived (none else would he obey
Through all the hot Arabian day),—
And died untamed, upon the sands
Where Balkh amidst the desert stands!

Barry Cornwall.

THE O'LINCON FAMILY.

A FLOCK of merry singing-birds were
sporting in the grove;
Some were warbling cheerily, and
some were making love:
There were Bobolincon, Wadolincon,
Winterseeble, Conquedle,—
A livelier set was never led by tabor,
pipe, or fiddle,—
Crying, “Phew, shew, Wadolincon,
see, see, Bobolincon,
Down among the tickletops, hiding in
the buttercups!
I know a saucy chap, I see his shining
cap
Bobbing in the clover there—sec, see,
see!”

Up flies Bobolincon, perching on an
apple-tree,
Startled by his rival's song, quickened
by his raillery,

Soon he spies the rogue afloat, curvet-
ing in the air,
And merrily he turns about, and
warns him to beware!
“ ’Tis you that would a-wooing go,
down among the rushes O!
But wait a week, till flowers are
cheery,—wait a week, and, ere
you marry,
Be sure of a house wherein to tarry!
Wadolink, Whiskodink, Tom Denny,
wait, wait, wait! ”

Every one's a funny fellow; every
one's a little mellow;
Follow, follow, follow, follow, o'er the
hill and in the hollow!
Merrily, merrily, there they hie; now
they rise and now they fly;
They cross and turn, and in and out,
and down in the middle and
wheel about,—
With a “Phew, shew, Wadolincon!
listen to me, Bobolincon!—
Happy's the wooing that's speedily
doing, that's speedily doing,
That's merry and over with the bloom
of the clover!
Bobolincon, Wadolincon, Winterseeble,
follow, follow, follow me!”

Wilson Flagg.

THE LION.

LION, thou art girt with might!
King by uncontested right;
Strength, and majesty, and pride,
Are in thee personified!
Slavish doubt, or timid fear,
Never came thy spirit near;
What is it to fly, or bow
To a mightier than thou,
Never has been known to thee,
Creature, terrible and free!

Power the mightiest gave the Lion,
 Sinews like to bands of iron;
 Gave him force which never failed;
 Gave a heart that never quailed.
 Triple-mailed coat of steel,
 Plates of brass from head to heel.
 Less defensive were in wearing,
 Than the Lion's heart of daring;
 Nor could towers of strength impart
 Trust like that which keeps his heart.

When he sends his roaring forth,
 Silence falls upon the earth;
 For the creatures, great and small,
 Know his terror-breathing call;
 And, as if by death pursued,
 Leave him to a solitude.

Lion, thou art made to dwell
 In hot lands, intractable,
 And thyself, the sun, the sand,
 Are a tyrannous triple band;
 Lion-king and desert throne,
 All the region is your own!

Mary Howitt.

THE TIGER.

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
 In the forests in the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
 Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
 On what wings dare he aspire?
 What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art,
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
 And when thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand? and what dread
 feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
 In what furnace was thy brain?
 What the anvil? what dread grasp
 Dares its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their
 spears,
 And water'd heaven with their tears,
 Did he smile his work to see?
 Did he who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

William Blake.

THE GIRL AND HER FAWN.

WITH sweetest milk and sugar first
 I it at my fingers nursed;
 And as it grew, so every day
 It wax'd more white and sweet than
 they:—

It had so sweet a breath! and oft
 I blush'd to see its foot more soft
 And white,—shall I say,—than my
 hand?

Nay, any lady's of the land!
 It is a wondrous thing how fleet
 'Twas on those little silver feet:
 With what a pretty skipping grace
 It oft would challenge me the race:—
 And when 't had left me far away
 'Twould stay, and run again, and
 stay:

For it was nimbler much than hinds,
 And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
 But so with roses overgrown
 And lilies, that you would it guess
 To be a little wilderness:
 And all the spring-time of the year
 It only lov'd to be there.

Among the bed of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should
lie;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes:—
For in the flaxen lilies' shade
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips e'en seem'd to bleed:
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold:—
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without,—roses within.

Andrew Marvell.

THE KID.

A TEAR bedews my Delia's eye
To think yon playful kid must die;
From crystal spring and flowery mead
Must, in his prime of life, recede.

Erewhile in sportive circles, round
She saw him wheel, and frisk, and
bound;
From rock to rock pursue his way,
And on the fearful margin play.

Pleased on his various freaks to dwell,
She saw him climb my rustic cell;
Thence eye my lawns with verdure
bright,
And seem all ravished at the sight.

She tells with what delight he stood
To trace his footsteps in the flood:
Then skipped aloof with quaint amaze,
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager speed,
He flew to bear my vocal reed;
And how with critic face profound,
And steadfast ear, devoured the
sound.

His every frolic, light as air,
Deserves the gentle Delia's care;
And tears bedew her tender eye
To think the playful kid must die.

William Shenstone.

SING ON, BLITHE BIRD!

I've plucked the berry from the bush,
the brown nut from the tree,
But heart of happy little bird ne'er
'broken' was by me.
I saw them in their curious nests,
close couching, slyly peer
With their wild eyes, like glittering
beads, to note if harm were near;
I passed them by, and blessed them
all; I felt that it was good
To leave unmoved the creatures small
whose home was in the wood.

And here, even now, above my head, a
lusty rouge doth sing;
He pecks his swelling breast and neck,
and trims his little wing.
He will not fly; he knows full well,
while chirping on that spray,
I would not harm him for a world, or
interrupt his lay.
Sing on, sing on, blithe bird! and fill
my heart with summer gladness;
It has been aching many a day with
measures full of sadness!

William Motherwell.

THE BIRD.

A Nursery Song.

"BIRDIE, Birdie, will you pet?
Summer-time is far away yet,
You'll have silken quilts and a vel-
vet bed,
And a pillow of satin for your
head!"

"I'd rather sleep in the ivy wall;
No rain comes through, tho' I hear
it fall;
The sun peeps gay at dawn of day,
And I sing, and wing away, away!"

"Oh, Birdie, Birdie, will you pet?
Diamond-stones and amber and jet
We'll string for a necklace fair and
fine,
To please this pretty bird of mine!"

"O thanks for diamonds, and thanks
for jet,
But here is something daintier yet—
A feather-necklace round and
round,
That I wouldn't sell for a thousand
pound!"

"Oh, Birdie, Birdie, won't you pet?
We'll buy you a dish of silver fret,
A golden cup and an ivory seat,
And carpets soft beneath your
feet."

"Can running water be drunk from
gold?
Can a silver dish the forest hold?
A rocking twig is the finest chair,
And the softest paths lie through
the air—
Good-bye, good-bye to my lady
fair!"

William Allingham.

THE LARK AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark,
That bids a blithe good-morrow;
But sweeter to hark, in the twinkling
dark,
To the soothing song of sorrow.
O Nightingale! what doth she ail?
And is she sad or jolly?
For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth
So like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high,
No worldly thought o'ertakes him;
He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,
And the daylight that awakes him
As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,
The nightingale is trilling,
With feeling bliss, no less than his,
Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet ever and anon, a sigh
Peers through her lavish mirth;
For the lark's bold song is of the sky,
And hers is of the earth.
By day and night she tunes her lay,
To drive away all sorrow;
For bliss, alas! to-night must pass,
And woe may come to-morrow.

Hartley Coleridge.

THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and
lea!

Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on
earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the
day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, roar, singing, away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of
love be!

Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

James Hogg.

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated
art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest
And singing still dost soar, and soaring
ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is
just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight:
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy
shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is
there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and
heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain
of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it
heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which over-
flows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which
screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these
heavy-wingèd thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear, and fresh, thy music
doth surpass:

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine:
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture
 so divine.

Chorus Hymenæal,
 Or triumphal chaunt,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt,
 A thing wherein we feel there is some
 hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what
 ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be:
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee:
 Thou lovest: but ne'er knew love's
 sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such
 a crystal stream?

We look before and after
 And pine for what is not:
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell
 of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should
 come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner
 of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
 That my brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am
 listening now.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE BLACKBIRD.

O BLACKBIRD! sing me something well:
 While all the neighbours shoot thee
 round,
 I keep smooth plats of fruitful
 ground,
 Where thou may'st warble, eat, and
 dwell.

The espaliers and the standards all
 Are thine; the range of lawn and
 park.
 The unnetted black-hearts ripen
 dark,
 All thine, against the garden wall.

Yet, tho' I spared ye all the spring,
 Thy sole delight is, sitting still,
 With that gold dagger of thy bill
 To fret the summer jenneting.

A golden bill! the silver tongue,
 Cold February loved, is dry:
 Plenty corrupts the melody
 That made thee famous once, when
 young.

And in the sultry garden-squares,
 Now thy flute-notes are changed to
 coarse,
 I hear thee not at all, or hoarse
 As when a hawker hawks his wares.

Take warning! he that will not sing
 While yon sun prospers in the blue,
 Shall sing for want, ere leaves are
 new,
 Caught in the frozen palms of Spring.
Alfred Tennyson.

MY DOVES.

My little doves have left a nest
 Upon an Indian tree,
 Whose leaves fantastic take their rest
 Or motion from the sea;
 For, ever there the sea-winds go
 With sunlit paces to and fro.

The tropic flowers looked up to it,
 The tropic stars looked down,
 And there my little doves did sit
 With feathers softly brown,
 And glittering eyes that showed their
 right
 To general Nature's deep delight.

My little doves were ta'en away
 From that glad nest of theirs,
 Across an ocean rolling grey,
 And tempest-clouded airs.
 My little doves who lately knew
 The sky and wave by warmth and
 blue.

And now, within the city prison
 In mist and chillness pent,
 With sudden upward look they listen
 For sounds of past content,
 For lapse of water, smell of breeze,
 Or nut-fruit falling from the trees.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

I HAD A DOVE.

I HAD a dove, and the sweet dove died;
 And I have thought it died of griev-
 ing;
 O, what could it grieve for? Its feet
 were tied
 With a ribbon thread of my own
 hand's weaving.

Sweet little red feet! why should you
 die?
 Why would you leave me, sweet bird!
 why?
 You lived alone in the forest tree:
 Why, pretty thing! would you not
 live with me?
 I kissed you oft and gave you white
 peas;
 Why not live sweetly, as in the green
 trees?

John Keats.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

GOOD-BY, good-by to Summer!
 For Summer's nearly done;
 The garden smiling faintly,
 Cool breezes in the sun;
 Our thrushes now are silent,
 Our swallows flown away,—
 But Robin's here in coat of brown,
 And scarlet breast-knot gay.
 Robin, Robin Redbreast,
 O Robin dear!
 Robin sings so sweetly
 In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
 The leaves come down in hosts;
 The trees are Indian princes,
 But soon they'll turn to ghosts;
 The scanty pears and apples
 Hang russet on the bough;
 It's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,
 'Twill soon be Winter now.
 Robin, Robin Redbreast,
 O Robin dear!
 And what will this poor Robin do?
 For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
 The wheat-stack for the mouse,
 When trembling night-winds whistle
 And moan all round the house.

The frosty ways like iron,
 The branches plumed with snow,—
 Alas! in Winter dead and dark,
 Where can poor Robin go?
 Robin, Robin Redbreast,
 O Robin dear!
 And a crumb of bread for Robin,
 His little heart to cheer!

William Allingham.

TO A HEDGE-SPARROW.

LITTLE flutt'rer! swifter flying,
 Here is none to harm thee near;
 Kite, nor hawk, nor schoolboy prying;
 Little flutt'rer! cease to fear.

One who would protect thee ever,
 From the schoolboy, kite and hawk,
 Musing, now obtrudes, but never
 Dreamt of plunder in his walk.

He no weasel, stealing slyly,
 Would permit thy eggs to take;
 Nor the polecat, nor the wily
 Adder, nor the writhéd snake.

May no cuckoos, wandering near thee,
 Lay her egg within thy nest;
 Nor thy young ones, born to cheer
 thee,
 Be destroyed by such a guest!

Little flutt'rer! swiftly flying,
 Here is none to harm thee near;
 Kite, nor hawk, nor schoolboy prying;
 Little flutt'rer! cease to fear.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

As it fell upon a day
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade
 Which a grove of myrtles made,

Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow and plants did spring,
 Everything did banish moan,
 Save the Nightingale alone.
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
 Lean'd her breast against a thorn,
 And there sung the dolefullest ditty
 That to hear it was great pity.
 Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry;
 Tereu, Tereu, by and by:
 That to hear her so complain
 Scarce I could from tears refrain;
 For her griefs so lively shewn
 Made me think upon mine own.
 —Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in
 vain,
 None takes pity on thy pain:
 Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
 Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer
 thee;
 King Pandion, he is dead,
 All thy friends are lapp'd in lead.
 All thy fellow birds do sing
 Careless of thy sorrowing.
 Even so, poor bird, like thee
 None alive will pity me.

Richard Barnfield.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
 Thou messenger of spring!
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear;
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant, with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy wandering through the
wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates the lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest thy vocal vale
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make with joyous wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

Michael Bruce.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE newcomer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only, to the vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No Bird, but an invisible Thing,
A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my Schoolboy days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green,
And thou wert still a hope, a love,
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird; the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place,
That is fit home for Thee!

William Wordsworth.

THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BIRDS, joyous birds of the wandering
wing!
Whence is it ye come with the flowers
of spring?
—"We come from the shores of the
green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of
Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through
the Indian sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing
Araby.

"We have swept o'er cities in song
renowned,
Silent they lie with the desert round!
We have crossed the proud rivers
whose tide hath rolled
All dark with the warrior-blood of
old;
And each worn wing hath regained its
home
Under peasant's roof or monarch's
dome."

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome,
 Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam?
 —“We have found a change;—we have found a pall,
 And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet hall;
 And a mark on the floor as of life-drops spilt;—
 Nought looks the same save the nest we built.”

Oh! joyous birds, it hath ever been so;
 Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go,
 But the huts of hamlets lie still and deep,
 And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep:—
 Say, what have ye found in the peasant's cot
 Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?

“A change we have found there, and many a change,
 Faces and footsteps, and all things strange;
 Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
 And the young that were have a brow of care;
 And the place is hushed where the children played;
 Nought looks the same save the nest we made.”

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
 Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth;
 Yet through the wastes of the trackless air
 Ye have a guide, and shall *we* despair?
 Ye over desert and deep have passed,
 So may *we* reach our bright home at last.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

THE FIRST SWALLOW.

THE gorse is yellow on the heath;
 The banks with speed-well flowers are gay;
 The oaks are budding, and beneath,
 The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,
 The silver wreath of May.

The welcome guest of settled spring,
 The swallow, too, is come at last;
 Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,
 I saw her dash with rapid wing,
 And hailed her as she passed.

Come, summer visitant, attach
 To my reed roof your nest of clay,
 And let my ear your music catch,
 Low twittering underneath the thatch,
 At the grey dawn of day.

Charlotte Smith.

TO A SWALLOW, BUILDING UNDER OUR EAVES.

THOU too hast traveled, little fluttering thing,—
 Hast seen the world, and now thy weary wing
 Thou too must rest.
 But much, my little bird, could'st thou but tell,
 I'd give to know why here thou lik'st so well
 To build thy nest.

For thou hast passed fair places in thy flight;
 A world lay all beneath thee where to light;
 And, strange thy taste,
 Of all the varied scenes that met thine eye,
 Of all the spots for building 'neath the sky,
 To choose this waste!

Did fortune try thee?—was thy little
 purse
 Perchance run low, and thou, afraid
 of worse,
 Felt here secure?
 Ah, no! thou need'st not gold, thou
 happy one!
 Thou know'st it not. Of all God's
 creatures, man
 Alone is poor.

What was it, then?—some mystic turn
 of thought,
 Caught under German eaves, and
 hither brought,
 Marring thine eye
 For the world's loveliness, till thou art
 grown
 A sober thing that dost but mope and
 moan,
 Not knowing why?

Nay, if thy mind be sound, I need not
 ask,
 Since here I see thee working at thy
 task
 With wing and beak.
 A well-laid scheme doth that small
 head contain,
 At which thou work'st, brave bird,
 with might and main,
 Nor more need'st seek.

In truth, I rather take it thou hast got
 By instinct wise much sense about thy
 lot,
 And hast small care
 Whether an Eden or a desert be
 Thy home, so thou remain'st alive,
 and free
 To skim the air.

God speed thee, pretty bird! May
 thy small nest
 With little ones all in good time be
 blest.
 I love thee much;

For well thou managest that life of
 thine,
 While I—oh, ask not what I do with
 mine!

Would I were such!

Jane Welsh Carlyle.

AN EPITAPH ON A ROBIN- REDBREAST.

TREAD lightly here, for here, 'tis said,
 When piping winds are hush'd
 around,
 A small note wakes from under-
 ground,
 Where now his tiny bones are laid.
 Nor more in lone or leafless groves,
 With ruffled wing and faded breast,
 His friendless, homeless spirit roves;
 Gone to the world where birds are
 blest!

Where never cat glides o'er the green,
 Or schoolboy's giant form is seen;
 But love, and joy, and smiling Spring
 Inspire their little souls to sing!

Samuel Rogers.

THE REDBREAST CHASING A BUTTERFLY.

CAN this be the bird to man so good,
 That, after their bewildering,
 Covered with leaves the little chil-
 dren
 So painfully in the wood?
 What ailed thee, Robin, that thou
 could'st pursue
 A beautiful creature
 That is gentle by nature?
 Beneath the summer sky,
 From flower to flower let him fly;
 'Tis all that he wishes to do.

The cheerer thou of our in-door sad-
 ness,
 He is the friend of our summer glad-
 ness;

What hinders then that ye should be
 Playmates in the sunny weather,
 And fly about in the air together?
 His beautiful wings in crimson are
 drest,

A crimson as bright as thine own:
 If thou wouldst be happy in thy nest,
 O pious bird! whom man loves best,
 Love him, or leave him alone!

William Wordsworth.

THE HORNED OWL.

IN the hollow tree in the old grey
 tower,

The spectral owl doth dwell;
 Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine
 hour;

But at dusk he's abroad and well:
 Not a bird of the forest e'er mates
 with him;

All mock him outright by day;
 But at night, when the woods grow
 still and dim,

The boldest will shrink away.

O, when the night falls, and roosts
 the fowl,

Then, then is the reign of the
 hornéd owl!

And the owl hath a bride who is fond
 and bold,

And loveth the wood's deep gloom;
 And with eyes like the shine of the
 moonshine cold

She awaiteth her ghastly groom!
 Not a feather she moves, not a carol
 she sings,

As she waits in her tree so still;
 But when her heart heareth his flap-
 ping wings,

She hoots out her welcome shrill!

O, when the moon shines, and
 dogs do howl,

Then, then is the joy of the
 hornéd owl.

Mourn not for the owl nor his gloomy
 plight!

The owl hath his share of good:
 If a prisoner he be in the broad day-
 light,

He is lord in the dark green wood!
 Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly
 mate;

They are each unto each a pride—
 Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange
 dark fate

Hath rent them from all beside!
 So when the night falls, and dogs do
 howl,

Sing ho! for the reign of the hornéd
 owl!

We know not alway who are kings by
 day,

But the king of the night is the bold
 brown owl.

Barry Cornwall.

THE OWL.

WHEN cats run home and light is
 come,

And dew is cold upon the ground,
 And the far-off stream is dumb,

And the whirring sail goes round,
 And the whirring sail goes round;

Alone and warming his five wits,
 The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
 And rarely smells the new-mown
 hay,

And the cock hath sung beneath the
 thatch

Twice or thrice his roundelay,

Twice or thrice his roundelay;

Alone and warming his five wits,
 The white owl in the belfry sits.

Alfred Tennyson.

THE GREEN LINNET.

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs, that
shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my
head,
With brightest sunshine round me
spread
Of Spring's unclouded weather;
In this sequester'd nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard seat!
And flowers and birds once more to
greet,
My last year's friends together.

One have I mark'd, the happiest guest
In all this corner of the blest,
Hail to thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion,
Thou Linnet! in thy green array,
Presiding spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May,
And this is thy dominion.

While thus before my eyes he gleams,
A brother of the leaves he seems,
When in a moment forth he teems,
His little song in gushes:
As if it pleas'd him to disdain
And mock the form which he did
feign,
While he was dancing with the train
Of leaves among the bushes.

William Wordsworth.

THE PEWEE.

THE listening Dryads hushed the
woods;
The boughs were thick, and thin
and few
The golden ribbons fluttering
through;
Their sun-embroidered, leafy hoods
The lindens lifted to the blue:
Only a little forest-brook
The farthest hem of silence shook:

When in the hollow shades I heard,—
Was it a spirit, or a bird?
Or, strayed from Eden, desolate,
Some Peri calling to her mate,
Whom nevermore her mate would
cheer?
“Pe-ri! pe-ri! peer!”

Through rocky clefts the brooklet fell
With plashy pour, that scarce was
sound,
But only quiet less profound,
A stillness fresh and audible:
A yellow leaflet to the ground
Whirled noiselessly: with wing of
gloss
A hovering sunbeam brushed the moss,
And, wavering brightly over it,
Sat like a butterfly alit:
The owlet in his open door
Stared roundly: while the breezes bore
The plaint to far-off places drear,—
“Pe-ree! pe-ree! peer!”

To trace it in its green retreat
I sought among the boughs in vain;
And followed still the wandering
strain,
So melancholy and so sweet
The dim-eyed violets yearned with
pain.
'Twas now a sorrow in the air,
Some nymph's immortalized despair
Haunting the woods and waterfalls;
And now, at long, sad intervals,
Sitting unseen in dusky shade,
His plaintive pipe some fairy played,
With long-drawn cadence thin and
clear,—
“Pe-wee! pe-wee! peer!”

Long-drawn and clear its closes
were,—
As if the hand of Music through
The sombre robe of Silence drew
A thread of golden gossamer:
So pure a flute the fairy blew.

Like beggared princes of the wood,
 In silver rags the birches stood;
 The hemlocks, lordly counselors,
 Were dumb; the sturdy servitors,
 In beechen jackets patched and gray,
 Seemed waiting spellbound all the day
 That low, entrancing note to hear,—
 “Pe-wee! pe-wee! peer!”

I quit the search, and sat me down
 Beside the brook, irresolute,
 And watched a little bird in suit
 Of sober olive, soft and brown,
 Perched in the maple branches,
 mute:
 With greenish gold its vest was
 fringed,
 Its tiny cap was ebon-tinged,
 With ivory pale its wings were barred,
 And its dark eyes were tender-starred.
 “Dear bird,” I said, “what is thy
 name?”
 And thrice the mournful answer came,
 So faint and far, and yet so near,—
 “Pe-wee! pe-wee! peer!”

For so I found my forest bird,—
 The pewee of the loneliest woods,
 Sole singer in these solitudes,
 Which never robin’s whistle stirred,
 Where never bluebird’s plume in-
 trudes.
 Quick darting through the dewy morn,
 The redstart trilled his twittering
 horn,
 And vanished in thick boughs: at
 even,
 Like liquid pearls fresh showered
 from heaven,
 The high notes of the lone wood-
 thrush
 Fall on the forest’s holy hush:
 But thou all day complainest
 here,—
 “Pe-wee! pe-wee! peer!”

Hast thou, too, in thy little breast,
 Strange longings for a happier
 lot,—
 For love, for life, thou know’st not
 what,—
 A yearning, and a vague unrest,
 For something still which thou hast
 not?—
 Thou soul of some benighted child
 That perished, crying in the wild!
 Or lost, forlorn, and wandering maid,
 By love allured, by love betrayed,
 Whose spirit with her latest sigh
 Arose, a little wingèd cry,
 Above her chill and mossy bier!
 “Dear me! dear me! dear!”

Ah, no such piercing sorrow mars
 The pewee’s life of cheerful ease!
 He sings, or leaves his song to seize
 An insect sporting in the bars
 Of mild bright light that gild the
 trees.
 A very poet he! For him
 All pleasant places still and dim:
 His heart, a spark of heavenly fire,
 Burns with undying, sweet desire:
 And so he sings, and so his song,
 Though heard not by the hurrying
 throng,
 Is solace to the pensive ear:
 “Pewee! pewee! peer!”

John Townsend Trowbridge.

SOLILOQUY OF A WATER- WAGTAIL.

“HEAR your sovereign’s proclamation,
 All good subjects, young and old!
 I’m the Lord of the Creation,
 I—a water-wagtail bold!
 All around, and all you see,
 All the world was made for ME!

“Yonder sun, so proudly shining,
Rises—when I leave my nest;
And, behind the hills declining,
Sets—when I retire to rest.
Morn and evening, thus you see,
Day and night, were made for ME!

“Vernal gales to love invite me;
Summer sheds for me her beams;
Autumn’s genial scenes delight me;
Winter paves with ice my streams;
All the year is mine you see,
Seasons change like moons for ME!

“On the heads of giant mountains,
Or beneath the shady trees;
By the banks of warbling fountains
I enjoy myself at ease:
Hills and valleys, thus you see,
Groves and rivers, made for ME!

“Boundless are my vast dominions;
I can hop, or swim, or fly;
When I please, my towering pinions
Trace my empire through the sky:
Air and elements, you see,
Heaven and earth, were made for ME!

“Birds and insects, beasts and fishes,
All their humble distance keep;
Man, subservient to my wishes,
Sows the harvest which I reap:
Mighty man himself, you see,
All that breathe, were made for ME!

“ ’Twas for my accommodation
Nature rose when I was born;
Should I die—the whole creation
Back to nothing would return:
Sun, moon, stars, the world, you see,
Sprung—exist—will fall with ME.”

Here the pretty prattler, ending,
Spread his wings to soar away;
But a cruel hawk, descending,
Pounced him up—a helpless prey.
Could’st thou not, poor wagtail, see
That the hawk was made for THEE?

James Montgomery.

THE THROSTLE.

“SUMMER is coming, summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again,
love again,”
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.
Last year you sang it as gladly.
“New, new, new, new!” Is it then
so new
That you should carol so madly?

“Love again, song again, nest again,
young again,”
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little
friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

“Here again, here, here, here, happy
year!”
O warble unhidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my
dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

Alfred Tennyson.

THE PARROT.

THE deep affections of the breast,
That Heaven to living things im-
parts,
Are not exclusively possessed
By human hearts.

A parrot from the Spanish main,
Full young, and early caged, came
o’er
With bright wings, to the bleak do-
main
Of Mulla’s * shore:

* *Mulla*.—The island of Mull, one of
the Hebrides.

To spicy groves, where he had won
 His plumage of resplendent hue,
 His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
 He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of
 turf
 A heathery land and misty sky,
 And turned on rocks and raging surf
 His golden eye.

But petted, in our climate cold
 He lived and chattered many a day;
 Until with age, from green and gold
 His wings grew grey.

At last when blind and seeming dumb,
 He scolded, laughed, and spoke no
 more,
 A Spanish stranger chanced to come
 To Mulla's shore.

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech,
 The bird in Spanish speech replied,
 Flapped round the cage with joyous
 screech,
 Dropped down and died.

Thomas Campbell.

THE BOBOLINKS.

WHEN Nature had made all her birds,
 With no more cares to think on,
 She gave a rippling laugh, and out
 There flew a Bobolinkon.

She laughed again; out flew a mate;
 A breeze of Eden bore them
 Across the fields of Paradise,
 The sunrise reddening o'er them.

Incarnate sport and holiday,
 They flew and sang forever;
 Their souls through June were all in
 tune,
 Their wings were weary never.

Their tribe, still drunk with air and
 light,
 And perfume of the meadow,
 Go reeling up and down the sky,
 In sunshine and in shadow.

One springs from out the dew-wet
 grass;
 Another follows after;
 The morn is thrilling with their songs
 And peals of fairy laughter.

From out the marshes and the brook,
 They set the tall weeds swinging,
 And meet and frolic in the air,
 Half prattling, and half singing.

When morning winds sweep meadow
 lands
 In green and russet billows,
 And toss the lonely elm-tree's boughs,
 And silver all the willows,

I see you buffeting the breeze,
 Or with its motion swaying,
 Your notes half drowned against the
 wind,
 Or down the current playing.

When far away o'er grassy flats,
 Where the thick wood commences,
 The white-sleeved mowers look like
 specks,
 Beyond the zigzag fences,

And noon is hot, and barn-roofs gleam
 White in the pale blue distance,
 I hear the saucy minstrels still
 In chattering persistence.

When eve her domes of opal fire
 Piles round the blue horizon,
 Or thunder rolls from hill to hill
 A Kyrie Elieson,

Still merriest of the merry birds,
 Your sparkle is unfading,—
 Pied harlequins of June,—no end
 Of song and masquerading.

* * * * *

Hope springs with you: I dread no
 more
 Despondency and dullness;
 For Good Supreme can never fail
 That gives such perfect fulness.

The life that floods the happy fields
 With song and light and color,
 Will shape our lives to richer states,
 And heap our measures fuller.

Christopher Pearse Cranch.

THE DYING SWAN.

THE plain was grassy, wild and bare,
 Wide, wild, and open to the air,
 Which had built up everywhere
 An under-roof of doleful gray.
 With an inner voice the river ran,
 Adown it floated a dying swan,
 And loudly did lament.
 It was the middle of the day.
 Ever the weary wind went on,
 And took the reed-tops as it went.

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
 And white against the cold-white sky,
 Shone out their crowning snows.

One willow over the river wept,
 And shook the wave as the wind did
 sigh;
 Above in the wind was the swallow,
 Chasing itself at its own wild will,
 And far thro' the marish green
 and still

The tangled water-courses slept,
 Shot over with purple, and green, and
 yellow.

The wild swan's death-hymn took the
 soul

Of that waste place with joy
 Hidden in sorrow: at first to the ear
 The warble was low, and full and
 clear:

And floating about the under sky,
 Prevailing in weakness, the coronach
 stole

Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear,
 But anon her awful jubilant voice,
 With a music strange and manifold,
 Flow'd forth on a carol free and bold
 As when a mighty people rejoice
 With shawms, and with cymbals, and
 harps of gold,

And the tumult of their acclaim is
 roll'd

Thro' the open gates of the city afar,
 To the shepherd who watcheth the
 evening star.

And the creeping mosses and clamber-
 ing weeds,

And the willow-branches hoar and
 dank,

And the wavy swell of the souging
 reeds,

And the wave-worn horns of the echo-
 ing bank,

And the silvery marish-flowers that
 throng

The desolate creeks and pools among,
 Were flooded over with eddying song.

Alfred Tennyson.

TO AN ORIOLE.

How falls it, Oriole, thou hast come to
 fly

In tropic splendor through our North-
 ern sky?

At some glad moment was it nature's
 choice

To dower a scrap of sunset with a
 voice?

Or did some orange tulip, flaked with
black,
In some forgotten garden, ages back,

Yearning toward Heaven until its
wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

Edgar Fawcett.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

THE Humming-bird! the Humming-
bird!

So fairy-like and bright;
It lives among the sunny flowers,
A creature of delight!

In the radiant islands of the East,
Where fragrant spices grow,
A thousand, thousand Humming-birds
Go glancing to and fro.

Like living fires they flit about,
Scarce larger than a bee,
Among the broad palmetto leaves,
And through the fan-palm tree.

And in those wild and verdant woods,
Where stately moras tower,
Where hangs from branching tree to
tree
The scarlet passion-flower;

Where on the mighty river banks,
La Plate and Amazon,
The cayman, like an old tree trunk,
Lies basking in the sun;

There builds her nest the Humming-
bird,
Within the ancient wood—
Her nest of silky cotton down,
And rears her tiny brood.

She hangs it to a slender twig,
Where waves it light and free,
As the campanero tolls his song,
And rocks the mighty tree.

All crimson is her shining breast,
Like to the red, red rose;
Her wing is the changeful green and
blue
That the neck of the peacock shows.

Thou, happy, happy Humming-bird,
No winter round thee lours;
Thou never saw'st a leafless tree,
Nor land without sweet flowers.

A reign of summer joyfulness
To thee for life is given;
Thy food, the honey from the flower,
Thy drink, the dew from heaven!

Mary Howitt.

WILD GEESE.

How oft against the sunset sky or
moon
I watched that moving zigzag of
spread wings
In unforgotten Autumns gone too
soon,
In unforgotten Springs!
Creatures of desolation, far they fly
Above all lands bound by the curl-
ing foam;
In misty fens, wild moors and track-
less sky
These wild things have their home.
They know the tundra of Siberian
coasts,
And tropic marshes by the Indian
seas;
They know the clouds and night and
starry hosts
From Crux to Pleiades.

Dark flying rune against the western
glow—
It tells the sweep and loneliness of
things,
Symbol of Autumns vanished long
ago.

Symbol of coming Springs!

Frederick Peterson.

THE CHAFFINCH'S NEST AT SEA.

IN Scotland's realm, forlorn and bare,
The history chanced of late—
The history of a wedded pair,
A chaffinch and his mate.

The spring drew near, each felt a
breast
With genial instinct filled;
They paired, and would have built a
nest,
But found not where to build.

The heaths uncovered, and the moors,
Except with snow and sleet,
Sea-beaten rocks and naked shores,
Could yield them no retreat.

Long time a breeding-place they
sought,
Till both grew vexed and tired;
At length a ship arriving brought
The good so long desired.

A ship! could such a restless thing
Afford them place of rest?
Or was the merchant charged to bring
The homeless birds a nest?

Hush;—silent readers profit most—
This racer of the sea
Proved kinder to them than the
coast,—
It served them with a tree.

But such a tree! 'twas shaven deal,
The tree they call a mast;
And had a hollow with a wheel,
Through which the tackle passed.

Within that cavity, aloft,
Their roofless home they fixed;
Formed with materials neat and soft,
Bents, wool, and feathers mixed.

Four ivory eggs soon pave its floor,
With russet specks bedight:
The vessel weighs, forsakes the shore,
And lessens to the sight.

The mother-bird is gone to sea
As she had changed her kind;
But goes the male? Far wiser, he
Is doubtless left behind.

No:—soon as from ashore he saw
The winged mansion move,
He flew to reach it, by a law
Of never-failing love;

Then perching at his consort's side,
Was briskly borne along;
The billows and the blasts defied,
And cheered her with a song.

The seaman, with sincere delight,
His feathered shipmate eyes,
Scarce less exulting in the sight
Than when he tows a prize.

For seamen much believe in signs,
And, from a chance so new,
Each some approaching good divines;
And may his hopes be true!

William Cowper.

TO A WATER FOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While blow the heavens with the last
steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost
thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do
thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and
sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless
coast,
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,
At that far height the cold thin atmos-
phere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome
land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home,
and rest
And scream among thy fellows; reeds
shall bend
Soon o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form: yet on
my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast
given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy
certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread
alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

William Cullen Bryant.

THE SEA-MEW.

How joyously the young sea-mew
Lay dreaming on the waters blue,
Whereon our little bark had thrown
A little shade, the only one,
But shadows ever man pursue.

Familiar with the waves and free
As if their own white foam were he,
His heart upon the heart of ocean
Lay learning all its mystic motion,
And throbbing to the throbbing sea.

We were not cruel, yet did sunder
His white wing from the blue waves
under,
And bound it while his fearless eyes
Shone up to ours in calm surprise,
As deeming us some ocean wonder.

We bore our ocean bird unto
A grassy place where he might view
The flowers that curtsy to the bees,
The waving of the tall green trees,
The falling of the silver dew.

But flowers of earth were pale to him
Who had seen the rainbow fishes swim;
And when earth's dew around him
lay,
He thought of ocean's wingèd spray,
And his eye waxèd sad and dim.

The green trees round him only made
A prison with their darksome shade,
And drooped his wing, and mournèd
he
For his own boundless glittering sea—
Albeit he knew not they could fade.

He lay down in his grief to die,
(First looking to the sea-like sky
That hath no waves,) because, alas!
Our human touch did on him pass,
And, with our touch, our agony.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

THE STORMY PETREL.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast:
The sails are scattered abroad like
weeds;
The strong masts shake like quivering
reeds;
The mighty cables, and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength
disdains,
They strain and they crack, and hearts
like stone
Their natural proud strength disown.

Up and down! Up and down!
From the base of the wave to the bil-
low's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery
foam,
The Stormy Petrel finds a home—
A home, if such a place may be,
For her who lives on the wide, wide
sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air
And only seeketh her rocky lair.
To warm her young, and to teach them
to spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy
wing!

Barry Cornwall.

CHANTICLEER.

OF all the birds from East to West
That tuneful are and dear,
I love that farmyard bird the best,
They call him Chanticleer.

*Gold plume and copper plume,
Comb of scarlet gay;
'Tis he that scatters night and gloom,
And whistles back the day!*

He is the sun's brave herald
That, ringing his blithe horn,
Calls round a world dew-pearled
The heavenly airs of morn.

O clear gold, shrill and bold!
He calls through creeping mist
The mountains from the night and
cold
To rose and amethyst.

He sets the birds to singing,
And calls the flowers to rise;
The morning cometh, bringing
Sweet sleep to heavy eyes.

*Gold plume and silver plume,
Comb of coral gay;
'Tis he packs off the night and gloom,
And summons home the day!*

Black fear he sends it flying,
Black care he drives afar;
And creeping shadows sighing
Before the morning star.

The birds of all the forest
Have dear and pleasant cheer,
But yet I hold the rarest
The farmyard Chanticleer.

*Red cock or black cock,
Gold cock or white,
The flower of all the feathered flock,
He whistles back the light!*

Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

X

Humorous Verse

THE JOVIAL WELSHMEN.

THERE were three jovial Welshmen,
As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
Upon St. David's day.

All the day they hunted,
But nothing could they find;
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other he said nay;
The third said it was a house,
With the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
The other he said nay;
The other said it was a cheese,
The half o't cut away.

And all the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a hedgehog in a bramble bush,
And that they left behind.

The first said it was a hedgehog,
The second he said nay;
The third it was a pin-cushion
And the pins stuck in wrong way.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a hare in a turnip-field,
And that they left behind.

The first said it was a hare,
The second he said nay;
The third said it was a calf,
And the cow had run away.

And all the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But an owl in a holly-tree,
And that they left behind.

One said it was an owl,
The other he said nay;
The third said 'twas an old man,
And his beard growing grey.

Unknown.

CAPTAIN REECE.

OF all the ships upon the blue,
No ship contained a better crew
Than that of worthy CAPTAIN REECE,
Commanding of *The Mantelpiece*.

He was adored by all his men,
For worthy CAPTAIN REECE, R. N.,
Did all that lay within him to
Promote the comfort of his crew.

If ever they were dull or sad
Their captain danced to them like
mad,
Or told to make the time pass by
Droll legends of his infancy.

A feather bed had every man,
Warm slippers and hot-water can,
Brown windsor from the captain's
store,
A valet, too, to every four.

Did they with thirst in summer burn
Lo! seltzogenes at every turn,
And all on very sultry days
Cream ices handed round on trays.

Then currant wine and ginger pops
Stood handily on all the "tops";
And also, with amusement rife,
A "Zoetrope, or Wheel of Life."

New volumes came across the sea,
From MISTER MUDIE'S libraree;
The Times and *Saturday Review*
Beguiled the leisure of the crew.

Kind-hearted CAPTAIN REECE, R. N.,
Was quite devoted to his men;
In point of fact, good CAPTAIN REECE
Beatified *The Mantelpiece*.

One summer eve at half-past ten,
He said (addressing all his men):
"Come tell me, please, what I can do
To please and gratify my crew.

"By any reasonable plan
I'll make you happy if I can;
My own convenience count as *nil*:
It is my duty and I will."

Then up and answered WILLIAM LEE,
The kindly captain's coxswain he,
A nervous, shy, close-spoken man,
He cleared his throat and thus began:

"You have a daughter, CAPTAIN
REECE,
Ten female cousins and a niece,
A ma, if what I'm told is true,
Six sisters, and an aunt or two.

"Now somehow, sir, it seems to me,
More friendly like we all should be,
If you united of 'em to
Unmarried members of the crew.

"If you'd ameliorate our life,
Let each select from them a wife;
And as for nervous me, old pal,
Give me your own enchanting gal!"

Good CAPTAIN REECE, that worthy
man,
Debated on his coxswain's plan:
"I quite agree," he said, "Oh! Bill;
It is my duty, and I will.

"My daughter, that enchanting gurl,
Has just been promised to an earl,
And all my other familee
To peers of various degree.

"But what are dukes and viscounts to
The happiness of all my crew!
The word I gave you I'll fulfil;
It is my duty, and I will.

"As you desire it shall befall,
I'll settle thousands on you all,
And I shall be despite my hoard,
The only bachelor on board."

The boatswain of *The Mantelpiece*,
He blushed and spoke to CAPTAIN
REECE:

"I beg your honour's leave," he said,
"If you should wish to go and wed,

"I have a widowed mother who
Would be the very thing for you—
She long has loved you from afar:
She washes for you, CAPTAIN R."

The Captain saw the dame that day—
Addressed her in his playful way:
"And did it want a wedding ring?
It was a tempting ickle sing!

“Well, well, the chaplain I will seek,
We’ll all be married this day week,
At yonder church upon the hill;
It is my duty, and I will?”

The sisters, cousins, aunts, and niece,
And widowed ma of CAPTAIN REECE,
Attended there as they were bid;
It was their duty, and they did.

William Schwenck Gilbert.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene’er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and
hound
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends,
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring
streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was
mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show’d the rogues they lied;
The man recovered of the bite
The dog it was that died.

Oliver Goldsmith.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

’TWAS on a lofty vase’s side
Where China’s gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclin’d,
Gaz’d on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar’d;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet and emerald eyes,
She saw: and purred applause.

Still had she gaz’d; but midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour’s Tyrian hue,
Through richest purple to the view,
Betray’d a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw;
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch’d, in vain, to reach the
prize:
What female heart can gold despise?
What cat’s averse to fish?

Presumptuous Maid! with looks intent,
 Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
 Nor knew the gulf between
 (Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd).
 The slipp'ry verge her feet beguiled,
 She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
 She mew'd to every wat'ry god
 Some speedy aid to send.
 No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd;
 Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.
 A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceived,
 Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
 And be with caution bold.
 Not all that tempts your wand'ring
 eyes
 And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
 Nor all that glitters gold.

Thomas Gray.

THE JUMBLIES.

THEY went to sea in a sieve, they did;
 In a sieve they went to sea;
 In spite of all their friends could say,
 On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
 In a sieve they went to sea.
 And when the sieve turned round and
 round,
 And every one cried, "You'll all be
 drowned!"
 They called aloud, "Our sieve ain't
 big;
 But we don't care a button; we don't
 care a fig:
 In a sieve we'll go to sea!"
 Far and few, far and few,
 Are the lands where the Jum-
 blies live:
 Their heads are green, and their
 hands are blue;
 And they went to sea in a sieve.

They sailed away in a sieve, they did,
 In a sieve they sailed so fast,
 With only a beautiful pea-green veil
 Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail,
 To a small tobacco-pipe mast.
 And every one said who saw them go,
 "Oh! won't they be soon upset, you
 know?
 For the sky is dark, and the voyage is
 long;
 And, happen what may, it's extremely
 wrong
 In a sieve to sail so fast."

The water it soon came in, it did;
 The water it soon came in:
 So, to keep them dry, they wrapped
 their feet
 In a pinky paper all folded neat:
 And they fastened it down with a
 pin.
 And they passed the night in a crock-
 ery-jar;
 And each of them said, "How wise we
 are!
 Though the sky be dark, and the voy-
 age be long,
 Yet we never can think we were rash
 or wrong,
 While round in our sieve we spin."

And all night long they sailed away;
 And, when the sun went down,
 They whistled and warbled a moony
 song
 To the echoing sound of a coppery
 gong,
 In the shade of the mountains
 brown,
 "O Timballoo! How happy we are
 When we live in a sieve and a crock-
 ery-jar!
 And all night long, in the moonlight
 pale,
 We sail away with a pea-green sail
 In the shade of the mountains
 brown."

They sailed to the Western Sea, they
 did,—
 To a land all covered with trees:
 And they bought an owl, and a useful
 cart,
 And a pound of rice, and a cranberry-
 tart,
 And a hive of silvery bees;
 And they bought a pig, and some
 green jackdaws,
 And a lovely monkey with lollipop
 paws,
 And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,
 And no end of Stilton cheese:

And in twenty years they all came
 back,—
 In twenty years or more;
 And every one said, "How tall they've
 grown!
 For they've been to the Lakes, and the
 Terrible Zone,
 And the hills of the Chankly Bore."
 And they drank their health, and gave
 them a feast
 Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;
 And every one said, "If we only live,
 We, too, will go to sea in a sieve,
 To the hills of the Chankly Bore."
 Far and few, far and few,
 Are the lands where the Jum-
 blies live:
 Their heads are green, and their
 hands are blue;
 And they went to sea in a sieve.

Edward Lear.

THE POBBLE WHO HAS NO TOES.

THE Pobble who has no toes
 Had once as many as we;
 When they said, "Some day you may
 lose them all;"
 He replied, "Fish fiddle-de-dee!"

And his Aunt Jobiska made him drink
 Lavender water tinged with pink,
 For she said, "The World in general
 knows
 There's nothing so good for a Pobble's
 toes!"

The Pobble who has no toes
 Swam across the Bristol Channel;
 But before he set out he wrapped his
 nose
 In a piece of scarlet flannel.
 For his Aunt Jobiska said, "No harm
 Can come to his toes if his nose is
 warm;
 And it's perfectly known that a Pob-
 ble's toes
 Are safe,—provided he minds his
 nose."

The Pobble swam fast and well,
 And when boats or ships came near
 him,
 He tinkledy-blinkledy-winkled a bell,
 So that all the world could hear him.
 And all the Sailors and Admirals
 cried,
 When they saw him nearing the fur-
 ther side,—
 "He has gone to fish, for his Aunt
 Jobiska's
 Runcible Cat with crimson whiskers!"

But before he touched the shore,—
 The shore of the Bristol Channel,—
 A sea-green Porpoise carried away
 His wrapper of scarlet flannel.
 And when he came to observe his feet,
 Formerly garnished with toes so neat,
 His face at once became forlorn
 On perceiving that all his toes were
 gone!

And nobody ever knew,
 From that dark day to the present,
 Whoso had taken the Pobble's toes
 In a manner so far from pleasant

Whether the shrimps or crawfish gray,
Or crafty Mermaids stole them away—
Nobody knew; and nobody knows
How the Pobble was robbed of his
twice five toes!

The Pobble who has no toes
Was placed in a friendly Bark,
And they rowed him back, and carried
him up
To his Aunt Jobiska's Park.
And she made him a feast, at his ear-
nest wish,
Of eggs and buttercups fried with fish;
And she said, "It's a fact the whole
world knows,
That Pobbles are happier without
their toes."

Edward Lear.

THE AUTHOR OF THE "POBBLE."

How pleasant to know Mr. Lear!
Who has written such volumes of
stuff!
Some think him ill-tempered and
queer,
But a few think him pleasant
enough.

His mind is concrete and fastidious,
His nose is remarkably big;
His visage is more or less hideous,
His beard it resembles a wig.

He has ears, and two eyes, and ten
fingers,
Leastways if you reckon two
thumbs;
Long ago he was one of the singers,
But now he is one of the dumbs.

He sits in a beautiful parlour,
With hundreds of books on the wall;
He drinks a great deal of Marsala,
But never gets tipsy at all.

He has many friends, laymen and
clerical,
Old Foss is the name of his cat:
His body is perfectly spherical,
He weareth a runcible hat.

When he walks in waterproof white,
The children run after him so!
Calling out, "He's come out in his
night-
gown, that crazy old Englishman,
oh!"

He weeps by the side of the ocean,
He weeps on the top of the hill;
He purchases pancakes and lotion,
And chocolate shrimps from the
mill.

He reads but he cannot speak Spanish,
He cannot abide ginger-beer:
Ere the days of his pilgrimage vanish,
How pleasant to know Mr. Lear!

Edward Lear.

BELL'S DREAM.

It was the little Isabel,
Upon the sand she lay,
The summer sun struck hotly down,
And she was tired of play;
And down she sank into the sea,
Though how, she could not say.

She stood within a dreadful court,
Beneath the rolling tide,
There sat a sturgeon as a judge,
Two lobsters at her side;
She had a sort of vague idea
That she was being tried.

And then the jurymen came in,
And, as the clock struck ten,
Rose Sergeant Shark and hitched
his gown,
And trifled with a pen.
"Ahem! May't please your Lord-
ship,
And gentle jurymen!

"The counts against the prisoner
Before you, are that she
Has eaten salmon once at least,
And soles most constantly;
Likewise devoured one hundred
shrimps
At Margate with her tea."

"Call witnesses!"—An oyster rose,
He spoke in plaintive tone:
"Last week her mother bought
fish,"
(He scarce could check a moan);
"He was a dear, dear friend of mine,
His weight was half a stone!"

"'No oysters, ma'am?' the fishman
said;
'No, not to-day!' said she;
'My child is fond of salmon, but
Oysters do not agree!'
The fishman wiped a salt, salt tear,
And murmured, 'Certainly!'"

"Ahem! but," interposed the judge,
"How do you know," said he,
"That she did really eat the fish?"
"My Lord, it so must be,
Because the oysters, I submit,
With her did not agree!"

"Besides, besides," the oyster cried,
Half in an injured way,
"The oysters in that fishman's shop
My relatives were they:
They heard it all, they wrote to me,
The letter came to-day!"

"'Tis only hearsay evidence,"
The judge remarked, and smiled;
"But it will do in such a case,
With such a murd'rous child.
Call the next witness!" for he saw
The jury getting wild.

And then up rose a little shrimp:
"I am the last," said he,
"Of what was once, as you all know,
A happy familiee!
Without a care we leapt and danced
All in the merry sea!"

"Alack! the cruel fisherman,
He caught them all but me,
The pris'ner clapped her hands
and yelled—
I heard her—'Shrimps for tea!'
And then went home and ate them
all
As fast as fast could be."

The foreman of the jury rose
(All hope for Bell had fled),
"There is no further need, my Lord,
Of witnesses," he said;
"The verdict of us one and all
Is, *Guilty* on each head!"

"*Guilty*," his Lordship said, and
sighed;
"A verdict sad but true:
To pass the sentence of the court
Is all I have to do;
It is, that as you've fed on us,
Why, we must feed on you!"

She tried to speak, she could not
speak;
She tried to run, but no!
The lobsters seized and hurried her
Off to the cells below,
And each pulled out a carving-
knife,
And waved it to and fro.

* * * * *

But hark! there comes a voice she
knows,
And some one takes her hand;
She finds herself at home again
Upon the yellow sand;
But how she got there safe and
sound
She cannot understand.

And many a morning afterwards,
 Whene'er she sees the tide,
 She still retains that vague idea,
 That she is being tried,
 And seems to see the sturgeon judge
 And the lobsters at her side.

Frederick Edward Weatherly.

LITTLE BILLEE.

THERE were three sailors of Bristol
 city
 Who took a boat and went to sea.
 But first with beef and captain's
 biscuits
 And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling
 Jimmy,
 And the youngest he was little
 Billee,
 Now when they got so far as the
 Equator
 They'd nothing left but one split
 pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
 "I am extremely hungaree."
 To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
 "We've nothing left, us must eat
 we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
 "With one another, we shouldn't
 agree!
 There's little Bill, he's young and
 tender,
 We're old and tough, so let's eat
 he."

"Oh! Billy, we're going to kill and
 eat you,
 So undo the button of your chemie."
 When Bill received this information
 He used his pocket-handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,
 Which my poor mammy taught to
 me."

"Make haste, make haste," says
 guzzling Jimmy
 While Jack pulled out his snicker-
 snee.

So Billy went up to the main-top
 gallant mast,
 And down he fell on his bended
 knee.
 He scarce had come to the twelfth
 commandment
 When up he jumps, "There's land
 I see.

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,
 And North and South Amerikee:
 There's the British flag a-riding at
 anchor,
 With Admiral Napier, K. C. B."

So when they got aboard of the
 Admiral's
 He hanged fat Jack and flogged
 Jimmee;
 But as for little Bill, he made him
 The Captain of a Seventy-Three.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick
 By famous Hanover city;
 The river Weser, deep and wide,
 Washes its wall on the southern
 side;
 A pleasanter spot you never spied;

But, when begins my ditty,
 Almost five hundred years ago,
 To see the townsfolk suffer so
 From vermin was a pity.
 Rats!

They fought the dogs, and killed the
cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's
own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
" 'Tis clear," cried they, "our
Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—
shocking
To think that we buy gowns lined
with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't
determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and
obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brain a
racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you
packing!"

At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown
sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's
brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again
I've scratched it so, and all in vain,
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"

Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor,
"what's that?"

(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister,
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew
mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and
glutinous),
"Only a scraping of shoes on the
mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"
"Come in!"—the Mayor cried,
looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest
figure.

His queer long coat from heel to
head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a
pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy
skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and
in—
There was no guessing his kith and
kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great grand-
sire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's
tone,
Had walked this way from his
painted tombstone."

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please, your honours," said he,
"I'm able,

By means of a secret charm, to
draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, and toad, and newt, and
viper;
And people call me the **Pied Piper**.”
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the selfsame
cheque;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were
ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
“Yet,” said he, “poor piper as I
am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of
gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire
bats:
And, as for what your brain be-
wilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand
guilders?”
“One? fifty thousand!”—was the
exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corpora-
tion.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he
wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes
twinkled

Like a candle-flame where salt is
sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe
uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grum-
bling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty
rumbling;
And out of the house the rats came
tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats,
brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats,
tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young
friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped ad-
vancing,
And step by step they followed
dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished
—Save one, who, stout as Julius
Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was, “At the first shrill notes
of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe;
And a moving away of pickle-tub-
boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cup-
boards,
And a drawing the corks of train-
oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter
casks;
And it seemed as if a voice

(Sweeter far than by harp or by
psaltery
Is breathed) called out, Oh, rats!
rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast dry-
saltery!
To munch on, crunch on, take your
nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, lunch-
eon!
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun
shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, come,
bore me!
—I found the Weser rolling o'er
me."

You should have heard the Hamelin
people
Ring the bells till they rocked the
steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get
long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up
the holes!
Consult with carpenters and build-
ers,
And leave in our town not even a
trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly up
the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-
place,
With a, "First, if you please, my
thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor
looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave,
Hock;

And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhen-
ish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fel-
low
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a
knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the
river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin
sink,
And what's dead can't come to life,
I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to
shrink
From the duty of giving you some-
thing to drink,
And a matter of money to put in
your poke,
But, as for the guilders, what we
spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was
in joke.
Besides, our losses have made us
thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take
fifty!"

The piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner-
time
Bagdad, and accepted the prime
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's
rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's
kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
With him I proved no bargain-
driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a
stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fash-
ion."

“How?” cried the Mayor, “d’ye
 think I’ll brook
 Being worse treated than a Cook?
 Insulted by a lazy ribald
 With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
 You threaten us, fellow? Do your
 worst,
 Blow your pipe there till you
 burst!”

Once more he stept into the street;
 And to his lips again
 Laid his long pipe of smooth straight
 cane;
 And ere he blew three notes (such
 sweet
 Soft notes as yet musicians cunning
 Never gave the enraptured air),
 There was a rustling, that seemed like
 a bustling
 Of merry crowds justling, at pitching
 and hustling,
 Small feet were pattering, wooden
 shoes clattering,
 Little hands clapping, and little
 tongues chattering,
 And, like fowls in a farmyard when
 barley is scattering,
 Out came the children running.
 All the little boys and girls,
 With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
 And sparkling eyes and teeth like
 pearls,
 Tripping and skipping, ran merrily
 after
 The wonderful music with shouting
 and laughter.
 The Mayor was dumb, and the Coun-
 cil stood
 As if they were changed into blocks of
 wood,
 Unable to move a step, or cry
 To the children merrily skipping by--
 And could only follow with the eye
 That joyous crowd at the Piper’s
 back.

But how the Mayor was on the rack,
 And the wretched Council’s bosoms
 beat,
 As the piper turned from the High
 Street
 To where the Weser rolled its waters
 Right in the way of their sons and
 daughters!
 However, he turned from South to
 West,
 And to Koppelberg Hill his steps ad-
 dressed,
 And after him the children pressed;
 Great was the joy in every breast.
 “He never can cross that mighty
 top!
 He’s forced to let the piping drop
 And we shall see our children stop!”
 When lo! as they reached the moun-
 tain’s side,
 A wondrous portal opened wide,
 As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
 And the Piper advanced and the chil-
 dren followed,
 And when all were in to the very last,
 The door in the mountain-side shut
 fast.
 Did I say all? No! one was lame,
 And could not dance the whole of the
 way;
 And in after years, if you would
 blame
 His sadness, he was used to say:
 “It’s dull in our town since my
 playmates left;
 I can’t forget that I’m bereft
 Of all the pleasant sights they see,
 Which the Piper also promised me;
 For he led us, he said, to a joyous
 land,
 Joining the town and just at hand,
 Where waters gushed and fruit trees
 grew,
 And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
 And everything was strange and new,
 The sparrows were brighter than pea-
 cocks here,

And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
 And honey-bees had lost their stings;
 And horses were born with eagle's
 wings;
 And just as I became assured
 My lame foot would be speedily cured,
 The music stopped, and I stood still,
 And found myself outside the Hill,
 Left alone against my will,
 To go now limping as before,
 And never hear of that country
 more!"

Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's
 pate
 A text which says, that Heaven's
 Gate
 Opes to the Rich at as easy rate
 As the needle's eye takes a camel in!

The Mayor sent East, West, North
 and South,
 To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
 Wherever it was men's lot to find
 him,
 Silver and gold to his heart's content,
 If he'd only return the way he went,
 And bring the children all behind
 him.
 But when they saw 'twas a lost en-
 deavour,
 And Piper and dancers were gone for-
 ever
 They made a decree that lawyers
 never
 Should think their records dated
 duly
 If, after the day of the month and
 year,
 These words did not as well appear,
 " And so long after what happened
 here
 On the twenty-second of July,

Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
 And the better in memory to fix
 The place of the Children's last re-
 treat,
 They called it, the Pied Piper's
 street—
 Where any one playing on pipe or
 tabor,
 Was sure for the future to lose his
 labour.
 Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
 To shock with mirth a street so
 solemn;
 But opposite the place of the cavern
 They wrote the story on a column,
 And on the great church window
 painted
 The same, to make the world ac-
 quainted
 How their children were stolen away;
 And there it stands to this very day.
 And I must not omit to say
 That in Transylvania there's a tribe
 Of alien people that ascribe
 The outlandish ways and dress,
 On which their neighbours lay such
 stress,
 To their fathers and mothers having
 risen
 Out of some subterraneous prison,
 Into which they were trepanned
 Long time ago in a mighty band
 Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick
 land,
 But how or why they don't under-
 stand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
 Of scores out with all men—especially
 pipers;
 And, whether they pipe us free from
 rats or from mice,
 If we've promised them aught, let us
 keep our promise.

Robert Browning.

THE LOBSTER AND THE MAID.

HE was a gentle lobster
 (The boats had just come in),
 He did not love the fishermen,
 He could not stand their din;
 And so he quietly stole off,
 As if it were no sin.

She was a little maiden,
 He met her on the sand,
 "And how d'you do?" the lobster
 said,
 "Why don't you give your
 hand?"
 For why she edged away from him
 He *could* not understand.

"Excuse me, sir," the maiden said:
 "Excuse me, if you please,"
 And put her hands behind her back,
 And doubled up her knees;
 "I always thought that lobsters were
 A little apt to squeeze."

"Your ignorance," the lobster said,
 "Is natural, I fear;
 Such scandal is a shame," he sobbed,
 "It is not true, my dear,"
 And with his pocket-handkerchief
 He wiped away a tear.

So out she put her little hand,
 As though she feared him not,
 When some one grabbed him sud-
 denly
 And put him in a pot,
 With water which, I think he found
 Uncomfortably hot.

It may have been the water made
 The blood flow to his head,
 It may have been that dreadful fib
 Lay on his soul like lead;
 This much is true—he went in grey,
 And came out very red.

Frederick Edward Weatherly.

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

AN INGOLDSBY LEGEND.

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's
 chair!
 Bishop and abbot and prior were
 there;
 Many a monk, and many a friar,
 Many a knight, and many a squire,
 With a great many more of lesser
 degree,—
 In sooth a goodly company;
 And they served the Lord Primate on
 bended knee.
 Never, I ween, was a prouder seen,
 Read of in books, or dreamt of in
 dreams,
 Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop
 of Rheims!

In and out through the motley
 rout,
 That little Jackdaw kept hopping
 about;
 Here and there like a dog in a
 fair,
 Over comfits and cakes, and dishes
 and plates.
 Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
 Mitre and crosier! he hopp'd upon'all!
 With saucy air, he perch'd on the
 chair
 Where, in state, the great Lord Car-
 dinal sat
 In the great Lord Cardinal's great
 red hat;
 And he peer'd in the face of his
 Lordship's Grace,
 With a satisfied look, as if he would
 say,
 "We two are the greatest folks here
 to-day!"

The feast was over, the board was
 clear'd,
 The flaws and the custards had all
 disappear'd,

And six little singing-boys—dear little souls!
 In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
 Came, in order due, two by two,
 Marching that grand refectory through!
 A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
 Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure
 As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
 Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
 In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
 Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
 Carried lavender-water and eau de Cologne;
 And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
 Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
 One little boy more a napkin bore,
 Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
 And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in "permanent ink."

The Great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
 Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white:
 From his finger he draws his costly turquoise;
 And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
 Deposits it straight by the side of his plate,
 While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
 Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
 That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

There's a cry and a shout, and *no end* of a rout,
 And nobody seems to know what they're about,
 But the monks have their pockets all turn'd inside out;
 The friars are kneeling, and hunting, and feeling
 The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling,
 The Cardinal drew off each plum-colour'd shoe,
 And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
 He peeps, and he feels in the toes and the heels;
 They turn up the dishes—they turn up the plates—
 They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
 —They turn up the rugs, they examine the mugs:
 But no!—no such thing:—They can't find THE RING!
 And the Abbot declared that, "when nobody twigg'd it,
 Some rascal or other had popp'd in, and prigg'd it!"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
 He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book!
 In holy anger, and pious grief,
 He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
 He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
 From the sole of his foot, to the crown of his head;
 He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
 He should dream of evil, and wake in a fright;
 He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,

They dined on mince and slices of
quince,
Which they ate with a runcible
spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the
sand,
They danced by the light of the
moon,

The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the
moon.

Edward Lear.

THE PRIEST AND THE MULBERRY-TREE.

DID you hear of the curate who
mounted his mare,
And merrily trotted along to the fair?
Of creature more tractable none ever
heard;
In the height of her speed she would
stop at a word;
But again with a word, when the
curate said "Hey!"
She put forth her mettle and galloped
away.

As near to the gates of the city he
rode,
While the sun of September all bril-
liantly glowed,
The good priest discovered, with eyes
of desire,
A mulberry-tree in a hedge of wild
brier;
On boughs long and lofty, in many a
green shoot,
Hung large, black, and glossy, the
beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry and thirsty to
boot;
He shrunk from the thorns, though
he longed for the fruit;

With a word he arrested his courser's
keen speed,
And he stood up erect on the back of
his steed;
On the saddle he stood while the
creature stood still,
And he gather'd the fruit till he took
his good fill.

"Sure never," he thought, "was a
creature so rare,
So docile, so true, as my excellent
mare;
Lo, here now I stand," and he gazed
all around,
"As safe and as steady as if on the
ground;
Yet how had it been, if some traveller
this way,
Had, dreaming no mischief, but
chanced to cry 'Hey'?"

He stood with his head in the mul-
berry-tree,
And he spoke out aloud in his fond
reverie.
At the sound of the word the good
mare made a push,
And down went the priest in the wild-
brier bush,
He remember'd too late, on his thorny
green bed,
MUCH THAT WELL MAY BE THOUGHT
CANNOT WISELY BE SAID.

Thomas Love Peacock.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER.

From "Through the Looking-Glass."

THE sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
 Because she thought the sun
 Had got no business to be there
 After the day was done—
 "It's very rude of him," she said,
 "To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
 The sands were dry as dry.
 You could not see a cloud, because
 No cloud was in the sky:
 No birds were flying overhead—
 There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
 Were walking close at hand:
 They wept like anything to see
 Such quantities of sand:
 "If this were only cleared away,"
 They said, "it *would* be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops
 Swept it for half a year,
 Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
 "That they could get it clear?"
 "I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
 And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters come and walk with us!"
 The Walrus did beseech.
 "A pleasant talk, a pleasant walk,
 Along the briny beach:
 We cannot do with more than four,
 To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
 But never a word he said;
 The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
 And shook his heavy head—
 Meaning to say he did not choose
 To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
 All eager for the treat:
 Their coats were brushed, their
 faces washed,

Their shoes were clean and neat—
 And this was odd, because, you
 know,
 They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
 And yet another four;
 And thick and fast they came at
 last,
 And more, and more, and more—
 All hopping through the frothy
 waves,
 And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
 Walked on a mile or so,
 And then they rested on a rock
 Conveniently low:
 And all the little Oysters stood
 And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus
 said,
 "To talk of many things:
 Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-
 wax—
 Of cabbages—and kings—
 And why the sea is boiling hot—
 And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
 "Before we have our chat;
 For some of us are out of breath,
 And all of us are fat!"
 "No hurry!" said the Carpenter.
 They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
 "Is what we chiefly need:
 Pepper and vinegar besides
 Are very good indeed—
 Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,
 We can begin to feed."

“But not on us!” the Oysters cried,
 Turning a little blue.
 “After such kindness, that would be
 A dismal thing to do!”
 “The night is fine,” the Walrus said.
 “Do you admire the view?”

“It was so kind of you to come!
 And you are very nice!”
 The Carpenter said nothing but
 “Cut us another slice.
 I wish you were not quite so deaf—
 I’ve had to ask you twice!”

“It seems a shame,” the Walrus said,
 “To play them such a trick,
 After we’ve brought them out so
 far,
 And made them trot so quick!”
 The Carpenter said nothing but
 “The butter’s spread too thick!”

“I weep for you,” the Walrus said:
 “I deeply sympathize.”
 With sobs and tears he sorted out
 Those of the largest size,
 Holding his pocket-handkerchief
 Before his streaming eyes.

“O Oysters,” said the Carpenter,
 “You’ve had a pleasant run!
 Shall we be trotting home again?”
 But answer came there none—
 And this was scarcely odd, because
 They’d eaten every one.

Lewis Carroll.

JABBERWOCKY.

From “Through the Looking-Glass.”

’Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
 Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
 All mimsy were the borogoves,
 And the mome raths outgrabe.

“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
 The jaws that bite, the claws that
 catch!
 Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
 The frumious Bandersnatch!”

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
 Long time the manxome foe he
 sought.—
 So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
 And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
 The Jabberwock, with eyes of
 flame,
 Came whiffing through the tulgey
 wood,
 And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through
 and through
 The vorpal blade went snicker-
 snack!

He left it dead, and with its head
 He went galumphing back.

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
 Come to my arms, my beamish
 boy!
 O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”
 He chortled in his joy.

’Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
 Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
 All mimsy were the borogoves,
 And the mome raths outgrabe.

Lewis Carroll.

THE GARDENER’S SONG.

From “Sylvie and Bruno.”

HE thought he saw an Elephant,
 That practised on a fife;
 He looked again, and found it was
 A letter from his wife.
 “At length I realize,” he said,
 “The bitterness of life!”

He thought he saw a Buffalo
 Upon the chimney-piece:
 He looked again, and found it was
 His Sister's Husband's Niece.
 "Unless you leave this house," he
 said,
 "I'll send for the Police!"

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
 That questioned him in Greek:
 He looked again, and found it was
 The Middle of Next Week.
 "The one thing I regret," he said,
 "Is that it cannot speak!"

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk
 Descending from the 'bus:
 He looked again, and found it was
 A Hippopotamus.
 "If this should stay to dine," he said,
 "There won't be much for us!"

He thought he saw a Kangaroo
 That worked a coffee-mill:
 He looked again, and found it was
 A Vegetable-Pill.
 "Were I to swallow this," he said,
 "I should be very ill!"

He thought he saw a Coach-and-
 Four
 That stood beside his bed:
 He looked again, and found it was
 A Bear without a Head.
 "Poor thing," he said, "poor silly
 thing!
 It's waiting to be fed!"

He thought he saw an Albatross
 That fluttered round the lamp:
 He looked again, and found it was
 A Penny-Postage-Stamp.
 "You'd best be getting home," he
 said:
 "The nights are very damp!"

He thought he saw a Garden Door
 That opened with a key:
 He looked again, and found it was
 A Double-Rule-of-Three.
 "And all its mystery," he said,
 "Is clear as day to me!"

Lewis Carroll.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

*Showing how he went farther than
 he intended, and came safe home
 again.*

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
 Of credit and renown,
 A train-band captain eke was he,
 Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
 "Though wedded we have been
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we
 No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
 And we will then repair
 Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
 All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
 Myself and children three
 Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
 On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
 Of womankind but one,
 And you are she, my dearest dear,
 Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
 As all the world doth know,
 And my good friend the calender,
 Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was
brought
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was
stay'd,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the
wheels,
Were never folk so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When turning round his head he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers,
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down
stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he; "yet bring
it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise."

Now, Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and
neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full lowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must,
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his
hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught;
 Away went hat and wig;
 He little dreamt, when he set out,
 Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly
 Like streamer long and gay,
 Till, loop and button, failing both,
 At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
 The bottles he had slung;
 A bottle swinging at each side,
 As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children
 scream'd,
 Up flew the windows all;
 And every sou cried out, "Well
 done!"
 As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he
 His fame soon spread around;
 He carries weight! he rides a race
 'Tis for a thousand pound!

And still as fast as he drew near,
 'Twas wonderful to view,
 How in a trice the turnpike men
 Their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went bowing down
 His reeking head full low,
 The bottles twain behind his back
 Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
 Most piteous to be seen,
 Which made his horse's flanks to
 smoke,
 As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight
 With leathern girdle braced;
 For all might see the bottle-necks,
 Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
 Those gambols he did play,
 Until he came unto the Wash
 Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
 On both sides of the way,
 Just like unto a trundling mop,
 Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
 From the balcony espied
 Her tender husband, wondering much
 To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the
 house!"
 They all aloud did cry;
 "The dinner waits, and we are tired";
 Said Gilpin, "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
 Inclined to tarry there;
 For why? his owner had a house
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So, like an arrow swift he flew,
 Shot by an archer strong;
 So did he fly—which brings me to
 The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
 And sore against his will,
 Till at his friend the calender's,
 His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
 His neighbour in such trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
 And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tid-
 ings tell!
 Tell me you must and shall—
 Say why bareheaded you are come,
 Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

“I came because your horse would
come,
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here;
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in.

When straight he came with hat and
wig;
A wig that flowed behind;
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit:
“My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

“But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.”

Said John, “It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.”

So, turning to his horse, he said:
“I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came
here,
You shall go back for mine.”

Ah! luckless speech, and bootless
boast
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did ring most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And gallop'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig!
He lost them sooner than the first;
For why?—they were too big.

Now, Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
“This shall be yours, when you bring
back,
My husband safe and well.”

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels;
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

“Stop thief! stop thief! a highway-
man!”

Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking as before
That Gilpin ran a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the King!
And Gilpin, long live he!
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

William Cowper.

THE COURTSHIP OF THE YONGHY-BONGHY-BO.

ON the Coast of Coromandel
Where the early pumpkins blow,
In the middle of the woods
Lived the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.
Two old chairs, and half a candle,
One old jug without a handle,—
These were all his worldly goods:
In the middle of the woods,
These were all the worldly goods,
Of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo,
Of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.

Once, among the Bong-trees walking
Where the early pumpkins blow,
To a little heap of stones
Came the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.

There he heard a Lady talking
To some milk-white Hens of Dork-
ing,—

“ ’Tis the Lady Jingly Jones!
On that little heap of stones
Sits the Lady Jingly Jones!”
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.

“Lady Jingly! Lady Jingly!
Sitting where the pumpkins blow,
Will you come and be my wife?”
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.
“I am tired of living singly,—
On this coast so wild and shingly,—
I’m a-weary of my life;
If you’ll come and be my wife,
Quite serene would be my life!”
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.

“On this Coast of Coromandel,
Shrimps and water-cresses grow,
Prawns are plentiful and cheap,”
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.
“You shall have my chairs and candle
And my jug without a handle.
Gaze upon the rolling deep
(Fish is plentiful and cheap);
As the sea, my love is deep!”
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.

Lady Jingly answered sadly,
And her tears began to flow,—
“Your proposal comes too late,
Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo!
I would be your wife most gladly!”
(Here she twirled her fingers madly,)
“But in England I’ve a mate!
Yes! you’ve asked me far too late,
For in England I’ve a mate,
Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.

“Mr. Jones—(his name is Handel,—
Handel Jones, Esquire, & Co.)
Dorking fowls delights to send,
Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo!
Keep, oh! keep your chairs and candle,

And calls on him frequent and inti-
mutterly,
Might drop a few facts that would in-
terest you
Clean!

Through!—
If you wanted 'em to—
Some *actual* facts that might interest
you!

O! The Man in the Moon has a crick
in his back;
Whee!
Whimm!

Ain't you sorry for him?
And a mole on his nose that is purple
and black;
And his eyes are so weak that they
water and run
If he dares to *dream* even he looks at
the sun,—
So he jes' dreams of stars, as the doc-
tors advise—

My!
Eyes!
But isn't he wise—
To jes' dream of stars, as the doctors
advise?

And The Man in the Moon has a boil
on his ear,—

Whee!
Whing!
What a singular thing!
I know! but these facts are authentic,
my dear,—
There's a boil on his ear; and a corn
on his chin,—
He calls it a dimple—but dimples
stick in—

Yet it might be a dimple turned over,
you know!

Whang!
Ho!
Why, certainly so!—
It might be a dimple turned over,
you know!

And The Man in the Moon has a
rheumatic knee,—

Gee!
Whizz!
What a pity that is!
And his toes have worked round where
his heels ought to be.—
So whenever he wants to go North he
goes *South*,
And comes back with porridge-crumbs
all round his mouth,
And he brushes them off with a Jap-
anese fan,
Whing!
Whann!

What a marvelous man!
What a very remarkably marvelous
man!

And The Man in the Moon, sighed
The Raggedy Man,
Gits!
So!

Sullonesome, you know,—
Up there by hisse'f sence creation be-
gan!—
That when I call on him and then
come away,
He grabs me and holds me and begs
me to stay,—
Till—*Well!* if it wasn't fer *Jimmy-*
cum-jim,
Dadd!
Limb!

I'd go pardners with him—
Jes' jump my job here and be pard-
ners with *him!*

James Whitcomb Riley.

OUR HIRED GIRL.

Our hired girl, she's 'Lizabuth Ann;
An' she can cook best things to eat!
She ist puts dough in our pic-pan,
An' pours in somepin' 'at's good
an' sweet;

An' nen she salts it all on top
 With cinnamon; an' nen she'll stop
 An' stoop an' slide it, ist as slow,
 In th' old cook-stove, so's 'twon't slop
 An' git all spilled; nen bakes it, so
 It's custard-pie, first thing you
 know!
 An' nen she'll say,
 "Clear out o' my way!
 They's time fer work, an' time fer
 play!
 Take yer dough, an' run, child, run!
 Er I cain't git no cookin' done!"

When our hired girl 'tends like she's
 mad,
 An' says folks got to walk the chalk
 When *she's* around, er wisht they had!
 I play out on our porch an' talk
 To Th' Raggedy Man 'at mows our
 lawn;
 An' he says, "*Whew!*" an' nen leans
 on
 His old crook-scythe, and blinks his
 eyes,
 An' sniffs all 'round an' says, "I
 swawn!
 Ef my old nose don't tell me lies,
 It 'pears like I smell custard-pies!"
 An' nen *he'll* say,
 "Clear out o' my way!
 They's time fer work, an' time fer
 play!
 Take yer dough, an' run, child, run!
 Er she cain't git no cookin' done!"

Wunst our hired girl, when she
 Got the supper, an' we all et,
 An' it wuz night, an' Ma an' me
 An' Pa went wher' the "Social"
 met,—
 An' nen when we come home, an' see
 A light in the kitchen door, an' we
 Heerd a maccodeun, Pa says,
 "Lan'—

O'—Gracious, who can *her* beau be?"
 An' I marched in, an' 'Lizabuth
 Ann
 Wuz parchin' corn fer The Raggedy
 Man!
Better say,
 "Clear out o' the way!
 They's time fer work, an' time fer
 play!
 Take the hint, an' run, child, run!
 Er we cain't git no courtin' done!"

James Whitcomb Riley.

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE.

LITTLE Orphant Annie's come to our
 house to stay,
 An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an'
 brush the crumbs away,
 An' shoo the chickens off the porch,
 an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,
 An' make the fire, an' bake the bread,
 an' earn her board-an'-keep;
 An' all us other childern, when the
 supper-things is done,
 We set around the kitchen fire an' has
 the mostest fun
 A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie
 tells about,
 An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out!

Wunst they wuz a little boy wouldn't
 say his prayers,—
 An' when he went to bed at night,
 away up-stairs,
 His Mammy heerd him holler, an' his
 Daddy heerd him bawl,
 An' when they turn't the kivvers
 down, he wuzn't there at all!

An' they seeked him in the rafter-
room, an' cubby-hole, an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbley-flue,
an' ever'wheres, I guess;
But all they ever found wuz thist his
pants an' round-about:—
An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus
laugh and grin,
An' make fun of ever' one, an' all her
blood-an'-kin;
An' wunst, when they wuz "com-
pany," an' ole folks wuz there,
She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an'
said she didn't care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an'
turn't to run an' hide,
They wuz two great big Black Things
a-standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the
ceilin' 'fore she knowed what
she's about!
An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when
the blaze is blue,
An' the lamp wick sputters, an' the
wind goes *woo-oo!*
An' you hear the crickets quit, an'
the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all
squenched away,—
You better mind yer parunts, an' yer
teachers fond an' dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an'
dry the orphant's tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at
clusters all about,

Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

James Whitcomb Riley.

SEEIN' THINGS.

I AIN'T afeard uv snakes, or toads, or
bugs, or worms, or mice,
An' things 'at girls are skeered uv I
think are awful nice!
I'm pretty brave, I guess; an' yet I
hate to go to bed,
For when I'm tucked up warm an'
snug an' when my prayers are
said,
Mother tells me, "Happy Dreams!"
an' takes away the light,
An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' see-
in' things at night!

Sometimes they're in the corner, some-
times they're by the door,
Sometimes they're all a-standin' in
the middle uv the floor;
Sometimes they are a-sittin' down,
sometimes they're walkin' round
So softly and so creepylike they never
make a sound!
Sometimes they are as black as ink,
an' other times they're white—
But the color ain't no difference when
you see things at night!

Once, when I licked a feller 'at had
just moved on our street,
An' father sent me up to bed without
a bite to eat,
I woke up in the dark an' saw things
standin' in a row,
A-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin'
at me—so!

Oh, my! I wuz so skeered that time I
never slep' a mite—
It's almost alluz when I'm bad I see
things at night!

Lucky thing I ain't a girl, or I'd be
skeered to death!
Bein' I'm a boy, I duck my head an'
hold my breath;
An' I am, oh, so sorry I'm a naughty
boy, an' then
I promise to be better an' I say my
prayers again!
Gran'ma tells me that's the only way
to make it right
When a feller has been wicked an'
sees things at night!

An' so, when other naughty boys
would coax me into sin,
I try to skwush the Tempter's voice
'at urges me within;
An' when they's pie for supper, or
cakes 'at's big an' nice,
I want to—but I do not pass my plate
f'r them things twice!
No, ruther let Starvation wipe me
slowly out o' sight
Than I should keep a-livin' on an'
seein' things at night!

Eugene Field.

JEST 'FORE CHRISTMAS.

FATHER calls me William, sister calls
me Will,
Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers
call me Bill!
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be
a boy,
Without them sashes, curls, an' things
what's worn by Fauntleroy!
Love to chawnk green apples an' go
swimmin' in the lake—
Hate to take the castor-ile they give
for belly-ache!

'Most all the time, the whole year
round, there ain't no flies on me,
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good
as I kin be!

Got a yellor dog named Sport, sick
him on the cat;
First thing she knows she doesn't
know where she is at;
Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids
goes out to slide,
'Long comes the grocery cart, an' we
all hook a ride!
But sometimes when the grocery man
is worrited an' cross,
He reaches at us with his whip, an'
larrups up his hoss,
An' then I laff an' holler, "Oh, ye
never teched *me*!"
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good
as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I
git to be a man,
I'll be a missionarer like her oldest
brother, Dan,
As was et up by the cannibuls that
lives in Ceylon's Isle,
Where every prospeck pleases, an'
only man is vile!
But gran'ma she has never been to
see a Wild West show,
Nor read the Life of Daniel Boone, or
else I guess she'd know
That Buff'lo Bill and cowboys is good
enough for me!
Excep' jest 'fore Christmas, when I'm
good as I kin be!

And then old Sport he hangs around,
so solemn-like an' still,
His eyes they keep a-sayin': "What's
the matter, little Bill?"
The old cat sneaks down off her perch
an' wonders what's become
Of them two enemies of hern that
used to make things hum!



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But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!
JEST 'FORE CHRISTMAS

But I am so perlite an' 'tend so earnestly to biz,
That mother says to father: "How improved our Willie is!"
But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me
When, jest 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots of candies, cakes, an' toys,
Was made, they say, for proper kids an' not for naughty boys;

So wash yer face an' bresh yer hair,
an' mind yer p's an' q's,
An' don't bust out yer pantaloons,
an' don't wear out yer shoes;
Say "Yessum" to the ladies, an' "Yessur" to the men,
An' when they's company, don't pass yer plate for pie again;
But, thinkin' of the things yer'd like to see upon that tree,
Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!

Eugene Field.

XI

Poems of Patriotism and History

THE HERITAGE.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stones, and
gold,
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares:
The bank may break, the factory
burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly
earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds and brown arms
bare,
And wearies in his easy chair!
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit,
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble
things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment
springs,
A heart that in his labour sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine
In merely being rich and great:
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and be-
nign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
 Are equal in the earth at last;
 Both, children of the same dear God,
 Prove title to your heirship vast
 By record of a well-filled past;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Well worth a life to hold in fee.

James Russell Lowell.

TO ENGLAND.

I.

LEAR and Cordelia! 'twas an ancient
 tale
 Before thy Shakespeare gave it
 deathless fame;
 The times have changed, the moral
 is the same.
 So like an outcast, dowerless and pale,
 Thy daughter went; and in a foreign
 gale
 Spread her young banner, till its
 sway became
 A wonder to the nations. Days of
 shame
 Are close upon thee; prophets raise
 their wail.
 When the rude Cossack with an out-
 stretched hand
 Points his long spear across the nar-
 row sea,—
 "Lo! there is England!" when thy
 destiny
 Storms on thy straw-crowned head,
 and thou dost stand
 Weak, helpless, mad, a by-word in the
 land,—
 God grant thy daughter a Cordelia
 be!

II.

Stand, thou great bulwark of man's
 liberty!
 Thou rock of shelter, rising from
 the wave,
 Sole refuge to the overwearied
 brave

Who planned, arose, and battled to be
 free,
 Fell, undeterred, then sadly turned to
 thee,—
 Saved the free spirit from their
 country's grave,
 To rise again, and animate the slave,
 When God shall ripen all things.
 Britons, ye
 Who guard the sacred outpost, not in
 vain
 Hold your proud peril! Freemen
 undefiled,
 Keep watch and ward! Let battle-
 ments be piled
 Around your cliffs; fleets marshalled,
 till the main
 Sink under them; and if your courage
 wane,
 Through force or fraud, look west-
 ward to your child!

George Henry Boker.

THE FATHERLAND.

WHERE is the true man's fatherland?
 Is it where he by chance is born?
 Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
 In such scant borders to be spanned?
 Oh yes! his fatherland must be
 As the blue heaven, wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,
 Where God is God and man is man?
 Doth he not claim a broader span
 For the soul's love of home than this?
 Oh yes! his fatherland must be
 As the blue heaven, wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
 Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's
 gyves,
 Where'er a human spirit strives
 After a life more true and fair,
 There is the true man's birthplace
 grand,
 His is the world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
 Where'er one man may help another,—
 Thank God for such a birthright,
 brother,—
 That spot of earth is thine and mine!
 There is the true man's birthplace,
 grand,
 His is the world-wide fatherland!

James Russell Lowell.

"READY, AY, READY."

OLD England's sons are English yet,
 Old England's hearts are strong;
 And still she wears her coronet
 Aflame with sword and song.
 As in their pride our fathers died,
 If need be, so die we;
 So wield we still, gainsay who will,
 The sceptre of the sea.
 England, stand fast; let heart and
 hand be steady;
 Be thy first word thy last,—Ready, ay,
 ready!

We've Raleighs still for Raleigh's
 part,
 We've Nelsons yet unknown;
 The pulses of the Lion Heart
 Beat on through Wellington.
 Hold, Britain, hold thy creed of
 old,
 Strong foe and steadfast friend,
 And, still unto thy motto true,
 Defy not, but defend.
 England, stand fast; let heart and
 hand be steady;
 Be thy first word thy last,—Ready, ay,
 ready!

Men whispered that our arm was
 weak,
 Men said our blood was cold,
 And that our hearts no longer speak
 The clarion-note of old;

But let the spear and sword draw
 near
 The sleeping lion's den,
 His island shore shall start once
 more
 To life with armed men.
 England, stand fast; let heart and
 hand be steady;
 Be thy first word thy last,—Ready, ay,
 ready!

Herman Charles Merivale.

AGINCOURT.

AGINCOURT, Agincourt!
 Know ye not Agincourt,
 Where English slew and hurt
 All their French foemen?
 With their pikes and bills brown,
 How the French were beat down,
 Shot by our Bowmen?

Agincourt, Agincourt!
 Know ye not Agincourt,
 English of every sort,
 High men and low men,
 Fought that day wondrous well,
 All our stories tell,
 Thanks to our Bowmen!

Agincourt, Agincourt!
 Know ye not Agincourt?
 Where our fifth Harry taught
 Frenchmen to know men:
 And, when the day was done,
 Thousands there fell to one
 Good English Bowman!

Unknown.

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

SWEET to the morning traveller
 The song amid the sky,
 Where, twinkling in the dewy light,
 The skylark soars on high.

And cheering to the traveller
The gales that round him play,
When faint and heavily he drags,
Along his noontide way.

And when beneath th' unclouded sun
Full wearily toils he,
The flowing water makes to him
A soothing melody.

And when the evening light decays
And all is calm around,
There is sweet music to his ear
In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

But, oh! of all delightful sounds
Of evening or of morn,
The sweetest is the voice of love
That welcomes his return.

Robert Southey.

MY NATIVE LAND.

BREATHES there a man with soul so
dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own—my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him
burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign
strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him
well!
For him no minstrel's raptures swell.
High though his titles, proud his
name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can
claim,—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he
sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Walter Scott.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

How sleep the Brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their
clay;
And Freedom shall await repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

William Collins.

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
And dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that!
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their
wine,
A man's a man, for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, tho' ne'er sae
poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

You see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;

For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star and a' that,
 The man of independent mind
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can make a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he maunna fa' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o'
 worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the
 earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that;
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

Robert Burns.

OUR MOTHER TONGUE.

BEYOND the vague Atlantic deep,
 Far as the farthest prairies sweep,
 Where forest-glooms the nerve appall,
 Where burns the radiant western fall,
 One duty lies on old and young,—
 With filial piety to guard,
 As on its greenest native sward,
 The glory of the English tongue.
 That ample speech! That subtle
 speech!
 Apt for the need of all and each,
 Strong to endure, yet prompt to bend
 Wherever human feelings tend.
 Preserve its force—expand its powers;
 And through the maze of civic life,
 In Letters, Commerce, even in Strife,
 Forget not it is yours and ours.

Lord Houghton.
(Richard Monckton Milnes.)

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
 Where burning Sappho loved and
 sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and
 peace—
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus
 sprung!
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all except their sun is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores
 refuse;
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the
 Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dreamed that Greece might still be
 free;
 For standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

* * * * *

George Gordon Byron.

ENGLAND.

I.

THIS royal throne of Kings, this
 sceptred isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of
 Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-paradise;
 This fortress, built by nature for her-
 self,
 Against infection and the hand of
 war;
 This happy breed of men, this little
 world;
 This precious stone set in the silver
 sea,

Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this
realm, this England.

William Shakespeare.

ENGLAND.

II.

THIS England never did, nor never
shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror
But when it first did help to wound
itself.
Now these her princes are come home
again,
Come the three corners of the world
in arms
And we shall shock them: Naught
shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

William Shakespeare.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf
on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in
purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like
stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on
deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when
Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sun-
set were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when
Autumn hath flown,
That host on the morrow lay withered
and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his
wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as
he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed
deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and
forever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nos-
tril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the
breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white
on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-
beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and
pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the
rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the
banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet un-
blown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud
in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple
of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote
by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of
the Lord!

George Gordon Byron.

SAXON GRIT.

WORN with the battle of Stamford
town,
Fighting the Norman by Hastings
bay,
Harold the Saxon's sun went down,
While the acorns were falling one
autumn day.
Then the Norman said, "I am lord of
the land:
By tenor of conquest here I sit;

I will rule you now with the iron
hand;"
But he had not thought of the
Saxon grit.

He took the land, and he took the men,
And burnt the homesteads from
Trent to Tyne,
Made the freemen serfs by a stroke of
the pen,
Eat up the corn and drank the wine,
And said to maiden, pure and fair,
"You shall be my leman, as is most
fit,
Your Saxon churl may rot in his
lair;"
But he had not measured the Saxon
grit.

To the merry greenwood went bold
Robin Hood,
With his strong-hearted yeomanry
ripe for the fray,
Driving the arrow into the marrow
Of all the proud Normans who came
in his way;
Scorning the fetter, fearless and free,
Winning by valor, or foiling by wit,
Dear to our Saxon folk ever is he,
This merry old rogue with the
Saxon grit.

And Kett the tanner whipped out his
knife,
And Watt the smith his hammer
brought down,
For ruth of the maid he loved better
than life,
And by breaking a head, made a
hole in the Crown.
From the Saxon heart rose a mighty
roar,
"Our life shall not be by the King's
permit;

We will fight for the right, we want
no more;"
Then the Norman found out the
Saxon grit.

For slow and sure as the oaks had
grown
From acorns falling that autumn
day,
So the Saxon manhood in thorpe and
town
To a nobler stature grew alway;
Winning by inches, holding by
clinch,
Standing by law and the human
right,
Many times failing, never once quail-
ing,
So the new day came out of the
night.

* * * * *

Then rising afar in the Western sea,
A new world stood in the morn of
the day,
Ready to welcome the brave and free,
Who would wrench out the heart
and march away
From the narrow, contracted, dear old
land,
Where the poor are held by a cruel
bit,
To ampler spaces for heart and
hand—
And here was a chance for the
Saxon grit.

Steadily steering, eagerly peering,
Trusting in God your fathers came,
Pilgrims and strangers, fronting all
dangers,
Cool-headed Saxons, with hearts
afame.
Bound by the letter, but free from the
fetter,
And hiding their freedom in Holy
Writ,

They gave Deuteronomy hints in
economy,
And made a new Moses of Saxon
grit.

They whittled and waded through for-
est and fen,
Fearless as ever of what might
befall;
Pouring out life for the nurture of
men,
In faith that by manhood the world
wins all.
Inventing baked beans and no end of
machines;
Great with the rifle and great with
the axe—
Sending their notions over the oceans,
To fill empty stomachs and
straighten bent backs.

Swift to take chances that end in the
dollar,
Yet open of hand when the dollar
is made,
Maintaining the meetin', exalting the
scholar,
But a little too anxious about a good
trade;
This is young Jonathan, son of old
John,
Positive, peaceable, firm in the right,
Saxon men all of us, may we be one,
Steady for freedom, and strong in
her might.

Then, slow and sure, as the oaks have
grown
From the acorns that fell on that
autumn day,
So this new manhood in city and town,
To a nobler stature will grow al-
way;
Winning by inches, holding by
clinch,
Slow to contention, and slower to
quit,

Now and then failing, never once
quailing,
Let us thank God for the Saxon
grit.

Robert Collyer.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

OH! to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brush-
wood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny
leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the
orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all
the swallows—
Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree
in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on
the clover
Blossoms and dew-drops—at the bent
spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings
each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could
recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with
hoary dew,
All will be gay when noon-tide wakes
anew
The buttercups, the little children's
dower,
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-
flower.

Robert Browning.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA.

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to
the north-west died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red,
reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish mid the burning water, full in
face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest north-east distance,
dawned Gibraltar grand and gay;
"Here and here did England help
me—How can I help England?"
—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn
to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder,
silent over Africa.

Robert Browning.

IVRY.

(March 14, 1590)

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from
whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege,
King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of
music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and
sunny vines, oh pleasant land of
France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle,
proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all
thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be
joyous in our joy;
For cold, and stiff, and still are they
who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath
turned the chance of war.
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry
of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating,
when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn
out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all
its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and
Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lor-
raine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst,
a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought
of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dab-
bled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who
rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and
Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshall us, in
all his armor dressed;
And he has bound a snow-white plume
upon his gallant crest.
And looked upon his people, and a
tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his
glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as
rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout:
"God save our Lord the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as
fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a
bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume
shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the hel-
met of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark
to the mingled din,
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and
drum, and roaring culverin.

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across
Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guel-
ders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair
gentlemen of France,
Charge for the Golden Lilies,—upon
them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a
thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close
behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed,
while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the
helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours.
Mayenne hath turned his rein;
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the
Flemish count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin
clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding
steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance,
and, all along our van,
"Remember Saint Bartholomew!"
was passed from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry, "No
Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but
let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in
friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry,
the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen
who fought for France to-day;
And many a lordly banner God gave
them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us
best in fight;
And the good Lord of Rosny hath
ta'en the cornet white.

Our own true Maximilian the cornet
white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black,
the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that
all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud
house which wrought His Church
such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets
sound their loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet
for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons
of Lucerne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for
those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy
Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass
for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look
that your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep
watch and ward to-night;
For our God hath crushed the tyrant,
our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise,
and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from
whom all glories are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord,
King Henry of Navarre!

Thomas Babington Macaulay.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand
years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,

While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
From the deck it was their field of
fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep:
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow:
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

Thomas Campbell.

"ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND"

WHAT have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?
With your glorious eyes austere,

As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
As the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the world on your bugles
blown!

Where shall the watchful Sun,
England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
England, my own?
When shall he rejoice agen
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Down the years on your bugles
blown?

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England:—
"Take and break us: we are yours,
England, my own!
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky:
Death is death; but we shall die
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
To the stars on your bugles blown!"

They call you proud and hard,
England, my England:
You with worlds to watch and ward,
England, my own!
You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies,
You could know nor dread nor ease
Were the Song on your bugles
blown,
England—
Round the Pit on your bugles
blown!

Mother of ships whose might
England, my England,
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
England, my own,

Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,
There's the menace of the Word
In the Song on your bugles blown,
England—

Out of heaven on your bugles
blown!

William Ernest Henley.

BOADICEA.

AN ODE.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods;

Sage beneath a spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings
Shall a wider world command.

Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died;
Dying hurl'd them at the foe;

Ruffians, pitiless and proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait on you.

William Cowper.

COLUMBUS.

(January, 1487)

ST. STEPHEN'S cloistered hall was
proud

In learning's pomp that day,
For there a robed and stately crowd
Pressed on in long array.
A mariner with simple chart
Confronts that conclave high,
While strong ambition stirs his heart,
And burning thoughts of wonder part
From lip and sparkling eye.

What hath he said? With frowning
face,

In whispered tones they speak,
And lines upon their tablets trace,
Which flush each ashen cheek;
The Inquisition's mystic doom
Sits on their brows severe,
And bursting forth in visioned gloom,
Sad heresy from burning tomb
Groans on the startled ear.

Courage, thou Genoese! Old Time
 Thy splendid dream shall crown;
 Yon Western Hemisphere sublime,
 Where unshorn forests frown,
 The awful Andes' cloud-wrapped
 brow,
 The Indian hunter's bow,
 Bold streams untamed by helm or
 prow,
 And rocks of gold and diamonds, thou
 To thankless Spain shalt show.

Courage, World-finder! Thou hast
 need!
 In Fate's unfolding scroll,
 Dark woes and ingrate wrongs I read,
 That rack the noble soul.
 On! on! Creation's secrets probe,
 Then drink thy cup of scorn,
 And wrapped in fallen Cæsar's robe,
 Sleep like that master of the globe,
 All glorious,—yet forlorn.

Lydia Huntly Sigourney.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
 The outer trenches guarding,
 When the heated guns of the camps
 allied
 Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
 Lay, grim and threatening, under;
 And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
 No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman
 said,
 "We storm the forts to-morrow;
 Sing while we may, another day
 Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
 Below the smoking cannon:
 Brave hearts, from Severn and from
 Clyde,
 And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
 Forgot was Britain's glory:
 Each heart recalled a different name,
 But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
 Until its tender passion
 Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
 Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not
 speak,
 But, as the song grew louder,
 Something upon the soldier's cheek
 Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
 The bloody sunset's embers,
 While the Crimean valleys learned
 How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
 Rained on the Russian quarters,
 With scream of shot and burst of
 shell,
 And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
 For a singer, dumb and gory;
 And English Mary mourns for him
 Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers still in honoured rest
 Your truth and valour wearing:
 The bravest are the tenderest,—
 The loving are the daring.

Bayard Taylor.

THE ARMADA.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our
 noble England's praise;
 I sing of the thrice famous deeds she
 wrought in ancient days,
 When that great fleet invincible,
 against her bore, in vain,
 The richest spoils of Mexico, the stout-
 est hearts in Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a
warm summer's day,
There came a gallant merchant ship
full sail to Plymouth bay;
The crew had seen Castile's black fleet,
beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie
heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by
God's especial grace;
And the tall *Pinta*, till the noon, had
held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was
placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of
Edgecombe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing bark put out, to
pry along the coast;
And with loose rein, and bloody spur,
rode inland many a post.

With his white hair, unbonneted, the
stout old sheriff comes,
Behind him march the halberdiers,
before him sound the drums:
The yeomen, round the market cross,
make clear and ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the
standard of Her Grace:
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and
gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the
royal blazon swells.
Look how the lion of the sea lifts up
his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads
the gay lilies down!
So stalked he when he turned to flight,
on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow,
and Cæsar's eagle shield:
So glared he when, at Agincourt, in
wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn, beneath his
claws, the princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, sir knight!
ho! scatter flowers, fair maids!

Ho, gunners! fire a loud salute! ho,
gallants! draw your blades!
Thou, sun, shine on her joyously! ye
breezes, waft her wide!
Our glorious *semper eadem*! the ban-
ner of our pride!

The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurled
that banner's massy fold—
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed
that haughty scroll of gold:
Night sunk upon the dusky beach, and
on the purple sea;
Such night in England ne'er had
been, nor ne'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds,
from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright,
as busy as the day;
For swift to east, and swift to west,
the warning radiance spread—
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—
it shone on Beachy Head:
Far o'er the deep the Spaniard saw,
along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range,
those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on
Tamar's glittering waves,
The rugged miners poured to war,
from Mendip's sunless caves;
O'er Longleat's towers, or Cran-
bourne's oaks, the fiery herald
flew,
And roused the shepherds of Stone-
henge—the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells rang
out all night from Bristol town;
And, ere the day, three hundred horse
had met on Clifton Down.

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked
forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill,
that streak of blood-red light:

The bugle's note, and cannon's roar,
 the death-like silence broke,
 And with one start, and with one cry,
 the royal city woke;
 At once, on all her stately gates, arose
 the answering fires;
 At once the wild alarum clashed from
 all her reeling spires;
 From all the batteries of the Tower
 pealed loud the voice of fear,
 And all the thousand masts of Thames
 sent back a louder cheer:
 And from the farthest wards was
 heard the rush of hurrying feet,
 And the broad streams of flags and
 pikes dashed down each rousing
 street:

And broader still became the blaze,
 and louder still the din,
 As fast from every village round the
 horse came spurring in;
 And eastward straight, for wild Black-
 heath, the warlike errand went;
 And roused, in many an ancient hall,
 the gallant squires of Kent:
 Southward, for Surrey's pleasant hills,
 flew those bright coursers forth;
 High on black Hampstead's swarthy
 moor, they started for the north;
 And on, and on, without a pause, un-
 tired they bounded still;
 All night from tower to tower they
 sprang, all night from hill to hill;
 Till the proud peak unfurled the flag
 o'er Derwent's rocky dales;
 Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven
 the stormy hills of Wales;
 Till, twelve fair counties saw the blaze
 on Malvern's lonely height;
 Till streamed in crimson, on the wind,
 the Wrekin's crest of light;
 Till, broad and fierce, the star came
 forth, on Ely's stately fane,
 And town and hamlet rose in arms,
 o'er all the boundless plain;

Till Belvoir's lordly towers the sign
 to Lincoln sent,
 And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er
 the wide vale of Trent;
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt
 on Gaunt's embattled pile,
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused
 the burghers of Carlisle.

Thomas Babington Macaulay.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA, 1809.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral
 note,
 As his corpse to the rampart we
 hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell
 shot,
 O'er the grave where our hero we
 buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of
 night,
 The sods with our bayonets turn-
 ing;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty
 light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Not in sheet nor in shroud we
 wound him;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his
 rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we
 said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face
 that was dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the mor-
 row.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!

Charles Wolfe.

MY LAND.

SHE is a rich and rare land;
Oh! she's a fresh and fair land,
She is a dear and rare land—
This native land of mine.

No men than hers are braver—
Her women's hearts ne'er waver;
I'd freely die to save her,
And think my lot divine.

She's not a dull or cold land;
No! she's a warm and bold land;
Oh! she's a true and old land—
This native land of mine.

Could beauty ever guard her,
And virtue still reward her,
No foe would cross her border—
No friend within it pine.

Oh! she's a fresh and fair land,
Oh! she's a true and rare land!
Yes, she's a rare and fair land—
This native land of mine.

Thomas Osborne Davis.

CASABIANCA.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though childlike form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud—"Say, father, say
If yet my task be done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair;
And look'd from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
 "My father! must I stay?"
 While o'er him fast, through sail and
 shroud,
 The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour
 wild,
 They caught the flag on high,
 And stream'd above the gallant child,
 Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
 The boy—oh! where was he?
 Ask of the winds that far around
 With fragments strewed the sea,

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
 That well had borne their part;
 But the noblest thing that perished
 there
 Was that young faithful heart.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

TICONDEROGA.

THE cold, gray light of the dawning
 On old Carillon falls,
 And dim in the mist of the morning
 Stand the grim old fortress walls.
 No sound disturbs the stillness
 Save the cataract's mellow roar,
 Silent as death is the fortress,
 Silent the misty shore.

But up from the wakening waters
 Comes the cool, fresh morning
 breeze,
 Lifting up the banner of Britain,
 And whispering to the trees
 Of the swift gliding boats on the
 waters
 That are nearing the fog-shrouded
 land,
 With the old Green Mountain Lion,
 And his daring patriot band.

But the sentinel at the postern
 Heard not the whisper low;
 He is dreaming of the banks of
 Shannon
 As he walks on his beat to and fro,
 Of the starry eyes in Green Erin
 That were dim when he marched
 away,
 And a tear down his bronze cheek
 courses,
 'Tis the first for many a day.

A sound breaks the misty stillness,
 And quickly he glances around;
 Through the mist, forms like tower-
 ing giants
 Seem rising out of the ground;
 A challenge, the firelock flashes,
 A sword cleaves the quivering air,
 And the sentry lies dead by the
 postern,
 Blood staining his bright yellow
 hair.

Then with a shout that awakens
 All the echoes of the hillside and
 glen,
 Through the low, frowning gate of the
 fortress,
 Sword in hand rush the Green
 Mountain men.
 The scarce wakened troops of the
 garrison
 Yield up their trust pale with fear;
 And down comes the bright British
 banner,
 And out rings a Green Mountain
 cheer.

Flushed with pride, the whole eastern
 heavens
 With crimson and gold are ablaze;
 And up springs the sun in his splen-
 dour
 And flings down his arrowy rays,

Bathing in sunlight the fortress,
 Turning to gold the grim walls,
 While louder and clearer and higher
 Rings the song of the waterfalls.

Since the taking of Ticonderoga
 A century has rolled away;
 But with pride the nation remembers
 That glorious morning in May.
 And the cataract's silvery music
 Forever the story tells,
 Of the capture of old Carillon,
 The chime of silver bells.

V. B. Wilson.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

OF Nelson and the North,
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
 And her arms along the deep proudly
 shone;
 By each gun the lighted brand,
 In a bold, determined hand,
 And the Prince of all the land
 Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line:
 It was ten of April morn by the
 chime;
 As they drifted on their path,
 There was silence deep as death;
 And the boldest held his breath,
 For a time.

But the might of England flushed
 To anticipate the scene;
 And her van the fleeter rushed
 O'er the deadly space between.
 "Hearts of oak!" our captain cried;
 when each gun

From its adamant lips
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,
 Like the hurricane eclipse
 Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
 And the havoc did not slack,
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane
 To our cheering sent us back;
 Their shots along the deep slowly
 boom:
 Then ceased—and all is wail,
 As they strike the shattered sail;
 Or, in conflagration pale,
 Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
 As he hailed them o'er the wave:
 "Ye are brothers! ye are men!
 And we conquer but to save:
 So peace instead of death let us bring;
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
 With the crews, at England's feet,
 And make submission meet
 To our King."

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
 That he gave her wounds repose,
 And the sounds of joy and grief
 From her people wildly rose,
 As death withdrew his shades from
 the day.

While the sun looked smiling bright
 O'er a wide and woeful sight,
 Where the fires of funeral light
 Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise!
 For the tidings of thy might,
 By the festal cities' blaze,
 While the wine-cup shines in light;
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep,
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died;—
 With the gallant good Riou: *
 Soft sigh, the winds of heaven o'er
 their grave!
 While the billow mournful rolls,
 And the mermaid's song condoles,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave!

Thomas Campbell.

WASHINGTON.

SOLDIER and statesman, rarest unison;
 High-poised example of great duties
 done
 Simply as breathing, a world's honors
 worn
 As life's indifferent gifts to all men
 born;
 Dumb for himself, unless it were to
 God,
 But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
 Tramping the snow to corral where
 they trod,
 Held by his awe in hollow-eyed con-
 tent;
 Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; un-
 blamed
 Save by the men his nobler temper
 shamed;
 Never seduced through show of pres-
 ent good
 By other than unsettling lights to
 steer
 New-trimmed in Heaven, nor than his
 steadfast mood
 More steadfast, far from rashness as
 from fear;
 Rigid, but with himself first, grasping
 still
 In swerveless poise the wave-beat
 helm of will;

* Captain Riou, justly entitled the
 gallant and the good by Lord Nelson,
 when he wrote home his dispatches.

Not honored then or now because he
 wooed
 The popular voice, but that he still
 withstood;
 Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is
 but one
 Who was all this and ours, and all
 men's,—WASHINGTON.

James Russell Lowell.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
 "Forward, the Light Brigade!
 Charge for the guns!" he said:
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
 "Forward the Light Brigade!"
 Was there a man dismay'd?
 Not tho' the soldier knew
 Some one had blunder'd:
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and die,
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well,
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
 Flash'd as they turned in air.
 Sabring the gunners there,

Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd;
 Plunged in the battery-smoke
 Right thro' the line they broke;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
 Then they rode back, but not—
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came thro' the jaws of Death
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them—
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
 O, the wild charge they made!
 All the world wonder'd.
 Honour the charge they made!
 Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

Alfred Tennyson.

THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by
 night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered
 then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and
 bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women
 and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily,
 and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous
 swell,

Soft eyes looked love to eyes which
 spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage
 bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes
 like a rising knell.

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but
 the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony
 street;
 On with the dance, let joy be un-
 confined;
 No sleep till morn, when youth and
 pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with
 flying feet.
 But hark! that heavy sound breaks
 in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would
 repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than
 before!
 Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's
 opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that
 high wall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain;
 he did hear
 That sound, the first amidst the
 festival,
 And caught its tone with death's
 prophetic ear;
 And when they smiled because he
 deemed it near
 His heart more truly knew that peal
 too well
 Which stretched his father on a
 bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood
 alone could quell;
 He rushed into the field, and foremost
 fighting fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to
 and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings
 of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an
 hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own
 loveliness;
 And there were sudden partings,
 such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and
 choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated; who
 might guess
 If ever more should meet those
 mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful
 morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot
 haste: the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the
 clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with im-
 petuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of
 war;
 And the deep thunder, peal on peal
 afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming
 drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morn-
 ing star;
 While thronged the citizens with
 terror dumb,
 Or whispering with white lips—"The
 foe! They come! They come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's
 gathering" rose,
 The war note of Lochiel, which
 Albyn's hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have
 her Saxon foes:
 How in the noon of night that
 pibroch thrills

Savage and shrill! But with the
 breath which fills
 Their mountain pipe, so fill the
 mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which
 instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand
 years
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in
 each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves about them
 her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as
 they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er
 grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave—alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the
 grass
 Which now beneath them, but above
 shall grow
 In its next verdure, when the fiery
 mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall
 moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty
 life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly
 gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-
 sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms—
 the day
 Battle's magnificently stern array!
 The thunder clouds close o'er it,
 which when rent
 The earth is covered thick with
 other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover,
 heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one
 red burial blent!

George Gordon Byron.

THE "REVENGE."

A Ballad of the Fleet (September, 1591)

AT Florés in the Azores Sir Richard
Grenville lay,

And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird,
came flying from far away:

"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have
sighted fifty-three!"

Then sware Lord Thomas Howard:

"'Fore God I am no coward;

But I cannot meet them here, for my
ships are out of gear,

And the half my men are sick. I
must fly, but follow quick.

We are six ships of the line; can we
fight with fifty-three?"

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I
know you are no coward;

You fly them for a moment to fight
with them again.

But I've ninety men and more that
are lying sick ashore.

I should count myself the coward if I
left them, my Lord Howard,

To these Inquisition dogs and the
devildoms of Spain."

So Lord Howard passed away with
five ships of war that day,

Till he melted like a cloud in the silent
summer heaven;

But Sir Richard bore in hand all his
sick men from the land

Very carefully and slow,

Men of Bideford in Devon,

And we laid them on the ballast down
below;

For we brought them all aboard,

And they blessed him in their pain,
that they were not left to Spain,

To the thumbscrew and the stake, for
the glory of the Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to
work the ship and to fight,

And he sailed away from Florés till
the Spaniard came in sight,

With his huge sea-castles heaving
upon the weather bow.

"Shall we fight or shall we fly?

Good Sir Richard, tell us now,

For to fight is but to die!

There'll be little of us left by the time
this sun be set."

And Sir Richard said again: "We be
all good English men.

Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the
children of the devil,

For I never turned my back upon Don
or devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed,
and we roared a hurrah, and so

The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into
the heart of the foe,

With her hundred fighters on deck,
and her ninety sick below;

For half of their fleet to the right and
half to the left were seen,

And the little *Revenge* ran on through
the long sea-lane between.

Thousands of their soldiers looked
down from their decks and
laughed,

Thousands of their seamen made mock
at the mad little craft

Running on and on, till delayed

By their mountain-like *San Philip*
that, of fifteen hundred tons,

And up-shadowing high above us with
her yawning tiers of guns,

Took the breath from our sails, and we
stayed.

And while now the great *San Philip*
hung above us like a cloud

Whence the thunderbolt will fall

Long and loud,

Four galleons drew away

From the Spanish fleet that day,

And two upon the larboard and two
upon starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from
them all.

But anon the great *San Philip*, she be-
thought herself and went,
Having that within her womb that
had left her ill content;
And the rest, they came aboard us,
and they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with
their pikes and musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as
a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the
land.

And the sun went down, and the stars
came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight
of the one and the fifty-three,
Ship after ship, the whole night long,
their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long,
drew back with her dead and her
shame.
For some were sunk and many were
shattered, and so could fight us
no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like
this in the world before?

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
Though his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the
short summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be dressed he
had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dress-
ing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in
the side and the head,
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

And the night went down, and the sun
smiled out far over the summer
sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken
sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for
they feared that we still could
sting,
So they watched what the end would
be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were
slain,
And half of the rest of us maimed for
life
In the crash of the cannonades and
the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold
were most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent,
and the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were
lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English
pride,
"We have fought such a fight for a
day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—
sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into
the hands of Spain!"

And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but
the seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise,
if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to
strike another blow."

And the lion there lay dying, and they
yielded to the foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their
flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old
Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with
their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he
cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith
like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is
bound to do.
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard
Grenville die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he
died.

And they stared at the dead that had
been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory
of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship
and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil
for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honour
down into the deep,
And they manned the *Revenge* with a
swarthier alien crew,
And away she sailed with her loss and
longed for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had
ruined awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the
weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a
great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is
raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their
sails and their masts and their
flags,

And the whole sea plunged and fell on
the shot-shattered navy of Spain,
And the little *Revenge* herself went
down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

Alfred Tennyson.

THE BLUEBELLS OF SCOTLAND.

OH where! and oh where! is your
Highland laddie gone?
He's gone to fight the French for
King George upon the throne;
And it's oh! in my heart how I wish
him safe at home.

Oh where! and oh where! does your
Highland laddie dwell?
He dwells in merry Scotland at the
sign of the Bluebell;
And it's oh! in my heart that I love
my laddie well.

What clothes, in what clothes is your
Highland laddie clad?
His bonnet's of the Saxon green, his
waistcoat's of the plaid;
And it's oh! in my heart that I love
my Highland lad.

Suppose, oh suppose, that your High-
land lad should die?
The bagpipes shall play over him, I'll
lay me down and cry;
And it's oh! in my heart that I wish
he may not die!

Unknown.

KEARNY AT SEVEN PINES.

(May 31, 1862)

So that soldierly legend is still on its
journey,—
That story of Kearny who knew not
to yield!

'Twas the day when with Jameson,
fierce Berry, and Birney,
Against twenty thousand he rallied
the field.

Where the red volleys poured, where
the clamor rose highest,
Where the dead lay in clumps
through the dwarf oak and pine,
Where the aim from the thicket was
surest and nighest,—
No charge like Phil Kearny's along
the whole line.

When the battle went ill, and the
bravest were solemn,
Near the dark Seven Pines, where
we still held our ground,
He rode down the length of the
withering column,
And his heart at our war-cry leapt
up with a bound;
He snuffed, like his charger, the wind
of the powder,—
His sword waved us on and we an-
swered the sign;
Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his
laugh rang the louder,
"There's the devil's own fun, boys,
along the whole line!"

How he strode his brown steed! How
we saw his blade brighten
In the one hand still left,—and the
reins in his teeth!
He laughed like a boy when the holi-
days heighten,
But a soldier's glance shot from his
visor beneath.
Up came the reserves to the mellay
infernial,
Asking where to go in,—through
the clearing or pine?
"Oh, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all
the same, Colonel:
You'll find lovely fighting along the
whole line!"

Oh, evil the black shroud of night at
Chantilly,
That hid him from sight of his
brave men and tried!
Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped
the white lily,
The flower of our knighthood, the
whole army's pride!
Yet we dream that he still,—in that
shadowy region
Where the dead form their ranks at
the wan drummer's sign,—
Rides on, as of old, down the length
of his legion,
And the word still is "Forward!"
along the whole line.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

BRUCE TO HIS ARMY.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power,
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword would strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurper low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

Robert Burns.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart
is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing
the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following
the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever
I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to
the North,
The birthplace of valour, the country
of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I
love.

Farewell to the mountains high cov-
ered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green
valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hang-
ing woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-
pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart
is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chas-
ing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following
the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever
I go!

Robert Burns.

"THE WORD OF GOD TO
LEYDEN CAME."

(August 15, 1620)

THE word of God to Leyden came,
Dutch town by Zuyder Zee:
Rise up, my children of no name,
My kings and priests to be.
There is an empire in the West,
Which I will soon unfold;
A thousand harvests in her breast,
Rocks ribbed with iron and gold.

Rise up, my children, time is ripe!
Old things are passed away.
Bishops and kings from earth I wipe;
Too long they've had their day.
A little ship have I prepared
To bear you o'er the seas;
And in your souls, my will declared,
Shall grow by slow degrees.

Beneath my throne the martyrs cry:
I hear their voice, How long?
It mingles with their praises high,
And with their victor song.
The thing they longed and waited for,
But died without the sight;
So, this shall be! I wrong abhor,
The world I'll now set right.

Leave, then, the hammer and the loom,
You've other work to do;
For Freedom's commonwealth there's
room,
And you shall build it too.
I'm tired of bishops and their pride,
I'm tired of kings as well;
Henceforth I take the people's side,
And with the people dwell.

Tear off the mitre from the priest,
And from the king, his crown;
Let all my captives be released;
Lift up, whom men cast down.

Their pastors let the people choose,
 And choose their rulers too;
 Whom they select, I'll not refuse,
 But bless the work they do.

The Pilgrims rose, at this, God's word,
 And sailed the wintry seas:
 With their own flesh nor blood con-
 ferred,
 Nor thought of wealth or ease.
 They left the towers of Leyden town,
 They left the Zuyder Zee;
 And where they cast their anchor
 down,
 Rose Freedom's realm to be.

Jeremiah Eames Rankin.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their
 bark
 On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came,
 Not with the roll of stirring drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear,—
 They shook the depths of the desert's
 gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard and the sea!
 And the sounding aisles of the dim
 wood rang
 To the anthems of the free!

The ocean-eagle soared
 From his nest by the white waves'
 foam,
 And the rocking pines of the forest
 roared,—
 This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
 Amidst that pilgrim-band;
 Why had they come to wither there,
 Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth;
 There was manhood's brow serenely
 high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
 Bright jewels of the mine?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
 They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod!
 They have left unstained what there
 they found,—
 Freedom to worship God!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

POCAHONTAS.

WEARIED arm and broken sword
 Wage in vain the desperate fight:
 Round him press a countless horde,
 He is but a single knight.
 Hark a cry of triumph shrill
 Through the wilderness resounds,
 As with twenty bleeding wounds
 Sinks the warrior fighting still.

Now they heap the fatal pyre,
 And the torch of death they light;
 Ah! 'tis hard to die of fire!
 Who will shield the captive knight?

Round the stake with fiendish cry
Wheel and dance the savage crowd,
Cold the victim's mien and proud,
And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart?
Who avert the murderous blade?
From the throng, with sudden start,
See there springs an Indian maid.
Quick she stands before the knight:
"Loose the chain, unbind the ring;
I am daughter of the king,
And I claim the Indian right!"

Dauntlessly aside she flings
Lifted axe and thirsty knife;
Fondly to his heart she clings,
And her bosom guards his life!
In the woods of Powhatan,
Still 'tis told by Indian fires,
How a daughter of their sires
Saved the captive Englishman.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

INDIAN NAMES.

YE say they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That, mid the forests where they
roamed,
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like ocean's surge is curled,
Where strong Niagara's thunders
wake
The echo of the world,
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the west,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their conelike cabins,
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have disappeared, as withered leaves
Before the autumn's gale;
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid his young renown.
Connecticut hath wreathed it
Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice
Within its rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart.
Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,
Doth seal the sacred trust,
Your mountains build their monu-
ment,
Though ye destroy their dust.

Lydia Huntly Sigourney.

"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

OH say, can you see by the dawn's
early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the
twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars,
through the perilous fight
On the ramparts we watched, were
so gallantly streaming.
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs
bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that
our flag was still there;
Oh say, does the star-spangled ban-
ner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the
home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen, through the
 mists of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in
 dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze o'er
 the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals,
 half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morn-
 ing's first beam:
 In full glory reflected, now shines
 on the stream;
 'Tis the star-spangled banner, O
 long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the
 home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vaunt-
 ingly swore
 That the havoc of war and the
 battle's confusion
 A home and a country should leave us
 no more?
 Their blood has washed out their
 foul footsteps' pollution.
 No refuge could save the hireling and
 slave
 From the terror of flight, or the gloom
 of the grave:
 And the star-spangled banner in
 triumph doth wave
 O'er the land of the free and the
 home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen
 shall stand
 Between their loved homes and the
 war's desolation!
 Blest with victory and peace, may the
 heaven-rescued land
 Praise the Power that hath made
 and preserved us a nation.
 Then conquer we must, for our cause
 it is just,
 And this be our motto: "In God is
 our trust."

And the star-spangled banner in
 triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the
 home of the brave!

Francis Scott Key.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN freedom, from her mountain
 height
 Unfurl'd her standard to the air,
 She tore the azure robe of night,
 And set the stars of glory there.
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
 The milky baldric of the skies,
 And striped its pure, celestial white,
 With streakings of the morning light;
 Then from his mansion in the sun
 She call'd her eagle bearer down;
 And gave into his mighty hand
 The symbol of her chosen land.

* * * * *

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
 When death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
 And frightened waves rush wildly back
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendours fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and
 home!

By angel hands to valour given;
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in
 heaven.

For ever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe but falls
 before us,
 With freedom's soil beneath our feet
 And freedom's banner streaming
 o'er us?

Joseph Rodman Drake.

CONCORD HYMN.

Sung at the Completion of the Battle
Monument, April 19, 1836.

By the rude bridge that arched the
flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers
stood,
And fired the shot heard round the
world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward
creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft
stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are
gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful
trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the
prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the
people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the
vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain
lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and
hear the bells:

Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for
you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd
wreaths—for you the shores a-crowd-
ing,

For you they call, the swaying mass,
their eager faces turning;

Here, Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck

You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips
are pale and still,

My father does not feel my arm, he
has no pulse nor will,

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound,
its voyage closed and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship
comes in with object won;

Exult O shores! and ring, O bells!

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

Walt Whitman.

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,

Sweet land of liberty,

Of thee I sing;

Land where my fathers died,

Land of the pilgrims' pride,

From every mountain-side

Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee,

Land of the noble free,—

Thy name I love;

I love thy rocks and rills,

Thy woods and templed hills;

My heart with rapture thrills

Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Samuel Francis Smith.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the
coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where
the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of
His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of
a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the
evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by
the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in
burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so
with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush
the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet
that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men
before His judgment-seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him!
be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was
born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that trans-
figures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us
die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

From "The Doom of Devoirgoil"
(1689)

To the Lords of Convention 'twas
Claver'se who spoke,
"Ere the King's crown shall fall,
there are crowns to be broke;
So let each Cavalier who loves
honour and me
Come follow the bonnet of Bonnie
Dundee!"

"Come fill up my cup, come fill up
my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call
up your men;
Come open the West Port and let
me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of
Bonnie Dundee!"

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up
the street,
The bells are rung backward, the
drums they are beat;
But the Provost, douce man, said,
"Just e'en let him be,
The Gude Town is well quit of that
deil of Dundee!"

As he rode down the sanctified
bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking
her pow;
But the young plants of grace they
looked couthie and slee,
Thinking, Luck to thy bonnet, thou
Bonnie Dundee!

With sour-featured Whigs the
Grass-market was thranged,
As if half the West had set tryst
to be hanged;
There was spite in each look, there
was fear in each e'e,
As they watched for the bonnets of
Bonnie Dundee.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits
and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill
cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and
the causeway was free
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonnie
Dundee.

He spurred to the foot of the proud
Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gal-
lantly spoke:
“Let Mons Meg and her marrows
speak twa words or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonnie
Dundee.”

The Gordon demands of him which
way he goes.
‘Where’er shall direct me the shade
of Montrose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear
tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bon-
nie Dundee.

“There are hills beyond Pentland,
and lands beyond Forth;
If there’s lords in the Lowlands,
there’s chiefs in the North;
There are wild Duniewassals three
thousand times three
Will cry ‘Hoigh!’ for the bonnet of
Bonnie Dundee.

“There’s brass on the target of
barkened bull-hide,
There’s steel in the scabbard that
dangles beside;
The brass shall be burnished, the
steel shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonnie
Dundee.

“Away to the hills, to the caves, to
the rocks,—
Ere I own an usurper, I’ll couch
with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the
midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my
bonnet and me!”

He waved his proud hand, and the
trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the
horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston’s cliffs and on
Clermiston’s lea
Died away the wild war-notes of
Bonnie Dundee.

Walter Scott.

THE BATTLE OF HOHEN- LINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden show'd another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder
riven;
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven;
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-cloud rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave!
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

Thomas Campbell.

MOLLY MAGUIRE AT MONMOUTH.

ON the bloody field of Monmouth
Flashed the guns of Greene and
Wayne.
Fiercely roared the tide of battle,
Thick the sward was heaped with
slain.

Foremost, facing death and danger,
Hessian, horse, and grenadier,
In the vanguard, fiercely fighting,
Stood an Irish Cannonier.

Loudly roared his iron cannon,
Mingling ever in the strife,
And beside him, firm and daring,
Stood his faithful Irish wife.
Of her bold contempt of danger
Greene and Lee's Brigades could
tell,
Every one knew "Captain Molly,"
And the army loved her well.

Surged the roar of battle round them,
Swiftly flew the iron hail,
Forward dashed a thousand bayonets,
That lone battery to assail.
From the foeman's foremost columns
Swept a furious fusillade,
Mowing down the massed battalions
In the ranks of Greene's Brigade.

Fast and faster worked the gunner,
Soiled with powder, blood, and dust,
English bayonets shone before him,
Shot and shell around him burst;
Still he fought with reckless daring,
Stood and manned her long and
well,
Till at last the gallant fellow
Dead—beside his cannon fell.

With a bitter cry of sorrow,
And a dark and angry frown,
Looked that band of gallant patriots
At their gunner stricken down.
"Fall back, comrades, it is folly
Thus to strive against the foe."
"No! not so," cried Irish Molly;
"We can strike another blow."

* * * * *

Quickly leapt she to the cannon,
In her fallen husband's place,
Sponged and rammed it fast and
steady,
Fired it in the foeman's face.

Flashed another ringing volley,
 Roared another from the gun;
 "Boys, hurrah!" cried gallant Molly,
 "For the flag of Washington!"

Greene's brigade, though shorn and
 shattered,
 Slain and bleeding half their men,
 When they heard that Irish slogan,
 Turned and charged the foe again.
 Knox and Wayne and Morgan rally,
 To the front they forward wheel,
 And before their rushing onset
 Clinton's English columns reel.

Still the cannon's voice in anger
 Rolled and rattled o'er the plain,
 Till there lay in swarms around it
 Mangled heaps of Hessian slain.
 "Forward! charge them with the
 bayonet!"

'Twas the voice of Washington,
 And there burst a fiery greeting
 From the Irish woman's gun.

Monckton falls; against his columns
 Leap the troops of Wayne and Lee,
 And before their reeking bayonets
 Clinton's red battalions flee.
 Morgan's rifles, fiercely flashing,
 Thin the foe's retreating ranks,
 And behind them onward dashing
 Ogden hovers on their flanks.

Fast they fly, these boasting Britons,
 Who in all their glory came,
 With their brutal Hessian hirelings
 To wipe out our country's name.
 Proudly floats the starry banner,
 Monmouth's glorious field is won,
 And in triumph Irish Molly
 Stands beside her smoking gun.

William Collins.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know, we French stormed Ratis-
 bon:

A mile or so away
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming day;
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as, perhaps, he mused, "My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army-leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall,"—
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there
 flew

A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy:
 You hardly could suspect—
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through),
 You looked twice ere you saw his
 breast
 Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by
 God's grace
 We've got you Ratisbon!
 The Marshal's in the market-place,
 And you'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans,
 Where I, to heart's desire,
 Perched him!" The Chief's eye
 flashed; his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes:

“You’re wounded!” “Nay,” his
 soldier’s pride
 Touched to the quick, he said:
 “I’m killed, sire!” And, his Chief
 beside,
 Smiling the boy fell dead.

Robert Browning.

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

THE Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you’ll find
 him;
 His father’s sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him,
 “Land of song!” said the warrior-
 bard,
 “Though all the world betrays thee,
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall
 guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise
 thee!”

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman’s
 chain
 Could not bring his proud soul un-
 der;
 The harp he loved ne’er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder;
 And said, “No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery!
 Thy songs were made for the pure and
 free,
 They shall never sound in slavery!”

Thomas Moore.

THE SPLENDOUR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS.

THE splendour falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story:
 The long light shakes across the
 lakes
 And the wild cataract leaps in
 glory.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes
 flying,
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying,
 dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther
 going!

O sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly
 blowing!

Blow, let us hear the purple glens
 replying:

Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying,
 dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river:
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow for ever and for ever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes
 flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying,
 dying, dying.

Alfred Tennyson.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and
 he;
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we gal-
 loped all three;
 “Good speed!” cried the watch, as
 the gate-bolts undrew;
 “Speed!” echoed the wall to us gal-
 loping through;
 Behind shut the postern, the lights
 sank to rest,
 And into the midnight we galloped
 abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept
 the great pace
 Neck by neck, stride by stride, never
 changing our place;

I turned in my saddle and made its
girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set
the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained
slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a
whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while
we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight
dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out
to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as
could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we
heard the half chime,
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there
is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden
the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black
every one,
To stare through the mist at us gallop-
ing past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland
at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting
away
The haze, as some bluff river headland
its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one
sharp ear bent back
For my voice and the other pricked
out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever
that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own
master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes
which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in gal-
loping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried
Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Ross galloped bravely, the fault's
not in her.
We'll remember at Aix"—for one
heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw her stretched neck
and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of
the flank,
As down on her haunches she shud-
dered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud
in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a piti-
less laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle
bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire
sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for
Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" and all in a
moment his roan
Rolled neck and crop over; lay dead
as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the
whole weight
Of the news which alone could save
Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of
blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-
socket's rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each
holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go
belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted
his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my
horse without peer;

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang,
 any noise, good or bad,
 Till at length into Aix Roland gal-
 loped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flock-
 ing round
 As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees
 on the ground,
 And no voice but was praising this
 Roland of mine,
 As I poured down his throat our last
 measure of wine,
 Which (the burgesses voted by com-
 mon consent)
 Was no more than his due who
 brought good news from Ghent.

Robert Browning.

MONTEREY.

(September 23, 1846)

WE were not many, we who stood
 Before the iron sleet that day:
 Yet many a gallant spirit would
 Give half his years if but he could
 Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
 In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
 Yet not a single soldier quailed
 When wounded comrades round them
 wailed
 Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on—still on our column kept
 Through walls of flame its wither-
 ing way;
 Where fell the dead, the living
 stepped,
 Still charging on the guns which
 swept
 The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
 When, striking where he strongest
 lay,
 We swooped his flanking batteries
 past,
 And braving full their murderous
 blast,
 Stormed home the towers of Mon-
 terey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
 And there our evening bugles play:
 Where orange-boughs above their
 grave
 Keep green the memory of the brave
 Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who pressed
 Beside the brave who fell that
 day—
 But who of us has not confessed
 He'd rather share their warrior rest
 Than not have been at Monterey?

Charles Fenno Hoffman.

THE SEA.

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It runneth the earth's wide regions
 round;
 It plays with the clouds; it mocks the
 skies;
 Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
 I am where I would ever be;
 With the blue above, and the blue
 below,
 And silence wheresoe'er I go;
 If a storm should come and awake the
 deep
 What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh, how I love!) to ride
 On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
 When every mad wave drowns the
 moon,
 Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
 And tells how goeth the world below,
 And why the south-west blasts do
 blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
 But I loved the great sea more and
 more,
 And backwards flew to her billowy
 breast,
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's
 nest:
 And a mother she was and is to me;
 For I was born on the open sea!

I've lived since then in calm and
 strife,
 Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
 With wealth to spend, and a power to
 range,
 But never have sought nor sighed for
 change;
 And Death, whenever he comes to me,
 Shall come on the wild unbounded
 sea!

Barry Cornwall.

"TO SEA! TO SEA!"

To sea! to sea! the calm is o'er,
 The wanton water leaps in sport,
 And rattles down the pebbly shore,
 The dolphin wheels, the sea cows
 snort;
 And unseen mermaid's pearly song
 Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.
 Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar:
 To sea! to sea! the calm is o'er.

To sea! to sea! our white winged bark
 Shall billowing cleave its watery
 way,
 And with its shadow, fleet and dark,
 Break the caved Triton's azure day.

Like mountain eagle soaring light
 O'er antelopes on Alpine height.
 The anchor heaves! the ship swings
 free!
 Our sails swell full! To sea! to sea!

Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE.

THE good dame looked from her cot-
 tage
 At the close of the pleasant day,
 And cheerily called to her little son
 Outside the door at play:
 "Come, Peter, come! I want you to
 go,
 While there is yet light to see,
 To the hut of the blind old man who
 lives
 Across the dike, for me;
 And take these cakes I made for
 him—
 They are hot and smoking yet;
 You have time enough to go and come
 Before the sun is set."

Then the good wife turned to her
 labor,
 Humming a simple song,
 And thought of her husband, working
 hard
 At the sluices all day along;
 And set the turf a-blazing,
 And brought the coarse, black
 bread,
 That he might find a fire at night,
 And see the table spread.

And Peter left the brother
 With whom all day he had played,
 And the sister who had watched their
 sports
 In the willow's tender shade;
 And told them they'd see him back
 before

They saw a star in sight—
 Though he wouldn't be afraid to go
 In the very darkest night!
 For he was a brave, bright fellow,
 With eye and conscience clear;
 He could do whatever a boy might do,
 And he had not learned to fear.
 Why, he wouldn't have robbed a
 bird's nest,
 Nor brought a stork to harm,
 Though never a law in Holland
 Had stood to stay his arm!

And now, with his face all glowing,
 And eyes as bright as the day
 With the thoughts of his pleasant er-
 rand,

He trudged along the way;
 And soon his joyous prattle
 Made glad a lonesome place—
 Alas! if only the blind old man
 Could have seen that happy face!
 Yet he somehow caught the brightness
 Which his voice and presence lent;
 And he felt the sunshine come and go
 As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
 And the winds began to rise,
 The mother looked from her door
 again,

Shading her anxious eyes,
 And saw the shadows deepen,
 And birds to their homes come back,
 But never a sign of Peter
 Along the level track.

But she said, "He will come at morn-
 ing,

So I need not fret or grieve—
 Though it isn't like my boy at all
 To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying?
 On the homeward way was he,
 And across the dike while the sun
 was up
 An hour above the sea.

He was stooping now to gather
 flowers;

Now listening to the sound,
 As the angry waters dashed them-
 selves

Against their narrow bound.

"Ah! well for us," said Peter,

"That the gates are good and
 strong,

And my father tends them carefully,
 Or they would not hold you long!

You're a wicked sea," said Peter;

"I know why you fret and chafe;
 You would like to spoil our lands and
 homes;

But our sluices keep you safe!"

But hark! through the noise of waters
 Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;
 And the child's face pales with terror,
 As his blossoms drop to the ground.

He is up the bank in a moment,

And, stealing through the sand,

He sees a stream not yet so large

As his slender, childish hand.

'Tis a leak in the dike! He is but a
 boy,

Unused to fearful scenes;

But, young as he is, he has learned to
 know

The dreadful thing that means.

A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart

Grows faint that cry to hear,

And the bravest man in all the land

Turns white with mortal fear.

For he knows the smallest leak may
 grow

To a flood in a single night;

And he knows the strength of the
 cruel sea

When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! He has seen the
 danger,

And, shouting a wild alarm,

He forces back the weight of the sea

With the strength of his single arm!

He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh;
And lays his ear to the ground, to
catch
The answer to his cry,—
And he hears the rough winds blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him
Save the echo of his call.

He sees no hope, no succor,
His feeble voice is lost;
Yet what shall he do but watch and
wait,
Though he perish at his post!
So, faintly calling and crying
Till the sun is under the sea;
Crying and moaning till the stars
Come out for company;
He thinks of his brother and sister,
Asleep in their safe, warm bed;
He thinks of dear father and mother;
Of himself as dying, and dead;
And of how, when the night is over,
They must come and find him at
last;
But he never thinks he can leave the
place
Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage
Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all the night.
And now she watches the pathway,
As yester-eve she had done;
But what does she see so strange and
black
Against the rising sun?
Her neighbors are bearing between
them
Something straight to her door;
Her child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before!

“He is dead!” she cries; “my darling!”

And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she
looks,
And fears the thing she fears;
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife—
“Give thanks, for your son has saved
our land,
And God has saved his life!”
So, there in the morning sunshine
They knelt about the boy;
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.

’Tis many a year since then; but still,
When the sea roars like a flood,
Their boys are taught what a boy
can do
Who is brave and true and good.
For every man in that country
Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
Whose courage saved the land.

They have many a valiant hero,
Remembered through the years;
But never one whose name so oft
Is named with loving tears.
And his deed shall be sung by the
cradle,
And told to the child on the knee,
So long as the dikes of Holland
Divide the land from the sea!

Phæbe Cary.

THE NORTHERN SEAS.

UP! up! let us a voyage take;
Why sit we here at ease?
Find us a vessel tight and snug,
Bound for the northern seas.

I long to see the Northern Lights,
With their rushing splendours, fly,
Like living things, with flaming wings,
Wide o’er the wondrous sky.

I long to see those icebergs vast,
 With heads all crowned with snow,
 Whose green roots sleep in the awful
 deep,
 Two hundred fathoms low.

I long to hear the thundering crash
 Of their terrific fall;
 And the echoes from a thousand cliffs
 Like lonely voices call.

There shall we see the fierce white
 bear,
 The sleepy seals aground,
 And the spouting whales that to and
 fro
 Sail with a dreary sound.

There may we tread on depths of ice,
 That the hairy mammoth hide;
 Perfect as when, in times of old,
 The mighty creature died.

And while the unsetting sun shines on
 Through the still heaven's deep
 blue,
 We'll traverse the azure waves the
 herds
 Of the dread sea-horse to view.

We'll pass the shores of solemn pine,
 Where wolves and black bears
 prowl,
 And away to the rocky isles of mist
 To rouse the northern fowl.

Up then shall start ten thousand
 wings
 With a rushing whistling din;
 Up shall the auk and fulmar start—
 All but the fat penguin.

And there in the wastes of the silent
 sky,
 With the silent earth below,
 We shall see far off to his lonely rock
 The lonely eagle go.

Then softly, softly will we tread
 By island streams, to see
 Where the pelican of the silent north
 Sits there all silently.

William Howitt.

OLD IRONSIDES.

(September 14, 1830)

AY, tear her tattered ensign down!
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky;
 Beneath it rung the battle shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar;—
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the
 flood,
 And waves were white below,
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee;—
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave;
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave;
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,
 The lightning and the gale!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

(September 13, 1862)

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
 Clear in the cool September morn,
 The clustered spires of Frederick
 stand
 Green-walled by the hills of Mary-
 land.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel
horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early
fall
When Lee marched over the moun-
tain-wall;

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the
sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not
one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and
ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled
down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

“Halt!”—the dust-brown ranks stood
fast.

“Fire!”—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and
sash;

It rent the banner with seam and
gash.

Quick as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken
scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

“Shoot, if you must, this old gray
head,
But spare your country’s flag,” she
said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman’s deed and
word;

“Who touches a hair of yon gray
head
Dies like a dog! March on!” he said.

All day long through the Frederick
street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie’s work is o’er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no
more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall’s bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie’s grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE

(December 2, 1859)

JOHN BROWN of Ossawatomie spake
on his dying day:

“I will not have to shrive my soul a
priest in Slavery’s pay.

But let some poor slave-mother whom
I have striven to free,

With her children, from the gallows-
stair put up a prayer for me!”

John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led
him out to die;

And lo! a poor slave-mother with her
little child pressed nigh.

Then the bold, blue eye grew tender,
and the old harsh face grew mild,

As he stooped between the jeering
ranks and kissed the negro’s child!

The shadows of his stormy life that
moment fell apart;

And they who blamed the bloody
hand forgave the loving heart.

That kiss from all its guilty means re-
deemed the good intent,

And round the grisly fighter’s hair
the martyr’s aureole bent!

Perish with him the folly that seeks
through evil good!

Long live the generous purpose un-
stained with human blood!

Not the raid of midnight terror, but
the thought which underlies;

Not the borderer’s pride of daring,
but the Christian’s sacrifice.

Nevermore may yon Blue Ridges the
Northern rifle hear,

Nor see the light of blazing homes
flash on the negro’s spear;

But let the free-winged angel Truth
their guarded passes scale,

To teach that right is more than
might, and justice more than mail!

So vainly shall Virginia set her battle
in array;

In vain her trampling squadrons
knead the winter snow with clay.

She may strike the pouncing eagle,
but she dares not harm the dove;

And every gate she bars to Hate, shall
open wide to Love!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

WINDLASS SONG.

HEAVE at the windlass!—Heave O,
cheerly, men!

Heave all at once, with a will!

The tide quickly making,

Our cordage a-creaking,

The water has put on a frill,

Heave O!

Fare you well, sweethearts!—Heave
O, cheerly, men!

Fare you well, frolic and sport!

The good ship all ready

Each dog-vane is steady,

The wind blowing dead out of port.

Heave O!

Once in blue water—Heave O,
cheerly, men!

Blow it from north or from south;

She’ll stand to it tightly,

And curtsey politely,

And carry a bone in her mouth,

Heave O!

Short cruise or long cruise—Heave O,
cheerly, men!

Jolly Jack Tar thinks it one.
No latitude dreads he
Of White, Black, or Red Sea,
Great icebergs, or tropical sun,
Heave O!

One other turn, and Heave O, cheerly,
men!

Heave, and good-bye to the shore!
Our money, how went it?
We shared it and spent it;
Next year we'll come back with
some more,

Heave O!

William Allingham.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my
boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music mariners!
The wind is piping loud;

The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

Allan Cunningham.

THE CAPTAIN STOOD ON THE CARRONADE.

THE captain stood on the carronade—
“First lieutenant,” says he,
“Send all my merry men aft here,
for they must list to me:
I haven't the gift of the gab, my
sons—because I'm bred to the sea,
That ship there is a Frenchman, who
means to fight with we.
Odds blood, hammer and tongs,
long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—
but I've gained the victory.

“That ship there is a Frenchman,
and if we don't take *she*,
'Tis a thousand bullets to one, that
she will capture *we*;
I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys,
so each man to his gun,
If she's not mine in half-an-hour, I'll
flog each mother's son.
Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long
as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—
and I've gained the victory.”

We fought for twenty minutes, when
the Frenchman had enough,
“I little thought,” said he, “that
your men were of such stuff.”
The captain took the Frenchman's
sword, a low bow made to he—
“I haven't the gift of the gab, Mon-
sieur, but polite I wish to be.
Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long
as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—
and I've gained the victory.”

Our captain sent for all of us; "My
 merry men," said he,
 "I haven't the gift of the gab, my
 lads, but yet I thankful be;
 You've done your duty handsomely,
 each man stood to his gun,
 If you hadn't, you villains, as sure
 as day, I'd have flogged each
 mother's son.
 Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as
 long as I'm at sea,
 I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and
 I'll gain the victory."

Frederick Marryat.

GIBRALTAR.

SEVEN weeks of sea, and twice seven
 days of storm
 Upon the huge Atlantic, and once
 more
 We ride into still water and the calm
 Of a sweet evening screened by either
 shore
 Of Spain and Barbary. Our toils are
 o'er,
 Our exile is accomplished. Once
 again
 We look on Europe, mistress as of
 yore
 Of the fair earth and of the hearts of
 men.
 Ay, this is the famed rock, which
 Hercules
 And Goth and Moor bequeathed us.
 At this door
 England stands sentry. God! to hear
 the shrill
 Sweet treble of her fifes upon the
 breeze
 And at the summons of the rock gun's
 roar
 To see her red coats marching from
 the hill.

Wilfred Scawen Blunt.

THE TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.

I SAIL'D from the Downs in the *Nancy*,
 My jib how she smack'd through
 the breeze!
 She's a vessel as tight to my fancy
 As ever sail'd on the salt seas.
 So adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,
 Our girls and our dear native shore!
 For if some hard rock we should split
 on,
 We shall never see them any more.
 But sailors were born for all weathers,
 Great guns let it blow, high or low,
 Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
 And where the gale drives we must
 go.

When we entered the Straits of
 Gibraltar

I verily thought she'd have sunk,
 For the wind began so for to alter,
 She yaw'd just as tho' she was
 drunk.

The squall tore the mainsail to shivers,
 Helm a-weather, the hoarse boat-
 swain cries;

Brace the foresail athwart, see she
 quivers,
 As through the rough tempest she
 flies.

But sailors were born for all weathers,
 Great guns let it blow, high or low,
 Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
 And where the gale drives we must
 go.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
 As black just as pitch was the sky,
 When truly a doleful disaster
 Befel three poor sailors and I.

Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick
 Handsail,

By a blast that came furious and
 hard,
 Just while we were furling the main-
 sail,
 Were every soul swept from the
 yard.

But sailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow, high or low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must
go.

Poor Ben, Sam and Dick cried pec-
cavi,
As for I, at the risk of my neck,
While they sank down in peace to old
Davy,
Caught a rope, and so landed on
deck.

Well, what would you have? We
were stranded,
And out of a fine jolly crew
Of three hundred that sail'd, never
landed

But I, and I think, twenty-two.
But sailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow, high or low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must
go.

Charles Dibden.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

(October 19, 1864)

Up from the South, at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder
bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chief-
tain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble,
and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,

Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that
fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester
town,
A good, broad highway leading down:
And there, through the flush of the
morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost
speed;
Hills rose and fell, but his heart was
gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs,
thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the can-
non's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping
faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of
disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart
of the master
Were beating like prisoners assault-
ing their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field
calls;
Every nerve of the charger was
strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with
furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of
fire;
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's
desire;

He is snuffing the smoke of the roar-
ing fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were
the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating
troops;
What was done? what to do? a glance
told him both,
Then, striking his spurs, with a ter-
rible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a
storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its
course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it
to pause.
With foam and with dust the black
charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red
nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army
to say:
"I have brought you Sheridan all the
way
From Winchester town to save the
day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on
high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of
Fame,
There, with the glorious general's
name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and
bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles
away!"

Thomas Buchanan Read.

SONG OF SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

(November, 1864)

OUR camp-fires shone bright on the
mountains
That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns in the
morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe;
When a rider came out from the dark-
ness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted: "Boys, up and be
ready,
For Sherman will march to the
sea."

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sher-
man
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles reëchoed the music
That came from the lips of the men:
For we knew that the stars in our
banner
More bright in their splendor would
be,
And that blessings from Northland
would greet us
When Sherman marched down to
the sea.

Then forward, boys, forward to
battle!
We marched on our wearisome way,
And we stormed the wild hills of
Resaca;
God bless those who fell on that
day!
Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the
free,
But the East and the West bore our
standards,
And Sherman marched on to the
sea.

Still onward we pressed, till our
banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim
walls,
And the blood of the patriot damp-
ened
The soil where the traitor flag falls;
Yet we paused not to weep for the
fallen,
Who slept by each river and tree;
We twined them a wreath of the
laurel
As Sherman marched down to the
sea.

Oh! proud was our army that morn-
ing,
That stood where the pine darkly
towers,
When Sherman said: "Boys, you are
weary;
This day fair Savannah is ours!"
Then sang we a song for our chieftain,
That echoed o'er river and lea,
And the stars in our banner shone
brighter
When Sherman marched down to
the sea.

Samuel Hawkins Marshall Byers.

SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDAS.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that row'd along
The listening winds received this
song:
"What should we do but sing His
praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?"

Where He the huge sea monsters
wracks
That lift the deep upon their backs,
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's
rage:
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows:
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice!
With cedars chosen by His hand
From Lebanon He stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
O let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which then perhaps rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay!"
—Thus sung they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note:
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

Andrew Marvell.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.
BRING the good old bugle, boys, we'll
sing another song—
Sing it with a spirit that will start
the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it fifty thou-
sand strong,
While we were marching through
Georgia.

Chorus

“Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the
jubilee!

Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that
makes you free!”

So we sang the chorus from Atlanta
to the sea,

While we were marching through
Georgia.

How the darkeys shouted when they
heard the joyful sound!

How the turkeys gobbled which our
commissary found!

How the sweet potatoes even started
from the ground,

While we were marching through
Georgia.

Yes, and there were Union men who
wept with joyful tears,

When they saw the honored flag they
had not seen for years;

Hardly could they be restrained from
breaking forth in cheers

While we were marching through
Georgia.

“Sherman’s dashing Yankee boys will
never reach the coast!”

So the saucy rebels said—and ’twas a
handsome boast,

Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon
on a host,

While we were marching through
Georgia.

So we made a thoroughfare for Free-
dom and her train,

Sixty miles in latitude—three hun-
dred to the main;

Treason fled before us, for resistance
was in vain,

While we were marching through
Georgia.

Henry Clay Work.

THE CAVALIER’S SONG.

A STEED! a steed of matchless speed,
A sword of metal keen!

All else to noble hearts is dross,
All else on earth is mean.

The neighing of the war-horse proud,
The rolling of the drum,
The clangour of the trumpet loud,
Be sounds from heaven that come.

And oh! the thundering press of
knights

Whenas their war cries swell,
May tole from heaven an angel bright,
And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mount! then mount, brave gal-
lants, all,

And don your helms amain:
Death’s couriers, Fame and Honor,
Call us to the field again.

No shrewish tears shall fill our eye
When the sword-hilt’s in our
hand,—

Heart-whole we’ll part, and no whit
sigh

For the fairest of the land!

Let piping swain, and craven wight,
Thus weep and puling cry,

Our business is like men to fight,
And hero-like to die!

William Motherwell.

XII

Ballads

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
These words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Who did in honor far surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help his life could save;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possessed one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind;
In love they lived, in love they died,
And left two babes behind.

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old;
The other a girl more young than he,
And framed in beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter, Jane,
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage-day,
Which might not be controlled.
But if the children chance to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their
wealth;
For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends have else they here:
To God and you I recommend
My children dear this day;
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to stay.

"You must be father and mother
both,
And uncle all in one;
God knows what will become of them
When I am dead and gone."
With that bespake their mother dear,
"Oh brother kind," quoth she,
"You are the man must bring our
babes
To wealth or misery:

"And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deeds regard."
With lips as cold as any stone,
They kissed their children small:
"God bless you both, my children
dear!"
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother
spoke,
To this sick couple there:
"The keeping of your little ones,
Sweet sister, do not fear:
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor ought else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in grave."

The parents being dead and gone,
 The children home he takes,
 And brings them straight unto his
 house,

Where much of them he makes.
 He had not kept these pretty babes
 A twelvemonth and a day,
 But, for their wealth, he did devise
 To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians strong,
 Which were of furious mood,
 That they should take these children
 young,

And slay them in a wood.
 He told his wife an artful tale,
 He would the children send,
 To be brought up in fair London,
 With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes
 Rejoicing at their tide,
 Rejoicing in a merry mind,
 They should on cock-horse ride.
 They prate and prattle pleasantly
 As they rode on the way,
 To those that should their butchers be,
 And work their lives' decay.

So that the pretty speech they had
 Made Murder's heart relent;
 And they that undertook the deed
 Full sore did now repent.
 Yet one of them more hard of heart
 Did vow to do his charge,
 Because the wretch that hired him
 Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
 So here they fall to strife;
 With one another they did fight,
 About the children's life;
 And he that was of mildest mood
 Did slay the other there,
 Within an unfrequented wood;
 The babes did quake for fear!

He took the children by the hand,
 Tears standing in their eye,
 And bade them straightway follow
 him

And look they did not cry.
 And two long miles he led them on,
 While they for food complain;
 "Stay here," quoth he; "I'll bring
 you bread
 When I come back again."

These pretty babes, with hand in
 hand,

Went wandering up and down;
 But never more could see the man
 Approaching from the town:
 Their pretty lips with blackberries
 Were all besmeared and dyed;
 And when they saw the darksome
 night
 They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
 Till death did end their grief;
 In one another's arms they died,
 As wanting due relief:
 No burial this pretty pair
 Of any man receives,
 Till Robin Redbreast piously
 Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
 Upon their uncle fell;
 Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his
 house,
 His conscience felt an hell:
 His barns were fired, his goods con-
 sumed,
 His lands were barren made,
 His cattle died within the field,
 And nothing with him stayed.

And in a voyage to Portugal
 Two of his sons did die;
 And to conclude, himself was brought
 To want and misery:

He pawned and mortgaged all his
land

Ere seven years came about;
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this means come out:

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judged to die,
Such was God's blessed will;
So did confess the very truth,
As here hath been displayed;
Their uncle having died in gaol,
Where he for debt was laid.

You that executors be made
And overseers eke
Of children that be fatherless
And infants mild and meek;
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such like misery
Your wicked minds requite.

Unknown.

THE SINGING LEAVES.

I

"WHAT fairings will ye that I
bring?"
Said the King to his daughters
three;

"For I to Vanity Fair am boun,
Now say what shall they be?"

Then up and spake the eldest daugh-
ter,
That lady tall and grand:
"Oh, bring me pearls and diamonds
great,
And gold rings for my hand."

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red:
"For me bring silks that will stand
alone,
And a gold comb for my head."

Then came the turn of the least
daughter,

That was whiter than thistle-down,
And among the gold of her blithe-
some hair

Dim shone the golden crown.

"There came a bird this morning,
And sang 'neath my bower eaves,
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,
'Ask thou for the Singing Leaves.'"

Then the brow of the King swelled
crimson

With a flush of angry scorn:

"Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,
And chosen as ye were born;

"But she, like a thing of peasant race,
That is happy binding the sheaves;"
Then he saw her dear mother in her
face,
And said, "Thou shalt have thy
leaves."

II

He mounted and rode three days and
nights,

Till he came to Vanity Fair,
And 'twas easy to buy the gems and
the silk,
But no Singing Leaves were there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode he,
And asked of every tree,

"Oh, if you have ever a Singing Leaf,
I pray you give it to me!"

But the trees all kept their counsel,
And never a word said they,
Only there sighed from the pine-tops
A music of seas far away.

Only the pattering aspen
Made a sound of growing rain,
That fell ever faster and faster,
Then faltered to silence again.

"Oh, where shall I find a little foot-
page
That would win both hose and
shoon,
And will bring to me the Singing
Leaves
If they grow under the moon?"

Then lightly turned him Walter the
page,
By the stirrup as he ran:
"Now pledge you me the truesome
word
Of a king and gentleman,

"That you will give me the first, first
thing
You meet at your castle-gate,
And the Princess will get the Singing
Leaves,
Or mine be a traitor's fate."

The King's head dropt upon his
breast
A moment, as it might be;
"Twill be my dog, he thought, and
said,
"My faith I plight to thee."

Then Walter took from next his heart
A packet small and thin,
"Now give you this to the Princess
Anne,
The Singing Leaves are therein."

III

As the King rode in at his castle-gate,
A maiden to meet him ran,
And "Welcome, father!" she laughed
and cried
Together, the Princess Anne.

"Lo, here the Singing Leaves,"
quoth he,
"And woe, but they cost me dear!"
She took the packet, and the smile
Deepened down beneath the tear.

It deepened down till it reached her
heart,
And then gushed up again,
And lighted her tears as the sudden
sun
Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first Leaf, when it was
opened,
Sang: "I am Walter the page,
And the songs I sing 'neath thy win-
dow
Are my only heritage."

And the second Leaf sang: "But in
the land
That is neither on earth nor sea,
My lute and I are lords of more
Than thrice this kingdom's fee."

And the third Leaf sang, "Be mine!
Be mine!
And ever it sang, "Be mine!"
Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,
And said, "I am thine, thine,
thine!"

At the first Leaf she grew pale
enough,
At the second she turned aside,
At the third, 'twas as if a lily flushed
With a rose's red heart's tide.

"Good counsel gave the bird," said
she,
"I have my hope thrice o'er,
For they sing to my very heart," she
said,
"And it sings to them evermore."

She brought to him her beauty and
truth,
But and broad earldoms three,
And he made her queen of the
broader lands
He held of his lute in fee.

James Russell Lowell.

THE RAREST BALLAD THAT EVER
WAS SEEN, OF THE BLIND
BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF
BETHNAL GREEN.

PART I

It was a blind beggar had long lost
his sight,
He had a fair daughter of beauty
most bright;
And many a gallant brave suitor had
she,
For none was so comely as pretty
Bessie.

And though she was of favor most
fair,
Yet seeing she was but a poor beggar's
heir,
Of ancient housekeepers despised was
she,
Whose sons came as suitors to pretty
Bessie.

Wherefore in great sorrow fair Bessie
did say,
"Good father and mother, let me go
away
To seek out my fortune, whatever
it be."
This suit then they granted to pretty
Bessie.

Then Bessie that was of beauty so
bright,
All clad in gray russet, and late in the
night,
From father and mother alone parted
she,
Who sighed and sobbed for pretty
Bessie.

She went till she came to Stratford-
le-Bow;
Then knew she not whither, nor which
way to go:

With tears she lamented her hard
destiny,
So sad and so heavy was pretty
Bessie.

She kept on her journey until it was
day,
And went unto Romford along the
high way;
Where at the Queen's Arms enter-
tained was she,
So fair and well favored was pretty
Bessie.

She had not been there a month to an
end
But master and mistress and all was
her friend:
And every brave gallant that once did
her see,
Was straightway enamored of pretty
Bessie.

Great gifts did they send her of silver
and gold
And in their songs daily her love was
extolled;
Her beauty was blazed in every de-
gree,
So fair and so comely was pretty
Bessie.

The young men of Romford in her
had their joy;
She showed herself courteous, and
modestly coy;
And at her commandment still would
they be,
So fair and so comely was pretty
Bessie.

Four suitors at once unto her did go;
They craved her favor, but still she
said "No;
I would not wish gentles to marry
with me;"
Yet ever they honored pretty Bessie.

The first of them was a gallant young knight,
And he came unto her disguised in the night:

The second a gentleman of good degree,
Who wooed and sued for pretty Bessie.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,
He was the third suitor, and proper withal:

Her master's own son the fourth man must be,
Who swore he would die for pretty Bessie.

"And if thou wilt marry me," quoth the knight,

"I'll make thee a lady with joy and delight;

My heart's so enthralled by thy beauty,

That soon I shall die for pretty Bessie."

The gentleman said, "Come, marry with me,

As fine as a lady my Bessie shall be;
My life is distressed: oh, hear me," quoth he;

"And grant me thy love, my pretty Bessie."

"Let me be thy husband," the merchant did say,

"Thou shalt live in London, both gallant and gay;

My ships shall bring home rich jewels for thee,

And I will for ever love pretty Bessie."

Then Bessie she sighed, and thus she did say:

"My father and mother I mean to obey;

First get their good will and be faithful to me,
And you shall then marry your pretty Bessie."

To every one this answer she made;
Wherefore unto her they joyfully said:

"This thing we fulfil we all do agree;
But where dwells thy father, my pretty Bessie?"

"My father," she said, "is soon to be seen;

The silly blind beggar of Bethnal Green,

That daily sits begging there for charitie,

He is the good father of pretty Bessie.

"His marks and his tokens are known full well;

He always is led with a dog and a bell:

A silly old man, God knoweth, is he,
Yet he is the father of pretty Bessie."

"Nay, then," quoth the merchant,
"Thou art not for me:"

"Not yet," said the innholder, "my wife shalt thou be:"

"I loathe," said the gentle, "a beggar's degree,

And therefore adieu, my pretty Bessie!"

"Why, then," quoth the knight, "hap better or worse,

I weigh not true love by the weight of the purse,

And beauty is beauty in every degree;

Then welcome to me, my pretty Bessie.

“With thee to thy father forthwith I
will go.”

“Nay, soft,” said his kinsman, “it
must not be so;

A poor beggar’s daughter no lady
shall be,

Then take thy adieu of pretty
Bessie.”

But soon after this by break of the
day,

The knight had from Romford stole
Bessie away.

The young men of Romford, as thick
as might be,

Rode after to fetch again pretty
Bessie.

As swift as the wind to ride they
were seen,

Until they came near until Bethnal
Green;

And as the knight lighted most
courteously,

They all fought against him for pretty
Bessie.

But rescue came speedily over the
plain,

Or else the young knight for his love
had been slain.

This fray being ended, then straight-
way d’ye see,

His kinsmen came railing at pretty
Bessie.

Then spake the blind beggar, “Al-
though I be poor,

Yet rail not against my child at my
door;

Though she be not decked in velvet
and pearl,

Yet I will drop angels * with you for
my girl.

**Angel*—An old English coin.

“And then if my gold may better
her birth,

And equal the gold you lay on the
earth,

Then neither rail nor grudge you to
see

The blind beggar’s daughter a lady
to be.

“But first you shall promise, and have
it well known,

The gold that you drop shall all be
your own.”

With that they replied, “Contented
be we.”

“Then here’s,” quoth the beggar,
“for pretty Bessie.”

With that an angel he cast on the
ground,

And dropped in angels full three
thousand pound;

And oftentimes it was provèd most
plain,

For the gentlemen’s one the beggar
dropped twain:

So that the place wherein they did
sit,

With gold it was covered every whit;
The gentlemen then having dropped

all their store,
Said, “Now, beggar, hold, for we have

no more.

“Well hast thou fulfilled thy prom-
ise aright.”

“Then marry,” quoth he, “my girl
to this knight;

And here,” added he, “I will throw
you down

A hundred pounds more to buy her
a gown.”

The gentlemen all, that this treasure
 had seen,
 Admired the beggar of Bethnal
 Green;
 And all those that were her suitors
 before,
 Their flesh for very anger they tore.

Thus was fair Bessie matched to the
 knight,
 And then made a lady in others'
 despite:
 A fairer lady there never was seen,
 Than the blind beggar's daughter of
 Bethnal Green.

But of their sumptuous marriage and
 feast,
 What brave lords and knights thither
 were prest,
 The second part shall set forth to
 your sight,
 With marvellous pleasure and wished
 delight.

PART II

OF a blind beggar's daughter most
 fair and most bright,
 That late was betrothed to a young
 knight,
 The discourse thereof you lately did
 see,
 But now comes the wedding of pretty
 Bessie.

Within a gorgeous palace most brave,
 Adorned with all the cost they could
 have,
 This wedding was kept most sump-
 tuously,
 And all for the credit of pretty Bessie.

All kinds of dainties and delicates
 sweet
 Were brought to the banquet, as it
 was most meet;

Partridge and plover, and venison
 most free,
 Against the brave wedding of pretty
 Bessie.

This wedding through England was
 spread by report,
 So that a great number thereto did
 resort
 Of nobles and gentles in every degree,
 And all for the fame of pretty Bessie.

To church then went this gallant
 young knight;
 His bride followed after, a lady most
 bright,
 With troops of fair ladies, the like
 ne'er was seen,
 As went with sweet Bessie of Bethnal
 Green.

This marriage being solemnized then,
 With music performed by the skil-
 fullest men,
 The nobles and gentles sat down at
 that tide,
 Each one admiring the beautiful
 bride.

Now after the sumptuous dinner was
 done,
 To talk and to reason a number be-
 gun;
 They talked of the blind beggar's
 daughter most bright,
 And what with his daughter he gave
 to the knight.

Then spake the nobles, "Much marvel
 have we
 This jolly blind beggar we cannot
 here see."
 "My Lords," said the bride, "my
 father's so base,
 He is loathe with his presence these
 states to disgrace."

“The praise of a woman in question
to bring,
Before her own face were a flattering
thing;
But we think thy father’s baseness,”
said they,
“Might by thy beauty be clean put
away.”

They had no sooner these pleasant
words spoke,
But in comes the beggar clad in a silk
cloak;
A fair velvet cap, and a feather had
he;
And now a musician forsooth he
would be.

He had a dainty lute under his arm,
He touched the strings, which made
such a charm,
Said, “Please you to hear any music
of me,
I’ll sing you a song of pretty Bessie.”

With that his lute he twanged straight
away,
And thereupon began most sweetly to
play;
And after that lessons were played
two or three,
He strained out this song most
delicately:

“A poor beggar’s daughter did dwell
on the green,
Who for her fairness might well be a
queen,
A blithe bonny lassie, and a dainty
was she,
And many one called her pretty
Bessie.

“And if any one here her birth do
disdain,
Her father is ready with might and
with main,

To prove she is come of noble degree;
Therefore never flout at pretty
Bessie.”

With that the lords and the company
round
With hearty laughter were ready to
swound;
At last said the lords, “Full well may
we see
The bride and the beggar’s beholden
to thee.”

On this the bride all blushing did rise,
The pearly drops standing within her
fair eyes,
“Oh pardon my father, brave nobles,”
saith she,
“That through blind affection thus
doteth on me.”

“If this be thy father,” the nobles
did say,
“Well may he be proud of this happy
day;
Yet by his countenance well may we
see,
His birth and his fortune did never
agree;

“And therefore, blind man, we pray
thee take care
(And look that the truth thou to us
do declare),
Thy birth and thy parentage, what
it may be,
For the love that thou bearest to
pretty Bessie.”

“Then give me leave, nobles and
gentles each one,
One song more to sing, and then I
have done;
And if that it may not win good re-
port,
Then do not give me a groat for my
sport:

“ ‘Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shall be,
Once chief of all the great barons was he;
Yet fortune so cruel this lord did abase,
Now lost and forgotten are he and his race.

“ ‘When the barons in arms did King Henry oppose,
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader did chose;
A leader of courage, undaunted was he,
And oftentimes he made their enemies flee.

“ ‘At length in the battle on Ever-sham plain,
The barons were routed, and Montfort was slain;
Most fatal that battle did prove unto thee,
Though thou was not born then, my pretty Bessie!

“ ‘Along with the nobles that fell at that tide,
His elder son Henry, who fought by his side,
Was felled by a blow he received in the fight,
A blow that deprived him for ever of sight.

“ ‘Among the dead bodies all lifeless he lay,
Till evening drew on of the following day,
When by a young lady discovered was he,
And this was thy mother, my pretty Bessie.

“ ‘A baron’s fair daughter stepped forth in the night,
To search for her father, who fell in the fight,
And seeing young Montfort, where gasping he lay,
Was moved with pity, and brought him away.

“ ‘In secret she nursed him, and ’suaged his pain,
While he through the realm was believed to be slain:
At length his fair bride she consented to be,
And made him glad father of pretty Bessie.

“ ‘And now lest our foes our lives should betray,
We clothed ourselves in beggar’s array;
Her jewels she sold, and hither came we,
All our comfort and care was our pretty Bessie.

“ ‘And here have we lived in fortune’s despite,
Though poor, yet contented with humble delight;
Full forty winters thus have I been
A silly blind beggar of Bethnal Green.’

“ ‘And here, noble lords, is ended the song,
Of one that once to your own rank did belong;
And thus have you learned a secret from me,
That ne’er had been known but for pretty Bessie.’”

Now when the fair company every
 one,
 Had heard the strange tale in the
 song he had shown,
 They all were amazed, as well they
 might be,
 Both at the blind beggar and pretty
 Bessie.

With that the fair bride they all did
 embrace
 Saying, "Since thou art come of an
 honorable race;
 Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
 And thou art well worthy a lady to
 be."

Then was the feast ended with joy
 and delight;
 A bridegroom most happy was then
 the young knight;
 In joy and felicity long lived he,
 All with his fair lady, the pretty
 Bessie.

Unknown.

KING EDWIN'S FEAST.

THERE was feasting in the hall
 And the beards wagged all.
 Oh! the board was heaped with
 food,
 And the ale was like a flood,
 And 'twas bitter winter weather
 When King Edwin and his Eldormen
 and Thaness
 Were a-feasting thus together.

As the board was heaped with food,
 So the hearth was piled with wood;
 Ay, with oaken logs a score;
 And the flames did leap and roar.
 And they cast a ruddy glow
 On King Edwin and his Eldormen
 and Thaness
 As they feasted in a row.

All at once they were aware
 Of a flutter in the air,
 As a little sparrow came
 In between them and the flame,
 Then a moment flew around,
 While King Edwin and his Eldormen
 and Thaness
 Wondered whither he was bound.

Then he vanished through the door,
 And they never saw him more;
 But up spoke a noble Thane,
 As a silence seemed to reign,
 And a wonder seemed to fall
 On King Edwin and his Eldormen
 and Thaness
 As they feasted in the hall:

"What is all this life of ours,
 With its graces and its powers?
 It is like the bird that came
 In between us and the flame,
 Stayed a moment in the room
 With King Edwin and his Eldormen
 and Thaness,
 Then was off into the gloom.

"So we come out of the night,
 Stay a moment in the light
 Of a warm and pleasant room,
 Then go forth into the gloom;
 Hither somehow tempest-tost,
 O King Edwin! and you, Eldormen
 and Thaness,
 Then again in darkness lost."

Then another silence fell
 And the first who broke the spell
 Was Paulinius, the Christian, and
 he said,
 Bowing low a reverent head
 That was white with many years,
 To King Edwin and his Eldormen
 and Thaness,
 And his words were dim with
 tears:

“Oh! not merely tempest-tost,
Not again in darkness lost,
Is the little bird that came
In between us and the flame;
For the bird will find his nest.
So, King Edwin, and you, Eldormen
and Thanés,
Be not your hearts distressed.

“Not from darkness comes the soul,
Nor shall darkness be its goal.
For that, too, there is a nest,
Whither flying it shall rest
Evermore. It must be so.”
Said King Edwin and his Eldormen
and Thanés:
“Would to God that we might
know!”

John W. Chadwick.

RODNEY'S RIDE.

(July 3, 1776)

IN that soft mid-land where the
breezes bear
The North and the South on the
genial air,
Through the county of Kent, on af-
fairs of state,
Rode Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Burly and big, and bold and bluff,
In his three-cornered hat and coat of
snuff,
A foe to King George and the Eng-
lish State,
Was Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Into Dover village he rode apace,
And his kinsfolk knew, from his
anxious face,
It was matter grave that brought him
there,
To the counties three on the Delaware.

“Money and men we must have,” he
said,
“Or the Congress fails and our cause
is dead;
Give us both and the King shall not
work his will.
We are men, since the blood of
Bunker Hill!”

Comes a rider swift on a panting bay:
“Ho, Rodney, ho! you must save the
day,
For the Congress halts at a deed so
great,
And your vote alone may decide its
fate.”

Answered Rodney then: “I will ride
with speed;
It is Liberty's stress; it is Freedom's
need.
When stands it?” “To-night. Not
a moment to spare,
But ride like the wind from the Dela-
ware.”

“Ho, saddle the black! I've but half
a day,
And the Congress sits eighty miles
away—
And I'll be in time, if God grants me
grace,
To shake my fist in King George's
face.”

He is up; he is off! and the black
horse flies
On the northward road ere the “God-
speed” dies;
It is gallop and spur, as the leagues
they clear,
And the clustering mile-stones move
a-rear.

It is two of the clock; and the fleet
hoofs fling
The Fieldboro's dust with a clang
and a cling;

It is three; and he gallops with slack
rein where
The road winds down to the Delaware.

Four; and he spurs into New Castle
town,
From his panting steed he gets him
down—
“A fresh one, quick! not a moment’s
wait!”
And off speeds Rodney, the delegate.

It is five; and the beams of the west-
ern sun
Tinge the spires of the Wilmington
gold and dun;
Six; and the dust of Chester Street
Flies back in a cloud from the cours-
er’s feet.

It is seven; the horse-boat broad of
beam,
At the Schuylkill ferry crawls over
the stream—
And at seven-fifteen by the Ritten-
house clock,
He flings his reins to the tavern jock.

The Congress is met; the debate’s be-
gun,
And Liberty lags for the vote of
one—
When into the hall, not a moment late,
Walks Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Not a moment late! and that half
day’s ride
Forwards the world with a mighty
stride;
For the act was passed; ere the mid-
night stroke
O’er the Quaker City its echoes woke.

At Tyranny’s feet was the gauntlet
flung;
“We are free!” all the bells through
the colonies rung.

And the sons of the free may recall
with pride
The day of Delegate Rodney’s ride.

Elbridge Streeter Brooks.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
“By thy long grey beard and glitter-
ing eye,
Now wherefore stopp’st thou me?

“The Bridegroom’s doors are opened
wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May’st hear the merry din.”

He holds him with his skinny hand,
“There was a ship,” quoth he.
“Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard
loon!”
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone;
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbor
cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
 'Till over the mast at noon—
 The Wedding-Guest here beat his
 breast,
 For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
 Red as a rose is she;
 Nodding their heads before her goes
 The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
 Yet he cannot choose but hear;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner.

And now the Storm-blast came, and he
 Was tyrannous and strong:
 He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
 And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
 As who pursued with yell and blow
 Still treads the shadow of his foe
 And forward bends his head,
 The ship drove fast, loud roared the
 blast,
 And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and
 snow,
 And it grew wondrous cold:
 And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
 As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy
 clift
 Did send a dismal sheen:
 Nor shapes of men nor beasts we
 ken—
 The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
 The ice was all around:
 It cracked and growled, and roared
 and howled,
 Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an Albatross:
 Through the fog it came;
 As if it had been a Christian soul,
 We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
 And round and round it flew.
 The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
 The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up
 behind;
 The Albatross did follow,
 And every day, for food or play,
 Came to the mariners' hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
 It perched for vespers nine;
 Whiles all the night, through fog-
 smoke white,
 Glimmered the white Moon-shine.

“God save thee, ancient Mariner!
 From the fiends, that plague thee
 thus!—
 Why look'st thou so?”—With my
 cross-bow
 I shot the Albatross.

PART THE SECOND.

The Sun now rose upon the right:
 Out of the sea came he,
 Still hid in mist, and on the left
 Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew
 behind,
 But no sweet bird did follow,
 Nor any day, for food or play,
 Came to the mariners' hollo!

And I had done an hellish thing,
 And it would work 'em woe:
 For all averred, I had killed the bird
 That made the breeze to blow.
 Ah, wretch! said they, the bird to slay
 That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
 The glorious sun uprist:
 'Then all averred, I had killed the bird
 That brought the fog and mist.
 'Twas right, said they, such birds to
 slay,
 That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam
 flew,
 The furrow followed free:
 We were the first that ever burst
 Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt
 down,
 'Twas sad as sad could be;
 And we did speak only to break
 The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
 The bloody Sun, at noon,
 Right up above the mast did stand,
 No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
 We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
 As idle as a painted ship
 Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
 And all the boards did shrink;
 Water, water, everywhere,
 Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
 That ever this should be!
 Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
 Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
 The death-fires danced at night;
 The water, like a witch's oils,
 Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assurèd were
 Of the spirit that plagued us so;
 Nine fathom deep he had followed us
 From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter
 drought,
 Was withered at the root;
 We could not speak, no more than if
 We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well-a-day, what evil looks
 Had I from old and young!
 Instead of the cross, the Albatross
 About my neck was hung.

PART THE THIRD.

There passed a weary time. Each
 throat
 Was parched, and glazed each eye.
 A weary time! a weary time!
 How gazed each weary eye,
 When looking westward I beheld,
 A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
 And then it seemed a mist:
 It moved and moved, and took at last
 A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
 And still it neared and neared:
 As if it dodged a water-sprite,
 It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips
 baked,
 We could not laugh nor wail;
 Through utter drought all dumb we
 stood!
 I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
 And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips
 baked,
 Agape they heard me call:
 Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
 And all at once their breath drew in,
 As they were drinking all.

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
 Hither to work us weal;
 Without a breeze, without a tide,
 She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame,
 The day was well-nigh done!
 Almost upon the western wave
 Rested the broad bright Sun;
 When that strange shape drove sud-
 denly
 Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was decked with
 bars
 (Heaven's mother send us grace!)
 As if through a dungeon-grate he
 peered,
 With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat
 loud,)
 How fast she nears and nears!
 Are those *her* sails that glance in the
 Sun,
 Like restless gossameres?

Are those *her* ribs through which the
 Sun
 Did peer, as through a grate?
 And is that Woman all her crew?
 Is that a Death? and are there two?
 Is Death that Woman's mate?

Her lips were red, *her* looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold;
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
 The Night-Mare Life-in-Death was she
 Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
 And the twain were casting dice;
 "The game is done; I've won! I've
 won!"

Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush
 out:

At one stride comes the dark;
 With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
 Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!
 Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
 My life-blood seemed to sip!
 The stars were dim, and thick the
 night,

The steersman's face by his lamp
 gleamed white;

From the sails the dew did drip—
 Till clomb above the eastern bar
 The hornèd Moon, with one bright
 star

Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged
 Moon,

Too quick for groan or sigh,
 Each turned his face with a ghastly
 pang,

And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men
 (And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
 With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
 They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
 They fled to bliss or woe!
 And every soul, it passed me by,
 Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

PART THE FOURTH.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
 I fear thy skinny hand!
 And thou art long, and lank, and
 brown,
 As is the ribbed sea-sand.

"I fear thee, and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-
Guest!

This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful;
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray,
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea
and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their
limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on
me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to
Hell

A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that
curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining
white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire;
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every
track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my
heart,
And I blessed them unaware!
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART THE FIFTH.

Oh, sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from
Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with
dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more
loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one
black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and
still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all
uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream.
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved
on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless
tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee!
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corpses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropped
their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through
their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet
sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seem to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her
length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

“Is it he?” quoth one, “is this the
man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low,
The harmless Albatross.

“The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.”

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, “The man hath penance
done,
And penance more will do.”

PART THE SIXTH.

FIRST VOICE.

But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so
fast?
What is the Ocean doing?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The Ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more
high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

I woke, and we were sailing on
 As in a gentle weather:
 'Twas night, calm night, the Moon
 was high;
 The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
 For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
 All fixed on me their stony eyes,
 That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they
 died,
 Had never passed away:
 I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
 Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: once
 more
 I viewed the ocean green,
 And looked far forth, yet little saw
 Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
 Doth walk in fear and dread,
 And having once turned round walks
 on,
 And turns no more his head;
 Because he knows a frightful fiend
 Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
 Nor sound nor motion made:
 Its path was not upon the sea,
 In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
 Like a meadow-gale of spring—
 It mingled strangely with my fears,
 Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
 Yet she sailed softly too:
 Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
 On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
 The light-house top I see?
 Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
 Is this my own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
 And I with sobs did pray—
 O let me be awake, my God!
 Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bar was clear as glass,
 So smoothly it was strewn!
 And on the bay the moonlight lay,
 And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
 That stands above the rock:
 The moonlight steeped in silentness
 The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent
 light,
 Till rising from the same,
 Full many shapes, that shadows were,
 In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow
 Those crimson shadows were:
 I turned my eyes upon the deck—
 Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
 And, by the holy rood!
 A man all light, a seraph-man,
 On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his
 hand,
 It was a heavenly sight!
 They stood as signals to the land,
 Each one a lovely light:

This seraph-band, each waved his
 hand,
 No voice did they impart—
 No voice; but oh! the silence sank
 Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot, and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast;
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART THE SEVENTH.

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.
He kneels at morn, and noon, and
eve—
He hath a cushion plump;
It is the moss that wholly hides
That rotted old oak stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them
talk,
“Why this is strange, I trow!
Where are these lights so many and
fair,
That signal made but now?”

“Strange, by my faith!” the Hermit
said—
“And they answered not our cheer!
The planks look warped! and see
those sails
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

“Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf
below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.”

“Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared”—“Push on, push
on!”
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread;
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful
sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days
drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars; the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the
while

His eyes went to and fro.
 "Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I
 see,
 The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree
 I stood on the firm land!
 The Hermit stepped forth from the
 boat
 And scarcely he could stand.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy
 man!"
 The Hermit crossed his brow,
 "Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee
 say—
 What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was
 wrenched
 With a woeful agony,
 Which forced me to begin my tale;
 And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
 That agony returns;
 And till my ghastly tale is told
 This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
 I have strange power of speech;
 The moment that his face I see,
 I know the man that must hear me:
 To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that
 door!
 The wedding guests are there:
 But in the garden bower the bride
 And bride-maids singing are;
 And hark the little vesper bell,
 Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
 Alone on a wide, wide sea;
 So lonely 'twas that God Himself
 Scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
 'Tis sweeter far to me,
 To walk together to the kirk,
 With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
 And all together pray,
 While each to his great Father bends,
 Old men and babes and loving friends,
 And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
 To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
 He prayeth well, who loveth well
 Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
 All things both great and small:
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.

The Mariner whose eye is bright,
 Whose beard with age is hoar,
 Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
 Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been
 stunned,
 And is of sense forlorn;
 A sadder and a wiser man,
 He rose the morrow morn.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

LORD LOVEL.

LORD LOVEL he stood at his castle gate,
 Combing his milk-white steed;
 When up came Lady Nancy Belle
 To wish her lover good speed, speed,
 To wish her lover good speed.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel?"
 she said,
 "Oh! where are you going?" said
 she;

"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see, to see,
Strange countries for to see!"

"When will you be back, Lord
Lovel?" said she;

"Oh! when will you come back?"
said she;

"In a year or two—or three at the
most,
I'll return to my fair Nancy—cÿ,
I'll return to my fair Nancy."

But he had not been gone a year and
a day,

Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into
his head,

Lady Nancy Belle he would go see,
see,

Lady Nancy Belle he would go see.

So he rode, and he rode on his milk-
white steed,

Till he came to London-town;

And there he heard St. Pancras' bells,
And the people all mourning round,
round,

And the people all mourning round.

"Oh! what is the matter?" Lord
Lovel he said,

"Oh! what is the matter?" said he;

"A lord's lady is dead," a woman
replied,

"And some call her Lady Nancy—cÿ
And some call her Lady Nancy."

So he ordered the grave to be opened
wide,

And the shroud he turnèd down,

And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down,
down,

Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be
to-day,

Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow;

Lady Nancy she died out of pure,
pure grief,

Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow,
sorrow,

Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in Saint Pan-
cras' church,

Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;

And out of her bosom there grew a
red rose,

And out of her lover's a brier,
brier,

And out of her lover's a brier.

They grew and they grew, to the
church steeple too,

And then they could grow no
higher;

So there they entwined in a true
lover's knot,

For all lovers true to admire—mire,
For all lovers true to admire.

Unknown.

SOLOMON AND THE BEES.

WHEN Solomon was reigning in his
glory,

Unto his throne the Queen of Sheba
came—

(So in the Talmud you may read the
story)—

Drawn by the magic of the mon-
arch's fame,

To see the splendors of his court, and
bring

Some fitting tribute to the mighty
King.

Not this alone: much had her highness
heard

What flowers of learning graced
the royal speech;

What gems of wisdom dropped with
every word;
What wholesome lessons he was
wont to teach
In pleasing proverbs; and she wished,
in sooth,
To know if Rumor spoke the simple
truth.

Besides, the Queen had heard (which
piqued her most)
How through the deepest riddles he
could spy;
How all the curious arts that women
boast
Were quite transparent to his pierc-
ing eye;
And so the Queen had come—a royal
guest—
To put the sage's cunning to the test.

And straight she held before the
monarch's view,
In either hand, a radiant wreath of
flowers;
The one bedecked with every charm-
ing hue,
Was newly culled from Nature's
choicest bowers;
The other, no less fair in every part,
Was the rare product of divinest Art.

"Which is the true, and which the
false?" she said.
Great Solomon was silent. All
amazed,
Each wondering courtier shook his
puzzled head;
While at the garlands long the mon-
arch gazed,
As one who sees a miracle, and fain
For very rapture, ne'er would speak
again.

"Which is the true?" once more the
woman asked,
Pleased at the fond amazement of
the King;

"So wise a head should not be hardly
tasked,
Most learned Liege, with such a
trivial thing!"
But still the sage was silent; it was
plain
A deepening doubt perplexed the
royal brain.

While thus he pondered, presently he
sees,
Hard by the casement—so the story
goes—
A little band of busy bustling bees,
Hunting for honey in a withered
rose.
The monarch smiled, and raised his
royal head;
"Open the window!"—that was all
he said.

The window opened at the King's
command;
Within the rooms the eager insects
flew,
And sought the flowers in Sheba's
dexter hand!
And so the King and all the court-
iers knew
That wreath was Nature's; and the
baffled Queen
Returned to tell the wonders she had
seen.

My story teaches (every tale should
bear
A fitting moral) that the wise may
find
In trifles light as atoms of the air
Some useful lesson to enrich the
mind—
Some truth designed to profit or to
please—
As Israel's King learned wisdom from
the bees.

John Godfrey Saxe.

THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON
PRIORY.

YOUNG Romilly through Barden
Woods

Is ranging high and low,
And holds a greyhound in a leash,
To let slip on buck or doe.

The pair have reached that fearful
chasm,

How tempting to bestride!
For lordly Wharf is there pent in
With rocks on either side.

This striding place is called "the
Strid,"

A name which it took of yore;
A thousand years hath it borne that
name,
And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come;
And what may not forbid
That he, perhaps for the hundredth
time,
Should bound across the Strid?

He sprang in glee—for what cared he
That the river was strong, and the
rocks were steep?
But the greyhound in the leash hung
back,
And checked him in his leap!

The boy is in the arms of Wharf!
And strangled with a merciless
force—

For never more was young Romilly
seen
Till he rose a lifeless corse!

Now there is a stillness in the vale,
And long unspeaking sorrow;
Wharf shall be to pitying hearts
A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a lover the lady wept,
A solace she might borrow
From death, and from the passion of
death,
Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding-day
Which was to be to-morrow;
Her hope was a further-looking hope,
And hers is a mother's sorrow.

He was a tree that stood alone,
And proudly did its branches wave;
And the root of this delightful tree
Was in her husband's grave.

Long, long in darkness did she sit,
And her first words were, "Let
there be
In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,
A stately Priory!"

The stately Priory was reared,
And Wharf, as he moved along,
To matins joined a mournful voice,
Nor failed at even-song.

And the lady prayed in heaviness
That looked not for relief;
But slowly did her succour come,
And patience to her grief.

Oh! there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of Him to be our Friend.

William Wordsworth.

MARY AMBREE.

WHEN captains courageous, whom
death could not daunt,
Did march to the siege of the city of
Gaunt,
They mustered their soldiers by two
and by three,
And the foremost in battle was Mary
Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major was slain
 in her sight,
 Who was her true lover, her joy, and
 delight,
 Because he was slain most treacher-
 ously,
 Then vowed to revenge him, Mary
 Ambree.

She clothèd herself from top to the
 toe
 In buff of the bravest, most seemly to
 show;
 A fair shirt of mail then slippèd on
 she;
 Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary
 Ambree?

A helmet of proof she straight did
 provide,
 A strong arming sword she girt by
 her side,
 On her hand a goodly fair gauntlet
 put she;
 Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary
 Ambree?

“My soldiers,” she saith, “so valiant
 and bold,
 Now follow your captain, whom you
 do behold;
 Still foremost in battle myself will I
 be!”
 Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary
 Ambree?

Then cried out her soldiers, and loud
 did they say,
 “So well thou becomest this gallant
 array,
 Thy heart and thy weapons so well do
 agree,
 There was none ever like Mary
 Ambree!”

She cheerèd her soldiers, that foughten
 for life,
 With ancient and standard, with
 drum and with fife,
 With brave clanging trumpets, that
 sounded so free;
 Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary
 Ambree?

“Before I will see the worst of you all
 To come into danger of death or of
 thrall,
 This hand and this life I will venture
 so free;”
 Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary
 Ambree?

She led up her soldiers in battle ar-
 ray,
 ‘Gainst three times their number, by
 break of the day;
 Seven hours in skirmish continuèd
 she;
 Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary
 Ambree?

She fillèd the skies with smoke of her
 shot,
 And her enemies’ bodies with bullets
 so hot;
 For one of her own men a score killèd
 she;
 Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary
 Ambree?

And when a false gunner, to spoil her
 intent,
 Away with her pellets and powder
 had sent,
 Straight with her keen weapons she
 slashed him in three;
 Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary
 Ambree?

Being falsely betrayèd for lucre of
hire,
At length she was forcèd to make a
retire;
Then her soldiers into a strong castle
drew she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary
Ambree?

Her foes they beset her on every side,
As thinking close siege she could
never abide;
To beat down the walls they all did
decree;
But stoutly defied them brave Mary
Ambree.

Then took she her sword and her tar-
get in hand,
And mounting the walls undaunted
did stand,
There daring their captains to match
any three,
O, what a brave captain was Mary
Ambree!

“Now say, English captain, what
would'st thou give
To ransom thyself, which else must
not live?
Come, yield thyself quickly, or slain
thou must be.”
Then smilèd sweetly brave Mary
Ambree.

“Ye captains courageous, of valour so
bold,
Whom thinkest you before you now
do behold?”
“A knight, sir, of England, and cap-
tain so free,
Who shortly with us a prisoner must
be.”

“No captain of England; behold in
your sight,
Though attired as a soldier, I am
truly no knight;
No Knight, sirs of England, nor cap-
tain you see,
But a poor simple lass, called Mary
Ambree.”

“But art thou a woman as thou dost
declare,
Whose valour hath proved so un-
daunted in war?
If England doth yield such brave
lasses as thee,
Full well may they conquer, fair Mary
Ambree!”

Unknown.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek and tresses gray
Seemed to have known a better day:
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy:
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry.
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and caressed,
High-placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay;
Old times were changed—old manners
gone—
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne.
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art—a crime.

A wandering harper, scorned and
 poor,
 He begged his bread from door to
 door;
 And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
 The harp, a king had loved to hear.
 He passed, where Newark's stately
 tower
 Looks out from Yarrow's birchen
 bower:
 The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
 No humbler resting-place was nigh.
 With hesitating step, at last,
 The embattled portal-arch he passed;
 Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
 Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
 But never closed the iron door
 Against the desolate and poor.
 The Duchess marked his weary pace,
 His timid mien and reverend face;
 And bade her page the menials tell
 That they should tend the old man
 well;—
 For she had known adversity,
 Though born in such a high degree;
 In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
 Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody
 tomb.
 When kindness had his wants sup-
 plied,
 And the old man was gratified,
 Began to rise his minstrel pride;
 And he began to talk, anon,
 Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone;
 And of Earl Walter—rest him God!—
 A braver ne'er to battle rode:
 And how full many a tale he knew
 Of the old warriors of Buccleugh;
 And, would the noble Duchess deign
 To listen to an old man's strain,
 Though stiff his hand, his voice
 though weak,
 He thought, even yet,—the sooth to
 speak,—
 That if she loved the harp to hear,
 He could make music to her ear.
 The humble boon was soon obtained;

The aged Minstrel audience gained;
 But when he reached the room of
 state,
 Where she, with all her ladies, sat,
 Perchance he wished his boon denied;
 For, when to tune his harp he tried,
 His trembling hand had lost the ease
 Which marks security to please;
 And scenes, long past, of joy and
 pain,
 Came wildering o'er his aged brain;—
 He tried to tune his harp, in vain.
 Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
 And an uncertain warbling made;
 And, oft, he shook his hoary head.
 But when he caught the measure
 wild,
 The old man raised his face, and
 smiled;
 And lighted up his faded eye,
 With all a poet's ecstasy!
 In varying cadence, soft or strong,
 He swept the sounding chords along;
 The present scene, the future lot,
 His toils, his wants, were all forgot;
 Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
 In the full tide of soul were lost;
 Each blank in faithless memory's
 void,
 The poet's glowing thought supplied;
 And, while his harp responsive rung,
 'Twas thus the latest minstrel sung:—
 "Breathes there the man, with soul so
 dead,—
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land!—
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him
 burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand?
 If such there breathe, go—mark him
 well;
 For him, no minstrel raptures swell:
 High though his titles, proud his
 name,
 Boundless his wealth, as wish can
 claim;

Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he
sprung,

Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung!"

Walter Scott.

LOCHINVAR.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of
the west,

Through all the wide Border his steed
was the best,

And save his good broadsword he
weapons had none;

He rode all unarmed, and he rode all
alone.

So faithful in love, and so dauntless
in war,

There never was knight like the young
Lochinvar.

He stay'd not for brake, and he
stopped not for stone,

He swam the Eske river where ford
there was none;

But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant
came late:

For a laggard in love, and a dastard
in war,

Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave
Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby
hall,

Among bride's-men and kinsmen, and
brothers and all;

Then spoke the bride's father, his
hand on his sword

(For the poor craven bridegroom said
never a word),

"O come ye in peace here, or come
ye in war,

Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord
Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit
you denied;—

Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs
like its tide—

And now I am come, with this lost
love of mine,

To lead but one measure, drink one
cup of wine.

There are maidens in Scotland more
lovely by far,

That would gladly be bride to the
young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight
took it up,

He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw
down the cup,

She looked down to blush, and she
looked up to sigh,

With a smile on her lips and a tear in
her eye.

He took her soft hand, ere her mother
could bar,—

"Now tread we a measure!" said
young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her
face,

That never a hall such a galliard did
grace;

While her mother did fret, and her
father did fume,

And the bridegroom stood dangling
his bonnet and plume;

And the bride-maidens whispered,
" 'Twere better by far

To have matched our fair cousin with
young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word
in her ear,

When they reached the hall door, and
the charger stood near;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he
swung,

So light to the saddle before her he
sprung!

"She is won! we are gone, over bank,
bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,"
quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes
of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves,
they rode and they ran;
There was racing, and chasing, on
Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er
did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in
war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like
young Lochinvar?

Walter Scott.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green,
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
She ran to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and
round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh—
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said
he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in my garden, for
There's many hereabout;
And often when I go to plough
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin, he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes,
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for?"

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they kill'd each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory!"

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burn'd his dwelling to the
ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head!

"With fire and sword the country
round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died!
But things like that, you know, must
be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun!
But things like that, you know, must
be
After a famous victory.

“Great praise the Duke of Marlbor-
ough won,
And our good Prince Eugene.”
“Why, ’twas a very wicked thing!”
Said little Wilhelmine.
“Nay, nay, my little girl,” quoth he,
“It was a famous victory!”

“And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.”
“But what good came of it at last?”
Quoth little Peterkin.
“Why, that I cannot tell,” said he,
“But ’twas a famous victory.”

Robert Southey.

THE PALMER.

“OPEN the door, some pity to show!
Keen blows the northern wind!
The glen is white with drifted snow,
And the path is hard to find.

“No outlaw seeks your castle gate,
From chasing the king’s deer,
Though even an outlaw’s wretched
state
Might claim compassion here.

“A weary Palmer, worn and weak,
I wander for my sin.
O, open, for Our Lady’s sake!
A pilgrim’s blessing win!

“The hare is crouching in her form,
The hart beside the hind;
An aged man amid the storm,
No shelter can I find.

“You hear the Ettrick’s sullen roar,
Dark, deep, and strong is he,
And I must for the Ettrick o’er,
Unless you pity me.

“The iron gate is bolted hard,
At which I knock in vain;
The owner’s heart is closer barr’d
Who hears me thus complain.

“Farewell, farewell! and Heaven
grant,
When old and frail you be,
You never may the shelter want,
That’s now denied to me!”

The Ranger on his couch lay warm,
And heard him plead in vain;
But oft, amid December’s storm,
He’ll hear that voice again.

For lo, when through the vapours
dank
Morn shone on Ettrick fair,
A corpse amid the alders rank,
The Palmer weltered there.

Walter Scott.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no
motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their
shock,
The waves flow’d over the Inchcape
Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The good Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape
Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and
swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's
swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell:
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds scream'd as they
wheel'd around,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape bell was
seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker
speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him
sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess—
But the Rover's mirth was wicked-
ness.

His eyes were on the Inchcape float:
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aber-
brothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape
float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling
sound—
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who
comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aber-
brothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away;
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And, now grown rich with plunder'd
store,
He steers his course for Scotland's
shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter
soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising
moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers
roar?
For methinks we should be near the
shore.
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape
bell."

They hear no sound—the swell is
strong;
Though the wind hath fallen they
drift along
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering
shock—
"Mercy! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
And beat his breast in his despair:
The waves rush in on every side,
And the ship sinks down beneath the
tide.

Robert Southey.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little
daughtèr,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes, as the fairy-flax,
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
 And her bosom white as the hawthorn
 buds,
 That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
 His pipe was in his mouth;
 And he watched how the veering flaw
 did blow
 The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailòr,
 Had sailed the Spanish Main:
 "I pray thee, put into yonder port,
 For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden
 ring,
 And to-night no moon we see!"
 The skipper, he blew a whiff from his
 pipe,
 And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
 A gale from the North-east;
 The snow fell hissing in the brine,
 And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote
 amain
 The vessel in its strength;
 She shuddered and paused, like a
 frightened steed,
 Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little
 daughtèr,
 And do not tremble so;
 For I can weather the roughest gale,
 That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's
 coat,
 Against the stinging blast;
 He cut a rope from a broken spar
 And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells
 ring,
 O say, what may it be?"
 "'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound
 coast!"—
 And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
 O say, what may it be?"
 "Some ship in distress, that cannot
 live
 In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
 O say, what may it be?"
 But the father answered never a
 word,
 A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
 With his face turned to the skies;
 The lantern gleamed through the
 gleaming snow
 On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands,
 and prayed
 That savèd she might be;
 And she thought of Christ, who stilled
 the waves,
 On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark
 and drear,
 Through the whistling sleet and
 snow,
 Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
 Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
 A sound came from the land;
 It was the sound of the trampling
 surf,
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her
bows,
She drifted a weary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the
crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy
waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her
side,
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in
ice,
With the masts, went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and
sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown
sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like
this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice
Sailed the corsair death;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
And the east wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
Glistened in the sun,
On each side like pennons wide
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dripped with a silver rain,
But where he passed there was cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed,
Three days or more eastward he bore,
Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land-wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night,
And never more on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand,
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
He said, "by water as by land."

In the first watch of the night
Without a signal's sound
Out of the sea mysteriously,
The fleet of death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds.
Every mast as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize
At midnight black and cold,
As of a rock was the shock,
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain to the Spanish
Main,
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward forever southward
 They drift through dark and day,
 And like a dream, in the Gulf Stream,
 Sinking, vanish all away.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

FATHER WILLIAM.

“You are old, Father William,” the
 young man cried;

“The few locks that are left you
 are gray:

You are hale, Father William, a
 hearty old man;

Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

“In the days of my youth,” Father
 William replied,

“I remembered that youth would
 fly fast;

And abused not my health and my
 vigour at first,

That I never might need them at
 last.”

“You are old, Father William,” the
 young man cried,

“And pleasures with youth pass
 away;

And yet you lament not the days that
 are gone;

Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

“In the days of my youth,” Father
 William replied,

“I remembered that youth could
 not last;

I thought of the future, whatever I
 did,

That I never might grieve for the
 past.”

“You are old, Father William,” the
 young man cried,

“And life must be hastening away;

You are cheerful, and love to converse
 upon death;

Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

“I am cheerful, young man,” Father
 William replied;

“Let the cause thy attention en-
 gage;

In the days of my youth I remem-
 bered my God,

And He hath not forgotten my
 age!”

Robert Southey.

**BALLAD OF EARL HALDAN'S
 DAUGHTER.**

A. D. 1400

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,

She looked across the sea;

She looked across the water,

And long and loud laughed she:

“The locks of six princesses

Must be my marriage fee:

So, hey, bonny boat, and ho, bonny
 boat,

Who comes a-wooing me!”

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,

She walked along the sand,

When she was aware of a knight so
 fair,

Come sailing to the land.

His sails were all of velvet,

His mast of beaten gold,

And “Hey, bonny boat, and ho, bonny
 boat,

Who saileth here so bold?”

“The locks of five princesses

I won beyond the sea;

I shore their golden tresses

To fringe a cloak for thee.

One handful yet is wanting,

But one of all the tale;

So, hey, bonny boat, and ho, bonny
 boat,

Furl up thy velvet sail!”

He leapt into the water,
 That rover young and bold;
 He gript Earl Haldan's daughter,
 He shore her locks of gold:
 "Go weep, go weep, proud maiden,
 The tale is full to-day.
 Now, hey, bonny boat, and ho, bonny
 boat,
 Sail Westward ho; and away!"

Charles Kingsley.

BETH GELERT.

THE spearman heard the bugle sound,
 And cheer'ly smiled the morn;
 And many a brach, and many a
 hound,
 Attend Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
 And gave a louder cheer;
 "Come, Gelert, why art thou the last
 Llewellyn's horn to hear?"

"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,
 The flower of all his race.
 So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
 A lion in the chase."

That day Llewellyn little loved
 The chase of hart or hare,
 And scant and small the booty proved,
 For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
 When, near the portal seat,
 His truant Gelert he espied,
 Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained the castle door,
 Aghast the chieftain stood;
 The hound was smeared with gouts of
 gore,
 His lips and fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise:
 Unused such looks to meet,
 His favorite checked his joyful guise,
 And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn passed
 (And on went Gelert, too),
 And still where'er his eyes were cast,
 Flesh blood-gouts shocked his view!

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
 The bloodstained cover rent;
 And all around the walls and ground
 With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied;
 He searched with terror wild;
 Blood! blood! he found on every side,
 But nowhere found his child!

"Hell-hound! by thee my child's de-
 voured!"
 The frantic father cried;
 And to the hilt his vengeful sword
 He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
 No pity could impart;
 But still his Gelert's dying yell,
 Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
 Some slumberer wakened nigh;
 What words the parent's joy can tell,
 To hear his infant cry!

Concealed beneath a mangled heap,
 His hurried search had missed,
 All glowing from his rosy sleep,
 His cherub-boy he kissed!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor
 dread,
 But the same couch beneath
 Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead,
 Tremendous still in death!

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain!
 For now the truth was clear:
 The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
 To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe;
 "Best of thy kind, adieu!
 The frantic deed which laid thee low
 This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raised,
 With costly sculpture decked;
 And marbles storied with his praise
 Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
 Or forester, unmoved,
 Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
 Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear,
 And oft, as evening fell,
 In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
 Poor Gelert's dying yell.

William Robert Spencer.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.*

A WELL there is in the west-country,
 And a clearer one never was seen;
 There is not a wife in the west-country
 But has heard of the well of St.
 Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
 And behind does an ash-tree grow,
 And a willow from the bank above
 Droops to the water below.

*I know not whether it be worth reporting that there is in Cornwall, near the parish of St. Neots, a well, arched over with the robes of four kinds of trees, withy, oak, elm and ash, dedicated to St. Keyne. The reported virtue of the water is this, that whether husband or wife come first to drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby.—*Thos. Fuller.*

A traveller came to the well of St.
 Keyne:

Pleasant it was to his eye,
 For from cock-crow he had been
 travelling

And there was not a cloud in the
 sky.

He drank of the water so cool and
 clear,

For thirsty and hot was he,
 And he sat down upon the bank,
 Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighbor-
 ing town

At the well to fill his pail,
 On the well-side he rested it,
 And bade the stranger hail.

"Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?"
 quoth he,

"For an if thou hast a wife,
 The happiest draught thou hast drank
 this day
 That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has your good woman, if one you
 have,

In Cornwall ever been?
 For an if she have, I'll venture my
 life
 She has drank of the well of St.
 Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never
 was here,"

The stranger he made reply;
 "But that my draught should be bet-
 ter for that,
 I pray you answer me why."

"St. Keyne," quoth the countryman,
 "many a time

Drank of this crystal well,
 And before the angel summoned her
 She laid on the water a spell.

"If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

"But if the wife should drink of it
first,
God help the husband then!"
The stranger stoop'd to the well of
St. Keyne,
And drank of the waters again.

*"You drank of the well, I warrant,
betimes?"*

He to the countryman said;
But the countryman smiled as the
stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hastened as soon as the wedding
was done,
And left my wife in the porch,
But i' faith she had been wiser than
me,
For she took a bottle to church."

Robert Southey.

LUCY AND COLIN.

OF Leinster fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so fair a face.

Till luckless love, and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damask cheek,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warned, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And at her window, shrieking thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
That solemn boding sound;
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay:
I see a hand you cannot see
Which beckons me away.

"By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die.
Am I to blame, because his bride
Is thrice as rich as I?

"Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows;
Vows due to me alone:
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.

"To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient, both prepare;
But know, fond maid, and know, false
man,
That Lucy will be there.

"Then bear my corse; ye comrades,
bear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet."

She spoke, she died;—her corse was
borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjured Colin's
thoughts?
How were those nuptials kept?
The bride-men flock'd round Lucy
dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair
At once his bosom swell.
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah, bride no
more!)
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's
corse,
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever now remains.

Oft at their grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love
knots
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain, forsworn, whoe'er thou
art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

Thomas Tickell.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

"TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow,
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

—"Forbear, my son," the Hermit
cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom,
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant
I give it with goodwill.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them:

"But from the mountain's grassy
side
A guiltless feast I bring:
A srip with herbs and fruits sup-
plied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim! turn; thy cares
forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in the wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay,
A refuge to the neighboring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Required a master's care,
 The wicket, opening with a latch,
 Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
 To take their evening rest,
 The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
 And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
 And gaily press'd and smiled:
 And skill'd in legendary lore,
 The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
 Its tricks the kitten tries;
 The cricket chirrups on the hearth,
 The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
 To soothe the stranger's woe;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spied,
 With answering care oppress'd:
 And "Whence, unhappy youth," he
 cried,
 "The sorrows of thy breast?"

"From better habitations spurn'd
 Reluctant dost thou rove?
 Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
 Or unregarded love?"

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
 Are trifling, and decay;
 And those who prize the paltry things,
 More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
 A charm that lulls to sleep;
 A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 But leaves the wretch to weep?"

"And love is still an emptier sound,
 The modern fair-one's jest;
 On earth unseen, or only found
 To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows
 hush;
 And spurn the sex," he said;
 But while he spoke, a rising blush
 His love-lorn guest betray'd!

Surprised he sees new beauties rise,
 Swift mantling to the view;
 Like colors o'er the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms:
 The lovely stranger stands confess'd,
 A maid in all her charms.

And "Ah! forgive a stranger rude,—
 A wretch forlorn," she cried;
 "Whose feet, unhallow'd, thus in-
 trude
 Where Heaven and you reside!"

"But let a maid thy pity share,
 Whom love has taught to stray;
 Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne,
 A wealthy lord was he;
 And all his wealth was mark'd as
 mine,
 He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms
 Unnumber'd suitors came,
 Who praised me for imputed charms,
 And felt or feign'd a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
 With richest proffers strove:
 Amongst the rest, young Edwin
 bow'd,
 But never talk'd of love.

“In humble, simple habit clad,
No wealth, nor power had he:
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

“And when, beside me in the dale,
He caroll’d lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.

“The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

“The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine:
Their charms were his; but, woe to
me!
Their constancy was mine.

“For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And, while his passion touch’d my
heart,
I triumph’d in his pain:

“Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

“But mine the sorrow, mine the fault!
And well my life shall pay;
I’ll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

“And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,
I’ll lay me down and die;
’Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.”

—“Forbid it, Heaven!” the Hermit
cried,
And clasp’d her to his breast:
The wondering fair one turn’d to
chide—
’Twas Edwin’s self that press’d!

“Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

“Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that’s mine?

“No, never from this hour to part,
We’ll live and love so true:
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin’s too.”

Oliver Goldsmith.

THE BAILIFF’S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

THERE was a youth, a well-beloved
youth,
And he was a squire’s son,
He loved the bayliffe’s daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coy and would not believe
That he did love her so,
No nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to faire London
An apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long
years,
And never his love could see:
Many a tear have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of me.

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play,
All but the bayliffe’s daughter dear;
She secretly stole away.

She pulled off her gown of green,
And put on ragged attire,
And to faire London she would go
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and dry,
She sat her down upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding bye.

She started up, with a color so redd,
Catching hold of his bridle-reine;
One penny, one penny, kind sir, she
said,
Will ease me of much pain.

Before I give you one penny, sweet-
heart,
Pray tell me where you were born.
At Islington, kind sir, said she,
Where I have had many a scorn.

I prythe, sweetheart, then tell to me,
O tell me, whether you know,
The bayliffe's daughter of Islington.
She is dead, sir, long ago.

If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also;
For I will unto some far country,
Where no man shall me know.

O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
She standeth by thy side;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And ready to be thy bride.

O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times therefore;
For now I have found mine own true
love,
Whom I thought I should never see
more.

Unknown.

ALLAN WATER.

ON the banks of Allan Water,
When the sweet spring time did fall,
Was the miller's lovely daughter,
Fairest of them all.

For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he,
On the banks of Allan Water,
None so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
When brown autumn spread his store,
There I saw the miller's daughter,
But she smiled no more.

For the summer grief had brought
her,
And the soldier false was he,
On the banks of Allan Water,
None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
When the winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the miller's daughter,
Chilling blew the blast.

But the miller's lovely daughter,
Both from cold and care was free,
On the banks of Allan Water,
There a corse lay she.

Matthew Gregory Lewis.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

LITTLE Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side on the grass;
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow
On the shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by;
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow waters' flow—

Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly useth
Fills the silence like a speech:
While she thinks what shall be done,
And the sweetest pleasure chooseth
For her future, within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooseth—"I will have a lover
Riding on a steed of steeds!
He shall love me without guile;
And to *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed it shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath;
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind,
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

"He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover
Through the crowds that praise his
deeds;
And, when soul tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gaily—
Tied the bonnet, donn'd the shoe,
And went homeward round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding by the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads—
Past the boughs she stoops and stops:
So! the wild swan has deserted,
And a rat had gnaw'd the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not! but I know
She could never show him—never—
That swan's nest among the reeds.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

HERVÉ RIEL.

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen
hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French,—
woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-
skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises
a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St.
Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with
the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in
his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take
us quick—or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out
brisk and leapt on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have
ships like these to pass?" laughed
they:

Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all
 the passage scarred and scored,
 Shall the *Formidable* here with her
 twelve and eighty guns
 Think to make the river-mouth by the
 single narrow way,
 Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for
 a craft of twenty tons,
 And with flow at full beside?
 Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
 Reach the mooring? Rather say,
 While rock stands or water runs,
 Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight.
 Brief and bitter the debate:
 "Here's the English at our heels;
 would you have them take in tow
 All that's left us of the fleet, linked
 together stern and bow,
 For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
 Better run the ships aground!"
 (Ended Damfreville his speech.)
 Not a minute more to wait!
 "Let the Captains all and each
 Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the
 vessels on the beach!
 France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word
 Was ever spoke or heard;
 For up stood, for out stepped, for in
 struck amid all these
 —A Captain? A Lieutenant? A
 Mate—first, second, third?
 No such man of mark, and meet
 With his betters to compete!
 But a simple Breton sailor pressed by
 Tourville for the fleet,
 A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel
 the Croisickese.
 And, "What mockery or malice have
 we here?" cries Hervé Riel:
 "Are you mad, you Malouins? Are
 you cowards, fools, or rogues?
 Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me
 who took the soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shal-
 low, every swell
 'Twixt the offing here and Grève
 where the river disembogues?
 Are you bought by English gold? Is
 it love the lying's for?
 Morn and eve, night and day,
 Have I piloted your bay,
 Entered free and anchored fast at
 foot of Solidor.

"Burn the fleet and ruin France?
 That were worse than fifty
 Hagues!
 Sirs, they know I speak the truth!
 Sirs, believe me there's a way!
 Only let me lead the line,
 Have the biggest ship to steer,
 Get this *Formidable* clear,
 Make the others follow mine,
 And I lead them, most and least, by
 a passage I know well,
 Right to Solidor past Grève,
 And there lay them safe and sound;
 And if one ship misbehave,
 —Keel so much as grate the ground,
 Why, I've nothing but my life,—
 here's my head!" cries Hervé
 Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
 "Steer us in, then, small and great!
 Take the helm, lead the line, save the
 squadron!" cried his chief.
 "Captains, give the sailor place!
 He is Admiral, in brief."
 Still the north-wind, by God's grace.
 See the noble fellow's face,
 As the big ship with a bound,
 Clears the entry like a hound,
 Keeps the passage, as its inch of way
 were the wide seas profound!
 See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
 How they flow in a flock,
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel
 that grates the ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "An-
chor!"—sure as fate
Up the English come, too late!

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanch'd with
balm.

"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance,
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant rid-
ing on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each
Captain's countenance!
Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or
my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:

"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Crossic
Point, what is it but a run?—
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I
call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked and that he got,—noth-
ing more.

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as
it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing smack,
In memory of the man but for whom
had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight
whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris: rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank!
You shall look long enough ere you
come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once
more
Save the squadron, honor France, love
thy wife, the Belle Aurore!

Robert Browning.

KING CANUTE.

KING CANUTE was weary hearted; he
had reigned for years a score,
Battling, struggling, pushing, fight-
ing, killing much, and robbing
more;
And he thought upon his actions,
walking by the wild sea-shore.

"Twixt the Chancellor and the Bishop,
walked the King with steps
sedate,
Chamberlains and grooms came after,
silver-sticks and gold-sticks great,
Chaplains, aides-de-camp and pages,—
all the officers of state.

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing
when he choose to pause,
If a frown his face contracted, straight
the courtiers dropped their jaws;
If to laugh the King was minded, out
they burst in loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vexed him;
that was clear to old and young;
Thrice His Grace had yawned at table
when his favorite gleemen sung,
Once the Queen would have consoled
him, but he bade her hold her
tongue.

"Something ails my gracious mas-
ter!" cried the Keeper of the
Seal,

"Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys
served for dinner, or the veal?"

"Psha!" exclaimed the angry mon-
arch, "Keeper, 'tis not that I
feel.

" 'Tis the heart, and not the dinner,
fool, that doth my rest impair;
Can a king be great as I am, prithee,
and yet know no care?"

Oh, I'm sick, and tired, and weary."
Some one cried: "The King's
arm-chair!"

Then toward the lackeys turning,
quick my Lord the Keeper nodded,
Straight the King's great chair was
brought him, by two footmen
able-bodied;
Languidly he sank into it; it was
comfortably wadded.

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute,
"that my end is drawing near."

"Don't say so!" exclaimed the court-
iers (striving each to squeeze a
tear).

"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty,
and may live this fifty year!"

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop
roared, with actions made to suit.

"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper,
thus to speak of King Canute!
Men have lived a thousand years, and
sure His Majesty will do 't.

"With his wondrous skill in healing
ne'er a doctor can compete,
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them,
start up clean upon their feet;
Surely he could raise the dead up, did
His Highness think it meet.

"Did not once the Jewish captain stay
the sun upon the hill,
And the while he slew the foemen, bid
the silver moon stand still?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute,
if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, good
Sir Bishop?" Canute cried,
Could I bid the silver moon to pause
upon her heavenly ride?
If the moon obeys my orders, sure I
can command the tide!

"Will the advancing waves obey me,
Bishop, if I make the sign?"
Said the Bishop, bowing lowly: "Land
and sea, my Lord, are thine."
Canute turned toward the ocean:
"Back!" he said, "thou foaming
brine.

“From the sacred shore I stand on, I
 command thee to retreat;
 Venture not thou stormy rebel, to ap-
 proach thy master’s seat;
 Ocean be thou still! I bid thee come
 not nearer to my feet!”

But the sullen ocean answered with a
 louder, deeper roar,
 And the rapid waves drew nearer,
 falling sounding on the shore;
 Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back
 the King and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more
 to kneel to human clay,
 But alone to praise and worship That
 which earth and seas obey;
 And his golden crown of empire never
 wore he from that day.

(*Condensed.*)

William Makepeace Thackeray.

ALICE FELL.

THE post-boy drove with fierce career,
 For threatening clouds the moon
 had drowned:
 When, as we hurried on, my ear
 Was smitten with a startling sound.

As if the wind blew many ways,
 I heard the sound,—and more and
 more;
 It seemed to follow with the chaise,
 And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the boy called out;
 He stopped his horses at the word;
 But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,
 Nor aught else like it, could be
 heard.

The boy then smacked his whip, and
 fast
 The horses scampered through the
 rain;
 And soon I heard upon the blast
 The cry, I bade him halt again.

Forthwith, alighting on the ground,
 “Whence comes,” said I, “this
 piteous moan?”
 And there a little Girl I found,
 Sitting behind the chaise, alone.

“My cloak!” no other word she spake,
 But loud and bitterly she wept,
 As if her innocent heart would break;
 And down from off her seat she
 leapt.

“What ails you, child?”—she sobbed,
 “Look here!”
 I saw it in the wheel entangled,
 A weather-beaten rag as e’er
 From any garden scarecrow dangled.

’Twas twisted between nave and
 spoke:
 It hung, nor could at once be freed,
 But our joint palms unloosed the
 cloak,
 A miserable rag indeed!

“And whither are you going, child,
 To-night along these lonesome
 ways?”
 “To Durham,” answered she, half
 wild—
 “Then come with me into the
 chaise.”

She sat like one past all relief;
 Sob after sob she forth did send
 In wretchedness, as if her grief
 Could never, never have an end.

“My child, in Durham do you dwell?”
 She checked herself in her distress,
 And said, “My name is Alice Fell;
 I’m fatherless and motherless.

“And I to Durham, sir, belong:”
 Again, as if the thought would
 choke
 Her very heart, her grief grew strong:
 And all was for her tattered cloak!

The chaise drove on, our journey’s
 end
 Was nigh; and sitting by my side,
 As if she had lost her only friend,
 She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the tavern-door we post;
 Of Alice and her grief I told,
 And I gave money to the host,
 To buy a new cloak for the old.

“And let it be of duffil gray,
 As warm a cloak as man can sell!”
 Proud creature was she the next day,
 The little orphan, Alice Fell!

William Wordsworth.

LUCY GRAY;

OR SOLITUDE.

OFt I had heard of Lucy Gray:
 And, when I crossed the wild,
 I chanced to see at break of day,
 The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew:
 She dwelt on a wide moor,—
 The sweetest thing that ever grew
 Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
 The hare upon the green;
 But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
 Will never more be seen.

“To-night will be a stormy night—
 You to the town must go;
 And take a lantern, Child, to light
 Your mother through the snow.”

“That, Father, will I gladly do:
 ’Tis scarcely afternoon—
 The minster-clock has just struck two,
 And yonder is the moon!”

At this the Father raised his hook,
 And snapped a faggot-brand;
 He plied his work;—and Lucy took
 The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe;
 With many a wanton stroke
 Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
 That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
 She wandered up and down;
 And many a hill did Lucy climb:
 But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
 Went shouting far and wide;
 But there was neither sound nor sight
 To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
 That overlooked the moor:
 And thence they saw the bridge of
 wood
 A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward,
 cried,
 “In heaven we all shall meet;”
 When in the snow the mother spied
 The print of Lucy’s feet.

Half breathless from the steep hill’s
 edge
 They tracked the footmarks small;
 And through the broken hawthorn
 hedge,
 And by the long stone wall.

And then an open field they crossed;
 The marks were still the same;
 They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
 And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
 Those footmarks, one by one,
 Into the middle of the plank;
 And farther there were none!—

Yet some maintain that to this day
 She is a living child:
 That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
 Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips
 along,
 And never looks behind;
 And sings a solitary song
 That whistles in the wind.

William Wordsworth.

THE SEVEN SISTERS, OR THE SOLITUDE OF BINNORIE.

SEVEN daughters had Lord Archibald,
 All children of one mother:
 You could not say in one short day
 What love they bore each other.
 A garland, of seven lilies wrought!
 Seven sisters that together dwell;
 But he, bold knight as ever fought,
 Their father took of them no thought,
 He loved the wars so well.
 Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,
 The solitude of Binnorie!

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
 And from the shores of Erin,
 Across the wave, a rover brave
 To Binnorie is steering:
 Right onward to the Scottish strand
 The gallant ship is borne;
 The warriors leap upon the land,

And hark! the leader of the band
 Hath blown his bugle horn.
 Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,
 The solitude of Binnorie!

Beside a grotto of their own,
 With boughs above them closing,
 The seven are laid, and in the shade
 They lie like fawns reposing.
 But now upstarting with affright
 At noise of man and steed,
 Away they fly, to left, to right—
 Of your fair household, father-knight,
 Methinks you take small heed!
 Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,
 The solitude of Binnorie!

Away the seven fair Campbells fly;
 And, over hill and hollow,
 With menace proud, and insult loud,
 The youthful rovers follow.
 Cried they, "Your father loves to
 roam:

Enough for him to find
 The empty house when he comes
 home;
 For us your yellow ringlets comb,
 For us be fair and kind!"
 Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,
 The solitude of Binnorie!

Some close behind, some side by side,
 Like clouds in stormy weather,
 They run and cry, "Nay let us die,
 And let us die together."
 A lake was near; the shore was steep;
 Their foot had never been;
 They ran, and with a desperate leap
 Together plunged into the deep,
 Nor ever more were seen.
 Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,
 The solitude of Binnorie!

The stream that flows out of the lake,
 As through the glen it rambles,
 Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone
 For those seven lovely Campbells.

Seven little islands, green and bare,
 Have risen from out the deep:
 The fishers say those sisters fair
 By fairies are all buried there,
 And there together sleep.
 Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,
 The solitude of Binnorie!

William Wordsworth.

THE LONG WHITE SEAM.

As I came round the harbor buoy,
 The lights began to gleam,
 No wave the land-locked harbor
 stirred,
 The crags were white as cream;
 And I marked my love by candlelight
 Sewing her long white seam.
 It's aye sewing ashore, my dear,
 Watch and steer at sea,
 It's reef and furl, and haul the
 line,
 Set sail and think of thee.

I climbed to reach her cottage door;
 Oh sweetly my love sings!
 Like a shaft of light her voice breaks
 forth,
 My soul to meet it springs,
 As the shining water leaped of old
 When stirred by angel wings.
 Aye longing to list anew,
 Awake and in my dream,
 But never a song she sang like
 this,
 Sewing her long white seam.

Fair fall the lights, the harbor lights,
 That brought me in to thee,
 And peace drop down on that low
 roof,
 For the sight that I did see,
 And the voice, my dear, that rang so
 clear,

All for the love of me.
 For O, for O, with brows bent
 low,
 By the flickering candle's
 gleam,
 Her wedding gown it was she
 wrought,
 Sewing the long white seam.

Jean Ingelow.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

“WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?
 Why weep ye by the tide?
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
 And ye sall be his bride:
 And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
 Sac comely to be seen”—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

“Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
 And dry that cheek so pale;
 Young Frank is chief of Errington,
 And lord of Langley-Hale;
 His step is first in peaceful ha',
 His sword in battle keen”—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

“A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
 Nor braid to bind your hair;
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed
 hawk,
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
 And you, the foremost of them a'
 Shall ride our forest queen”—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
 The tapers glimmer'd fair;
 The priest and bridegroom wait the
 bride,
 And dame and knight are there.

They sought her baith by bower and
 ha';
 The ladie was not seen!
 She's o'er the Border, and awa'
 Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

Walter Scott.

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

My love he built me a bonnie bower,
 And clad it all with lily flower;
 A braver bower you ne'er did see,
 Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man by middle day,
 He spied his sport and went his way,
 And brought the king that very night
 Who broke my bower and slew my
 knight.

He slew my knight to me so dear;
 He slew my knight and pour'd his
 gear;
 My servants all for life did flee,
 And left me in extremitie.

I sew'd his sheet, making my moan;
 I watched his corpse, myself alone;
 I watched his body, night and day;
 No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
 And whiles I gaed and whiles I sat;
 I digg'd a grave and laid him in,
 And happ'd him with the sod so
 green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
 When I laid the moul' on his yellow
 hair?
 O, think na ye my heart was wae,
 When I turned about, away to gae?

No living man I'll love again,
 Since that my lovely knight is slain;
 Wi' ae lock o' his yellow hair,
 I'll bind my heart for evermair.

Unknown.

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

IN her ear he whispers gaily,
 "If my heart by signs can tell,
 Maiden, I have watch'd thee daily,
 And I think thou lov'st me well."
 She replies, in accents fainter,
 "There is none I love like thee."
 He is but a landscape-painter,
 And a village maiden she.
 He to lips, that fondly falter,
 Presses his without reproof;
 Leads her to the village altar,
 And they leave her father's roof.

"I can make no marriage present;
 Little can I give my wife.
 Love will make our cottage pleasant,
 And I love thee more than life."

They by parks and lodges going
 See the lordly castles stand;
 Summer woods, about them blowing,
 Made a murmur in the land.

From deep thought himself he rouses,
 Says to her that loves him well,
 "Let us see these handsome houses
 Where the wealthy nobles dwell."

So she goes by him attended,
 Hears him lovingly converse,
 Sees whatever fair and splendid
 Lay betwixt his home and hers.
 Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
 Parks and order'd gardens great,
 Ancient homes of lord and lady,
 Built for pleasure and for state.

All he shows her makes him dearer;
 Evermore she seems to gaze
 On that cottage growing nearer,
 Where they twain will spend their
 days.

O but she will love him truly!
 He shall have a cheerful home;
 She will order all things duly,
 When beneath his roof they come.

Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
 Till a gateway she discerns
 With armorial bearings stately,
 And beneath the gate she turns;
 Sees a mansion more majestic
 Than all those she saw before;
 Many a gallant gay domestic
 Bows before him at the door.

And they speak in gentle murmur,
 When they answer to his call,
 While he treads with footstep firmer,
 Leading on from hall to hall.

And while now she wanders blindly,
 Nor the meaning can divine,
 Proudly turns he round and kindly,
 "All of this is mine and thine."

Here he lives in state and bounty,
 Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,
 Not a lord in all the county
 Is so great a lord as he.
 All at once the colour flushes
 Her sweet face from brow to chin;
 As it were with shame she blushes,
 And her spirit changed within.

Then her countenance all over
 Pale again as death did prove;
 But he clasp'd her like a lover,
 And he cheer'd her soul with love.

So she strove against her weakness,
 Tho' at times her spirits sank;
 Shaped her heart with woman's meek-
 ness
 To all duties of her rank;

And a gentle consort made he,
 And her gentle mind was such
 That she grew a noble lady,
 And the people loved her much.

But a trouble weigh'd upon her,
 And perplex'd her, night and morn
 With the burden of an honour
 Unto which she was not born.

Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
 As she murmur'd, "Oh, that he
 Were once more that landscape-painter
 Which did win my heart from me!"

So she droop'd and droop'd before
 him,
 Fading slowly from his side;
 Three fair children first she bore him,
 Then before her time she died.

Weeping, weeping late and early,
 Walking up and pacing down,
 Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh,
 Burleigh-house by Stamford-town.
 And he came to look upon her,
 And he look'd at her and said,
 "Bring the dress and put it on her,
 That she wore when she was wed."

Then her people, softly treading,
 Bore to earth her body, drest
 In the dress that she was wed in,
 That her spirit might have rest.

Alfred Tennyson.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I.

ON either side the river lie
 Long fields of barley and of rye,
 That clothe the wold and meet the
 sky;
 And thro' the road runs by
 To many tower'd Camelot.

And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow,
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever.
By the island in the river,
Flowing down to Camelot,
Four gray walls, and four gray
towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II.

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay,
She has heard a whisper say
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot:
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed.
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the
leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:

And from his brazen'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-
leather.
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame to-
gether

As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight
glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse
trod;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra, lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She looked down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in its banks com-
plaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;

Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse—
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she
lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot;
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot;
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot;
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her
name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
 And in the lighted palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer;
 And they cross'd themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot;
 But Lancelot mused a little space;
 He said, "She has a lovely face;
 God in His mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

Alfred Tennyson.

SIR GALAHAD.

My good blade carves the casques of
 men,
 My tough lance thrusteth sure;
 My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure.
 The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,
 The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and
 fly,
 The horse and rider reel;
 They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
 And when the tide of combat
 stands,
 Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
 That lightly rain from ladies'
 hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
 On whom their favours fall!
 For them I battle till the end,
 To save from shame and thrall:
 But all my heart is drawn above,
 My knees are bowed in crypt and
 shrine:
 I never felt the kiss of love,
 Nor maiden's hand in mine.
 More bounteous aspects on me beam,
 Me mightier transports move and
 thrill;
 So keep I fear thro' faith and prayer
 A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
 A light before me swims,
 Between dark stems the forest glows,
 I hear a noise of hymns:
 Then by some secret shrine I ride;
 I hear a voice, but none are there;
 The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
 The tapers burning fair.
 Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
 The silver vessels sparkle clean,
 The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
 And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
 I find a magic bark;
 I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
 I float till all is dark.
 A gentle sound, an awful light!
 Three angels bear the holy Grail:
 With folded feet, in stoles of white,
 On sleeping wings they sail.
 Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
 My spirit beats her mortal bars,
 As down dark tides the glory slides,
 And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
 Thro' dreaming towns I go,
 The cock crows ere the Christmas
 morn,
 The streets are dumb with snow.
 The tempest crackles on the leads,
 And, ringing, spins from brand and
 mail;
 But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
 And gilds the driving hail.
 I leave the plain, I climb the height;
 No branchy thicket shelter yields;
 But blessed forms in whistling storms
 Fly o'er waste fens and windy
 fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
 Such hope, I know not fear;
 I yearn to breathe the airs of Heaven
 That often meet me here.

I muse on joy that will not cease,
 Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
 Pure lilies of eternal peace,
 Whose odours haunt my dreams;
 And, stricken by an angel's hand,
 This mortal armour that I wear,
 This weight and size, this heart and
 eyes,
 Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest
 air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And thro' the mountain-walls,
 A rolling organ-harmony
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
 "O just and faithful knight of God!
 Ride on! the prize is near."
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
 By bridge and ford, by park and
 pale,
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the holy Grail.

Alfred Tennyson.

FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNEL.

I WISH I were where Helen lies!
 Night and day on me she cries;
 O that I were where Helen lies,
 On fair Kirconnel Lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the
 thought
 And curst the hand that fired the
 shot,
 When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
 And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,
 When my love dropt down and spak
 nae mair!
 There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
 On fair Kirconnel Lee.

As I went down the water side,
 None but my foe to be my guide,
 None but my foe to be my guide,
 On fair Kirconnel Lee.

I lighted down, my sword did draw,
 I hackéd him in pieces sma',
 I hackéd him in pieces sma',
 For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
 I'll make a garland for thy hair,
 Shall bind my heart for evermair,
 Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies,
 Night and day on me she cries;
 Out of my bed she bids me rise
 Says, "Haste, and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
 If I were with thee, I were blest,
 Where thou lies low, and takes thy
 rest
 On fair Kirconnel Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
 A winding sheet drawn ower my een,
 And I by my fair Helen lying,
 On fair Kirconnel Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies!
 Night and day on me she cries,
 And I am weary of the skies,
 For her sake that died for me.

Unknown.

"THE LINNET IN THE ROCKY DELLS."

THE linnet in the rocky dells,
 The moor-lark in the air,
 The bee among the heather bells,
 That hide my lady fair:

The wild deer browse above her
breast;
The wild birds raise their brood;
And they, her smiles of love caressed,
Have left her solitude!

I ween, that when the grave's dark
wall
Did first her form retain,
They thought their hearts could ne'er
recall,
The light of joy again.

They thought the tide of grief would
flow,
Unchecked through future years;
But where is all their anguish now,
And where are all their tears?

Well, let them fight for honour's
breath,
Or pleasure's shade pursue—
The dweller in the land of Death,
Is changed and careless too.

And if their eyes should watch and
weep
Till sorrow's source were dry,
She would not in her tranquil sleep
Return a single sigh!

Blow, west wind, by the lonely mound,
And murmur, summer streams—
There is no need of other sound
To soothe my lady's dreams.

Emily Brontë.

BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY.

IN Scarlet town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwelling,
Made every youth cry "Well-away!"
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swell-
ing,
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed
lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
To the town where she was dwell-
ing;
"You must come to my master dear,
If your name be Barbara Allen.

"For death is printed on his face,
And o'er his heart is stealing;
Then haste away to comfort him,
O lovely Barbara Allen."

"Though death be printed on his face,
And o'er his heart is stealing,
Yet little better shall he be,
For bonny Barbara Allen."

So slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him;
And all she said, when there she came,
"Young man, I think you're dy-
ing."

He turned his face unto her straight,
With deadly sorrow sighing,
"O lovely maid, come pity me,
I'm on my death-bed lying."

"If on your death-bed you do lie,
What needs the tale you're telling;
I cannot keep you from your death;
Farewell," said Barbara Allen.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
As deadly pangs he fell in;
"Adieu! Adieu! Adieu to you all,
Adieu to Barbara Allen."

As she was walking o'er the fields,
 She heard the bell a-knelling,
 And every stroke did seem to say,
 "Unworthy Barbara Allen!"

She turn'd her body round about,
 And spied the corpse a-coming,
 "Lay down, lay down, the corpse,"
 she said,
 "That I may look upon him."

With scornful eye she lookèd down,
 Her cheeks with laughter swelling,
 Whilst all her friends cried out amain,
 "Unworthy Barbara Allen!"

When he was dead and laid in grave
 Her heart was struck with sorrow,
 "O mother, mother, make my bed,
 For I shall die to-morrow.

"Hard-hearted creature him to slight,
 Who lovèd me so dearly;
 O that I had been more kind to him,
 When he was alive and near me!"

She, on her death-bed as she lay,
 Begg'd to be buried by him;
 And sore repented of the day,
 That she did ere deny him.

"Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all,
 And shun the fault I fell in;
 Henceforth take warning by the fall
 Of cruel Barbara Allen."

Unknown.

ROSABELLE.

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay!
 No haughty feat of arms I tell;
 Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
 That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant
 crew,
 And gentle lady, deign to stay!
 Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
 Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with
 white;
 To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
 The fishers have heard the Water-
 Sprite,
 Whose screams forbode that wreck
 is nigh.

"Last night the gifted seer did view
 A wet shroud swathed round lady
 gay;
 Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch?
 Why cross the gloomy firth to-
 day?"

" 'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's
 heir
 To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
 But that my lady-mother there
 Sits lonely in her castle hall.

" 'Tis not because the ring they ride,
 And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
 But that my sire the wine will chide
 If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle."

—O'er Roslin all that dreary night
 A wondrous blaze was seen to
 gleam;
 'Twas broader than the watch-fires'
 light
 And redder than the bright moon-
 beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
 It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
 'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of
 oak,
 And seen from cavern'd Hawthorn-
 den.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheath'd in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's
mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress
fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons
bold
Lie buried within that proud cha-
pelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold,
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with
knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild
winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

Walter Scott.

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

OF all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme,—
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calender's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human back,
Islam's prophet on Al-Borák,—
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's out from Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of fowl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart,

Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill re-
frain:

“Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in
a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!”

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-
horns' twang,

Over and over the Mænads sang:
“Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in
a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!”

Small pity for him!—He sailed away
From a leaking ship in Chaleur
Bay,—

Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town's-people on her
deck!

“Lay by! lay by!” they called to him.
Back he answered, “Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!”
And off he sailed through the fog and
rain!

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard
heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried
in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie forevermore.

Mother and sister, wife and maid,
 Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
 Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
 Looked for the coming that might not
 be!

What did the winds and the sea-birds
 say

Of the cruel captain who sailed
 away?—

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard
 heart,

Tarred and feathered and carried
 in a cart

By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
 Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
 Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives
 gray,

Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.

Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,

Hulks of old sailors run aground,

Shook head, and fist, and hat, and
 cane,

And cracked with curses the hoarse
 refrain:

“Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
 horrt,

Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in
 a corrt

By the women o' Morble'ead!”

Sweetly along the Salem road
 Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
 Little the wicked skipper knew
 Of the fields so green and the sky so
 blue.

Riding there in his sorry trim,
 Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
 Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
 Of voices shouting, far and near:

“Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
 horrt,

Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in
 a corrt

By the women o' Morble'ead!”

“Hear me, neighbors!” at last he
 cried,—

“What to me is this noisy ride?

What is the shame that clothes the
 skin

To the nameless horror that lives
 within?

Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
 And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
 Hate me and curse me,—I only dread
 The hand of God and the face of the
 dead!”

Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard
 heart,

Tarred and feathered and carried
 in a cart

By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at
 sea

Said, “God has touched him! why
 should we!”

Said an old wife mourning her only
 son,

“Cut the rogue's tether and let him
 run!”

So with soft relentings and rude ex-
 cuse,

Half scorn, half pity, they cut him
 loose,

And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
 And left him alone with his shame
 and sin,

Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard
 heart,

Tarred and feathered and carried
 in a cart

By the women of Marblehead!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 Alone and palely loitering?

The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
 So haggard and so woe-begone?
 The squirrel's granary is full,
 And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
 With anguish moist and fever dew,
 And on thy cheeks a fading rose
 Fast withered too.

I met a lady in the meads,
 Full beautiful—a faery's child,
 Her hair was long, her foot was light,
 And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
 And bracelets too, and fragrant
 zone;
 She look'd at me as she did love,
 And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
 And nothing else saw all day long,
 For sidelong she would bend and sing,
 A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
 And honey wild and manna dew,
 And sure in language strange she
 said,
 "I love thee true."

She took me to her elfin grot,
 And there she wept, and sigh'd full
 sore,
 And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
 With kisses four.

And there she lullèd me asleep,
 And there I dream'd—Ah! woe
 betide!
 The latest dream I ever dream'd
 On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they
 all;
 They cried—"La Belle Dame sans
 Merci
 Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
 With horrid warning gapèd wide,
 And I awoke and found me here,
 On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
 Alone and palely loitering,
 Though the sedge is wither'd from the
 lake,
 And no birds sing.

John Keats.

ANNIE LAURIE.

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie
 Where early fa's the dew,
 And it's there that Annie Laurie
 Gie'd me her promise true—
 Gie'd me her promise true,
 Which ne'er forgot will be;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snawdrift,
 Her throat is like the swan,
 Her face it is the fairest
 That e'er the sun shone on—
 That e'er the sun shone on:
 And dark blue is her e'e;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
 Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
 Like the winds in summer sighing,
 Her voice is low and sweet—
 Her voice is low and sweet;
 And she's a' the world to me;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doune and dee.

William Douglas of Fleugland.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry!"

—"Now, who be ye, would cross
Lochgyle

This dark and stormy water?"

—"O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride—
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief, I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:—

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempest round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father!"

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When, O! too strong for human hand
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismayed, through storm
and shade

His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried
in grief,

"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland
chief:—

My daughter!—O my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the
shore,

Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

Thomas Campbell.

JAFFÀR.

JAFFÀR, the Barmecide, the good
Vizier,

The poor man's hope, the friend
without a peer.

Jaffàr was dead, slain by a doom
unjust;

And guilty Hâroun, sullen with mis-
trust

Of what the good, and e'en the bad
might say,

Ordain'd that no man living from
that day

Should dare to speak his name on
pain of death.

All Araby and Persia held their
breath.

All but the brave Mondeer.—He,
 proud to show
 How far for love a grateful soul could
 go,
 And facing death for very scorn and
 grief,
 (For his great heart wanted a great
 relief,)
 Stood forth in Bagdad, daily in the
 square
 Where once had stood a happy house,
 and there
 Harangued the tremblers at the
 scimitar
 On all they owed to the divine Jaffàr.

“Bring me this man,” the caliph
 cried: the man
 Was brought, was gazed upon. The
 mutes began
 To bind his arms. “Welcome, brave
 cords,” cried he;
 “From bonds far worse Jaffàr de-
 liver’d me;
 From wants, from shames, from love-
 less household fears;
 Made a man’s eyes friends with de-
 licious tears;
 Restor’d me, loved me, put me on a
 par
 With his great self. How can I pay
 Jaffàr?”

Hàroun, who felt that on a soul like
 this
 The mightiest vengeance could but
 fall amiss,
 Now deigned to smile, as one great
 lord of fate
 Might smile upon another half as
 great.
 He said, “Let worth grow frenzied if
 it will;
 The caliph’s judgment shall be master
 still.

Go, and since gifts so move thee, take
 this gem,
 The richest in the Tartar’s diadem,
 And hold the giver as thou deemest
 fit.”
 “Gifts!” cried the friend. He took;
 and holding it
 High towards the heaven, as though
 to meet his star,
 Exclaimed, “This, too, I owe to thee,
 Jaffàr!”

Leigh Hunt.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and
 loved a royal sport,
 And one day, as his lions fought, sat
 looking on the court;
 The nobles fill’d the benches, and the
 ladies in their pride,
 And ’mongst them sat the Count de
 Lorge, with one for whom he
 sigh’d;
 And truly ’twas a gallant thing to see
 that crowning show—
 Valour and love, and a king above,
 and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with
 horrid, laughing jaws;
 They bit, they glared, gave blows like
 beams, a wind went with their
 paws;
 With wallowing might and stifled roar
 they rolled one on another,
 Till all the pit, with sand and mane,
 was in a thundrous smother;
 The bloody foam above the bars came
 whisking through the air;
 Said Francis, then, “Faith, gentle-
 men, we’re better here than
 there!”

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a
 beauteous, lively dame,
 With smiling lips, and sharp, bright
 eyes, which always seemed the
 same:

She thought, "The Count my lover, is
 as brave as brave can be,
 He surely would do wondrous things
 to show his love for me!
 King, ladies, lovers, all look on, the
 occasion is divine;
 I'll drop my glove to prove his love,
 great glory will be mine!"

She dropped her glove to prove his
 love, then looked at him and
 smiled;
 He bowed, and in a moment leaped
 among the lions wild;
 The leap was quick; return was quick;
 he has regained his place,
 Then threw the glove, but not with
 love, right in the lady's face!
 "In truth!" cried Francis, "rightly
 done!" and he rose from where
 he sat;
 "No love," quoth he, "but vanity,
 sets love a task like that."

Leigh Hunt.

THE OUTLAW'S SONG.

THE chough and crow to rest are gone,
 The owl sits in the tree,
 The hush'd wind wails with feeble
 moan,
 Like infant charity.
 The wild fire dances on the fen,
 The red star sheds its ray;
 Uprouse ye, then, my merry men!
 It is our opening day.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
 And closed is every flower,
 And winking tapers faintly peep
 High from my lady's bower;

Bewildered hinds with shortened ken
 Shrink on their murky way;
 Uprouse ye, then, my merry men!
 It is our opening day.

Nor board nor garner own we now,
 Nor roof nor latchèd door,
 Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow,
 To bless a good man's store;
 Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
 And night is grown our day;
 Uprouse ye, then, my merry men,
 And use it as ye may.

Joanna Baillie.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

AN ancient story I'll tell you anon
 Of a notable prince, that was called
 King John;
 And he ruled England with main and
 with might,
 For he did great wrong and main-
 tained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so
 merry,
 Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;
 How for his housekeeping and high
 renown,
 They rode post for him to fair London
 town.

An hundred men, the King did hear
 say,
 The Abbot kept in his house every
 day;
 And fifty gold chains, without any
 doubt,
 In velvet coats waited the Abbot
 about.

“How now, Father Abbot, I hear it
of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than
me;
And for thy housekeeping and high
renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against
my crown.”

“My liege,” quo' the Abbot, “I
would it were knowne,
I never spend nothing but what is my
owne;
And I trust your Grace will not put
me in fear,
For spending of my owne true-gotten
gear.”

“Yes, yes, Father Abbot, thy fault is
highe,
And now for the same thou needst
must dye;
For except thou canst answer me
questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy
bodie.

“And first,” quo' the King, “when
I'm in this stead,
With my crowns of gold so faire on
my head,
Among all my liege-men, so noble of
birthe,
Thou must tell to one penny what I
am worthe.

“Secondlye, tell me, without any
doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world
about,
And at the third question thou must
not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do
think.”

“Oh, these are hard questions for my
shallow witt,
Nor can I answer your Grace as yet;
But if you will give me but three
weeks space,
Ile do my endeavor to answer your
Grace.”

“Now three weeks' space to thee will
I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast
to live;
For if thou dost not answer my ques-
tions three,
Thy land and thy livings are forfeit
to me.”

Away rode the Abbot all sad at that
word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxen-
ford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an an-
swer devise.

Then home rode the Abbot of comfort
so cold,
And he met his Shepherd a-going to
fold:

“How now, my Lord Abbot, you are
welcome home;
What news do you bring us from
good King John?”

“Sad news, sad news, Shepherd, I
must give,
That I have but three days more to
live;
I must answer the King his questions
three,
Or my head will be smitten from my
bodie.

“The first is to tell him, there in that
stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his
head,

Among all his liege-men so noble of
 birth
 To within one penny of what he is
 worth.

“The seconde, to tell him, without
 any doubt,
 How soone he may ride this whole
 world about:
 And at the third question I must not
 shrinke,
 But tell him truly what he does
 thinke.”

“Now cheare up, Sire Abbot, did you
 never hear yet,
 That a fool he may learne a wise man
 witt?
 Lend me a horse, and serving-men,
 and your apparel,
 And I'll ride to London to answeere
 your quarrel.

“Nay, frowne not, if it hath bin told
 unto mee,
 I am like your Lordship, as ever may
 bee:
 And if you will but lend me your
 gowne,
 There is none shall know us in fair
 London towne.”

“Now horses and serving-men thou
 shalt have,
 With sumptuous array most gallant
 and brave;
 With crozier, and mitre, and rochet,
 and cope,
 Fit to appear 'fore our Father the
 Pope.”

“Now welcome, Sire Abbot,” the
 King he did say,
 “ 'Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe
 thy day;

For and if thou canst answer my
 questions three,
 Thy living and thy life both saved
 shall bee.

“And first, when thou seest me, here
 in this stead,
 With my crown of golde so fair on my
 head,
 Among all my liege-men so noble of
 birthe,
 Tell me to one penny what I am
 worthe.”

“For thirty pence our Saviour was
 sold
 Among the false Jews, as I have bin
 told:
 And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
 For I thinke, thou art one penny
 worse than he.”

The King he laughed, and swore by
 St. Bittel,
 “I did not think I had been worth so
 little!
 Now, secondly, tell me, without any
 doubt,
 How soon I may ride this whole world
 about.”

“You must rise with the sun, and ride
 with the same,
 Until the next morning he riseth
 again;
 And then your Grace need not make
 any doubt
 But in twenty-four hours you'll ride
 it about.”

The King he laughed, and swore by
 St. Jone,
 “I did not think it could be done so
 soon.

Now from the third question thou
 must not shrink,
 But tell me here truly what I do
 think.”

“Yea, that I shall do and make your
Grace merry;
You think I’m the Abbot of Canter-
bury;
But I’m his poor shepherd, as plain
you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him
and for me.”

The King he laughed, and swore by
the mass,
“I’ll make thee Lord Abbot this day
in his place!”

“Nay, nay, my Liege, be not in such
speed,
For alack, I can neither write nor
read.”

“Four nobles a week, then, I will give
thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shown
unto me;
And tell the old Abbot, when thou
gettest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from
good King John.”

Unknown.

XIII

Girlhood

THE NAMES.

IN Christian world MARY the garland
wears!
REBECCA sweetens on a Hebrew's ear;
Quakers for pure PRISCILLA are more
clear;
And the light Gaul by amorous NINON
swears.
Among the lesser lights how LUCY
shines!
What air of fragrance ROSAMOND
throws around!
How like a hymn doth sweet CECILIA
sound!
Of MARTHAS, and of ABIGAILS, few
lines
Have bragg'd in verse. Of coarsest
household stuff
Should homely JOAN be fashioned.
But can
You BARBARA resist, or MARIAN?
And is not CLARE for love excuse
enough?
Yet, by my faith in numbers, I pro-
fess,
These all, than Saxon EDITH, please
me less.

Charles Lamb.

TO A CHILD OF NOBLE BIRTH.

My noble, lovely, little Peggy,
Let this my First Epistle beg ye,
At dawn of morn and close of even,
To lift your heart and hands to
Heaven.
In double duty say your prayer:
Our Father first, then *Notre Père*.

And, dearest child, along the day,
In everything you do and say,
Obey and please my lord and lady,
So God shall love and angels aid ye.
If to these precepts you attend,
No second letter need I send,
And so I rest your constant friend.

Matthew Prior.

CHERRY RIPE.

CHERRY ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones—come and buy.
If so be you ask me where
These do grow?—I answer: There
Where my Julia's lips do smile—
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

Robert Herrick.

WINNY.

HER blue eyes they beam and they
twinkle,
Her lips have made smiling more
fair;
On cheek and on brow there's no
wrinkle,
But thousands of curls in her hair.
She's little,—you don't wish her
taller;
Just half through her teens is her
age;
And baby or lady to call her,
Were something to puzzle a sage!

Her walk is far better than dancing;
 She speaks as another might sing;
 And all by an innocent chancing,
 Like lambkins and birds in the
 spring.

Unskilled in the airs of the city,
 She's perfect in natural grace;
 She's gentle, and truthful, and witty,
 And ne'er spends a thought on her
 face.

Her face, with the fine glow that's in
 it,
 As fresh as an apple-tree bloom;
 And O! when she comes, in a minute,
 Like sunbeams she brightens the
 room.

* * * * *

William Allingham.

LUCY'S BIRTHDAY.

SEVENTEEN rose-buds in a ring,
 Thick with sister flowers beset,
 In a fragrant coronet,
 Lucy's servants this day bring.
 Be it the birthday wreath she wears
 Fresh and fair and symboling
 The young number of her years,
 The sweet blushes of her spring.

Types of youth and love and hope!
 Friendly hearts your mistress greet,
 Be you ever fair and sweet,
 And grow lovelier as you ope!
 Gentle nurseling, fenced about
 With fond care, and guarded so,
 Scarce you've heard of storms with-
 out,
 Frosts that bite or winds that blow!

Kindly has your life begun,
 And we pray that Heaven may send
 To our floweret a warm sun,
 A calm summer, a sweet end.

And where'er shall be her home,
 May she decorate the place;
 Still expanding into bloom,
 And developing in grace.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

TO A LITTLE GIRL.

You taught me ways of gracefulness
 and fashions of address,
 The mode of plucking pansies and the
 art of sowing cress,
 And how to handle puppies, with pro-
 pitiatory pats
 For mother dogs, and little acts of
 courtesy to cats.

O connoisseur of pebbles, colored
 leaves and trickling rills,
 Whom seasons fit as do the sheaths
 that wrap the daffodils,
 Whose eyes' divine expectancy fore-
 tells some starry goal,
 You taught me here docility—and
 how to save my soul.

Helen Parry Eden.

TO HELEN.

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
 Like those Nicæan barks of yore,
 That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
 The weary way-worn wanderer bore
 To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
 Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
 Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
 To the glory that was Greece
 And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in your brilliant window-niche
 How statue-like I see thee stand
 The agate lamp within thy hand,
 Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
 Are Holy land.

Edgar Allan Poe.

ROSE AYLMER.

Al! what avails the sceptred Race
 And what the form divine?
 What every virtue, every grace?
 Rose Aylmer, all were thine!

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful
 eyes

May weep but never see,
 A night of memories and sighs
 I consecrate to thee.

Walter Savage Landor.

HAVE YOU SEEN A BRIGHT
LILY GROW.

HAVE you seen but a bright lily grow
 Before rude hands have touched it?
 Have you marked but the fall of the
 snow,
 Before the soil hath smutched it?

Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
 Or swan's down ever?
 Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier?
 Or the nard i' the fire?
 Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
 Oh, so white! oh, so soft! oh, so sweet,
 is she!

Ben Jonson.

TO DIANA.

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair,
 State in wonted manner keep.
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose;
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear, when day did
 close;
 Bless us then with wishèd sight,
 Goddess, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy crystal-shining quiver;
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever:
 Thou that mak'st a day of night
 Goddess, excellently bright.

Ben Jonson.

WHO IS SILVIA?

WHO is Silvia? What is she,
 That all our swains commend her?
 Holy, fair, and wise is she;
 The heaven such grace did lend her,
 That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
 For beauty lives with kindness:
 Love doth to her eyes repair,
 To help him of his blindness;
 And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
 That Silvia is excelling;
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling;
 To her let us garlands bring.

William Shakespeare.

THE BEGGAR MAID.

HER arms across her breast she laid;
 She was more fair than words can
 say:
 Bare-footed came the beggar maid
 Before the king Cophetua.
 In robe and crown the king stept
 down,
 To meet and greet her on her way;
 "It is no wonder," said the lords,
 "She is more beautiful than day."

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
 She in her poor attire was seen:
 One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
 One her dark hair and lonesome
 mien.

So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been:
Cophetua sware a royal oath:
"This beggar maid shall be my
queen!"

Alfred Tennyson.

**SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF
DELIGHT.**

SHE was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my
sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair:
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful
Dawn.

A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.
I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and
smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death:
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and
skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright,
With something of angelic light.

William Wordsworth.

**SHE DWELT AMONG THE
UNTRODDEN WAYS.**

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to
praise,
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!—
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could
know
When Lucy ceased to be:
But she is in her grave, and, oh!
The difference to me!

William Wordsworth.

MAUD.

BIRDS in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.

Where was Maud? in our wood;
And I, who else, was with her,
Gathering woodland lilies,
Myriads blow together.

Birds in our woods sang
Ringing thro' the valleys,
Maud is here, here, here,
In among the lilies.

I kiss'd her slender hand,
She took the kiss sedately;
Maud is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately.

I to cry out on pride
Who have won her favor;
O Maud were sure of Heaven
If lowliness could save her.

I know the way she went
 Home with her maiden posy,
 For her feet have touch'd the meadows
 And left the daisies rosy.

Birds in the high Hall-garden
 Were crying and calling to her,
 Where is Maud, Maud, Maud?
 One is come to woo her.

Look, a horse at the door,
 And little King Charles is snarling,
 Go back, my lord, across the moor,
 You are not her darling.

Alfred Tennyson.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland lass!
 Reaping and singing by herself;
 Stop here, or gently pass!
 Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,
 And sings a melancholy strain;
 O listen! for the Vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
 More welcome notes to weary bands
 Of travellers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands:
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard,
 In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas,
 Amongst the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago:
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again!

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending:
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending;—
 I listened, motionless and still;
 And, as I mounted up the hill,
 The music in my heart I bore,
 Long after it was heard no more.

William Wordsworth.

THE MAY QUEEN.

You must wake and call me early, call
 me early, mother dear;
 To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of
 all the glad New-year;
 Of all the glad New-year, mother, the
 maddest merriest day;
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May,
 mother, I'm to be Queen o' the
 May.

There's many a black black eye, they
 say, but none so bright as mine;
 There's Margaret and Mary, there's
 Kate and Caroline:
 But none so fair as little Alice in all
 the land they say,
 So I'm to be Queen o' the May, moth-
 er, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother,
 that I shall never wake,
 If you do not call me loud when the
 day begins to break:
 But I must gather knots of flowers,
 and buds and garlands gay,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May,
 mother, I'm to be Queen o' the
 May.

As I came up the valley whom think
 ye should I see,
 But Robin leaning on the bridge be-
 neath the hazel-tree?

He thought of that sharp look,
mother, I gave him yesterday—
But I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the
May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for
I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking,
like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care
not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the
May.

They say he's dying all for love, but
that can never be:
They say his heart is breaking, mother
—what is that to me?
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me
any summer day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the
May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow
to the green,
And you will be there, too, mother, to
see me made the Queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side
will come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the
May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has
wov'n its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the
faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines
like fire in swamps and hollows
gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the
May.

The night winds come and go, mother,
upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem
to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the
whole of the live-long day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the
May.

All the valley, mother, will be fresh
and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are
over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale
will merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the
May.

So you must wake and call me early,
call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of
all the glad New-year:
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the
maddest merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the
May.

Alfred Tennyson.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

IF you're waking call me early, call
me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the
glad New-year.
It is the last New-year that I shall
ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould
and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and
left behind
The good old year, the dear old time,
and all my peace of mind:

And the New-year's coming up,
 mother, but I shall never see
 The blossom on the blackthorn, the
 leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers:
 we had a merry day;
 Beneath the hawthorn on the green
 they made me Queen of May;
 And we danced about the may-pole
 and in the hazel copse,
 Till Charles's Wain came out above
 the tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills:
 the frost is on the pane:
 I only wish to live till the snowdrops
 come again:
 I wish the snow would melt and the
 sun come out on high:
 I long to see a flower so before the
 day I die.

The building rook 'ill caw from the
 windy tall elm-tree,
 And the tufted plover pipe along the
 fallow lea,
 And the swallow 'ill come back again
 with summer o'er the wave,
 But I shall lie alone, mother, within
 the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon
 that grave of mine,
 In the early early morning the sum-
 mer sun will shine,
 Before the red cock crows from the
 farm upon the hill,
 When you are warm-asleep, mother,
 and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother,
 beneath the waning light,
 You'll never see me more in the long
 gray fields at night;

When from the dry dark wold the
 summer airs blow cool
 On the oat-grass and the sword-grass,
 and the bulrush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just be-
 neath the hawthorn shade,
 And you'll come sometimes and see
 me where I am lowly laid.
 I shall not forget you, mother, I shall
 hear you when you pass,
 With your feet above my head in the
 long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but
 you'll forgive me now;
 You'll kiss me, my own mother, and
 forgive me ere I go;
 Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let
 your grief be wild,
 You should not fret for me, mother,
 you have another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from
 out my resting-place;
 Though you'll not see me, mother, I
 shall look upon your face;
 Though I cannot speak a word, I shall
 hearken what you say,
 And be often, often with you, when
 you think I'm far away.

Good-night, good-night, when I have
 said good-night for evermore,
 And you see me carried out from the
 threshold of the door;
 Don't let Effie come to see me till my
 grave be growing green:
 She'll be a better child to you than
 ever I have been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the
 granary floor:
 Let her take 'em: they are hers: I
 shall never garden more:

But tell her, when I'm gone, to train
the rose-bush that I set,
About the parlour window and the
box of mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother; call me
before the day is born.
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep
at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the
glad New-year,
So, if you're waking, call me, call me
early, mother dear.

Alfred Tennyson.

CONCLUSION TO THE MAY QUEEN AND NEW YEAR'S EVE.

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and
yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the
bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the
morning of the year!
To die before the snow-drop came, and
now the violet's here.

O sweet is the new violet, that comes
beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice
to me that cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and
all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to
me that long to go.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to
leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and
yet His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long be-
fore I find release:
And that good man, the clergyman,
has told me words of peace.

O, blessings on his kindly voice, and
on his silver hair!
And blessings on his whole life long,
until he meet me there!
O, blessings on his kindly heart, and
on his silver head!
A thousand times I blest him, as he
knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he
showed me all the sin.
Now, though my lamp was lighted
late, there's One will let me in:
Nor would I now be well, mother,
again if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him
that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother,
or the dead-watch beat,
There came a sweeter token when the
night and morning meet:
But sit beside my bed, mother, and
put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will
tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I
heard the angels call;
It was when the moon was setting,
and the dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the
wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I
heard them call my soul.

For, lying broad awake, I thought of
you and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I
no longer here;
With all my strength I prayed for
both, and so I felt resigned,
And up the valley came a swell of
music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I
 listened in my bed,
 And then did something speak to me—
 I know not what was said;
 For great delight and shuddering took
 hold of all my mind,
 And up the valley came again the
 music on the wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said,
 "It's not for them, it's mine;"
 And if it comes three times, I thought,
 I take it for a sign.
 And once again it came, and close
 beside the window-bars,
 Then seemed to go right up to Heaven
 and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I
 trust it is, I know
 The blessed music went that way my
 soul will have to go.
 And for myself, indeed, I care not if
 I go to-day.
 But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when
 I am past away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and
 tell him not to fret;
 There's many worthier than I, would
 make him happy yet.
 If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might
 have been his wife;
 But all these things have ceased to be,
 with my desire of life.

O look! the sun begins to rise, the
 heavens are in a glow;
 He shines upon a hundred fields, and
 all of them I know;
 And there I move no longer now, and
 there his light may shine—
 Wild flowers in the valley for other
 hands than mine.

O, sweet and strange it seems to me,
 that ere this day is done
 The voice, that now is speaking, may
 be beyond the sun—
 For ever and for ever with those just
 souls and true—
 And what is life, that we should
 moan? why make we such ado?

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed
 home—
 And there to wait a little while till
 you and Effie come—
 To be within the light of God, as I lie
 upon your breast—
 And the wicked cease from troubling,
 and the weary are at rest.

Alfred Tennyson.

HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
 Their place ye may not well supply,
 Though ye among a thousand try,
 With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead,
 Yet cannot I by force be led
 To think upon the wormy bed,
 And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
 A rising step did indicate
 Of pride and joy no common rate,
 That flush'd her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
 I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,
 It was a joy to that allied,
 She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
 Which doth the human feeling cool,
 But she was train'd in Nature's
 school,
 Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet as heretofore,
Some summer morning.

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning?

Charles Lamb.

A PORTRAIT.

I WILL paint her as I see her:
Ten times have the lilies blown,
Since she looked upon the sun.

And her face is lily-clear—
Lily-shaped, and drooped in duty
To the law of its own beauty.

Oral cheeks encolored faintly,
Which a trail of golden hair
Keeps from fading off to air:

And a forehead fair and saintly,
Which two blue eyes undershine,
Like meek prayers before a shrine.

Face and figure of a child—
Though too calm, you think, and
tender,
For the childhood you would lend her.

Yet child—simple, undefiled,
Frank, obedient—waiting still
On the turnings of your will.

Moving light, as all young things—
As young birds, or early wheat
When the wind blows over it.

Only free from flutterings
Of loud mirth that scorneth meas-
ure—
Taking love for her chief pleasure.

Choosing pleasures (for the rest)
Which come softly—just as she,
When she nestles at your knee.

Quiet talk she liketh best,
In a bower of gentle looks—
Watering flowers, or reading books.

And her voice, it murmurs lowly,
As a silver stream may run,
Which yet feels, you feel, the sun.

And her smile, it seems half holy,
As if drawn from thoughts more fair
Than our common jestings are.

And if any poet knew her,
He would sing of her with falls
Used in lovely madrigals.

And if any painter drew her,
He would paint her unaware
With a halo round her hair.

And if reader read the poem,
He would whisper, "You have done a
Consecrated little Una!"

And a dreamer (did you show him
That same picture) would exclaim,
" 'Tis my angel, with a name!"

And a stranger—when he sees her
In the street even—smileth stilly,
Just as you would at a lily.

And all voices that address her,
Softens, sleeken every word,
As if speaking to a bird.

And all fancies yearn to cover
The hard earth whereon she passes
With the thymy scented grasses.

And all hearts do pray, "God love
her!"

Ay, and always, in good sooth,
We may all be sure He doth.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

"O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee!"

The western wind was wild and dank
with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide came up along the
sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The rolling mist came down and hid
the land,
And never home came she.

Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair
A tress of golden hair,
Of drownéd maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so
fair
Among the stakes at Dee!

'They rowed her in across the rolling
foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the
cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

Charles Kingsley.

LADY CLARE.

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn;
Lovers long betroth'd were they;
They two will wed the morrow morn;
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went
from thee?"

"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thank'd!" said Alice the
nurse,
"That all comes round so just and
fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse,
my nurse,"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so
wild?"

"As God's above," said Alice the
nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my
child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my
breast;
I speak the truth, as I live by
bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

“Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother,” she said, “if this be
true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due.”

“Nay now, my child,” said Alice the
nurse,
“But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord
Ronald’s,
When you are man and wife.”

“If I’m a beggar born,” she said,
“I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace
by.”

“Nay now, my child,” said Alice the
nurse,
“But keep the secret all ye can.”
She said “Not so: but I will know
If there be any faith in man.”

“Nay now, what faith?” said Alice
the nurse,
“The man will cleave unto his
right.”
“And he shall have it,” the lady re-
plied,
“Tho’ I should die to-night.”

“Yet give one kiss to your mother
dear!
Alas! my child, I sinn’d for thee.”
“O mother, mother, mother,” she
said,
“So strange it seems to me.

“Yet here’s a kiss for my mother
dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go.”

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by
down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had
brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden’s hand,
And follow’d her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his
tower,
“O Lady Clare, you shame your
worth!
Why come you drest like a village
maid,
That are the flower of the earth?”

“If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born,” she said,
“And not the Lady Clare.”

“Play me no tricks,” said Lord
Ronald,
“For I am yours in words and in
deed.
Play me no tricks,” said Lord
Ronald,
“Your riddle is hard to read.”

O and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She look’d into Lord Ronald’s eyes,
And told him all her nurse’s tale.

He laugh’d a laugh of merry scorn:
He turn’d and kiss’d her where she
stood.
“If you are not the heiress born,
And I,” said he, “the next in
blood—

“If you are not the heiress born,
And I,” said he, “the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare.”

Alfred Tennyson.

PROUD MAISIE.

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

“Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?”
“When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.”

“Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?”
“The grey-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

“The glow-worm o’er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing
Welcome, proud lady.”

Walter Scott.

ANNABELLE LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you
may know

By the name of Annabelle Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no
other thought,
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was
more than love,

I and my Annabelle Lee:
With a love that the winged seraphs
of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabelle Lee,
So that her high-born kinsman came,
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre,
In this kingdom by the sea.

* * * * *

But the moon never beams without
bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabelle Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the
bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabelle Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down
by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life
and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In the tomb by the sounding sea.

Edgar Allan Poe.

MY PEGGY.

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just entered in her teens,
Fair as the day, and always gay,
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I’m not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wauking of the fauld.

* * * * *

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a’ the rest it is confest,
By a’ the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld,
With innocence, the wale of sense,
At wauking of the fauld.

Allan Ramsay.

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

AT the corner of Wood Street, when
daylight appears,
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud—it
has sung for three years;
Poor Susan has passed by the spot,
and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of
the Bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment: what ails
her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of
trees;
Bright volumes of vapor through
Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale
of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst
of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped
with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like
a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that
she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven:
but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and
the shade;
The stream will not flow, and the hill
will not rise,
And the colors have all passed away
from her eyes!

William Wordsworth.

THE GYPSY GIRL.

PASSING I saw her as she stood beside
A lonely stream between two barren
wolds;
Her loose vest hung in rudely gath-
ered folds

On her swart bosom, which in maiden
pride
Pillowed a string of pearls; among
her hair
Twined the light bluebell and the
stone-crop gay;
And not far thence the small encamp-
ment lay,
Curling its wreathèd smoke into the
air.
She seemed a child of some sun-
favored clime;
So still, so habited to warmth and
rest;
And in my wayward musings on past
time,
When my thought fills with treasured
memories,
That image nearest borders on the
blest
Creations of pure art that never dies.

Henry Alford.

RUTH.

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripen'd: such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veil'd a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

“Sure,” I said, “Heav’n did not
mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but
glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.”

Thomas Hood.

O MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

As I was walking up the street,
A barefit maid I chanced to meet;
But O the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet.
O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete.

It were more meet that those fine feet
Were weel laced up in silken shoon,
And 'twere more fit that she should
sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling down her swan-like
neck,
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae
wreck.

O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete.

Robert Burns.

LUCY.

THREE years she grew in sun and
shower;
Then Nature said, “A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown:
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

“Myself wilt to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The girl in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and
bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

“She shall be sportive as the fawn
That, wild with glee, across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the healing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

“The floating clouds their state shall
lend
To her: for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
E'en in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's
form
By silent sympathy.

“The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward
round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

“And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.”

Thus Nature spake—the work was
done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And nevermore will be.

William Wordsworth.

CHLOE.

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flowers were fresh and
gay

One morning by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe
From peaceful slumbers she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er her flowery mead she goes,
The youthful, charming Chloe.
Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feathered people you might see,
Perch'd all around on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody

They hail the charming Chloe;
Till painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun begins to rise,
Outrival'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.
Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

Robert Burns.

MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

Now in her green mantle blythe Na-
ture arrays,
An' listens the lambkins that bleat
o'er the braes;
While birds warble welcome in ilka
green shaw;
But to me it's delightless—my Nan-
nie's awa'.

The snaw-drap an' primrose our
woodlands adorn,
An' violets bathe in the weet o' the
morn;

They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly
they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie—an' Nan-
nie's awa'.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the
dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the gray-
breaking dawn,
An' thou mellow mavis that hails the
night-fa',
Give over for pity—my Nannie's
awa'.

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow
an' gray,
An' soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's
decay;
The dark, dreary winter, an' wild-
driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's
awa'.

Robert Burns.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best;
There wild woods grow, and rivers
row,
And monie a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonnier flower that
springs
By fountain shaw or green;
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

Robert Burns.

MARIEN LEE.

NOT a care hath Marien Lee,
 Dwelling by the sounding sea!
 Her young life's a flowery way:—
 Without toil from day to day.
 Without bodings for the morrow—
 Marien was not made for sorrow!
 Like the summer-billows wild,
 Leaps the happy-hearted child;
 Sees her father's fishing-boat
 O'er the waters gaily float;
 Hears her brother's fishing-song
 On the light gale borne along;
 Half a league she hears the lay,
 Ere they turn into the bay,
 And with glee, o'er cliff and main,
 Sings an answer back again,
 Which by man and boy is heard,
 Like the carol of a bird.
 Look, she sitteth laughing there,
 Wreathing sea-weed in her hair;
 Saw ye e'er a thing so fair?
 Go, thou sweet one, all day long,
 Like a glad bird pour thy song;
 And let thy young, graceful head,
 Be with sea-flowers garlanded;
 For all outward signs of glee,
 Well befit thee, Marien Lee!

Mary Howitt.

TO MISTRESS MARGARET
HUSSEY.

MERRY Margaret
 As midsummer flower—
 Gentle as falcon,
 Or hawk of the tower;
 With solace and gladness,
 Much mirth and no madness,
 All good and no badness;
 So joyously,
 So maidenly,
 So womanly
 Her demeaning,—
 In everything
 Far, far passing

That I can indite
 Or suffice to write,
 Of merry Margaret,
 As midsummer flower,
 Gentle as falcon
 Or hawk of the tower;
 As patient and as still,
 And as full of good-will,
 As fair Isiphil,
 Coliander.
 Sweet Pomander,
 Good Cassander;
 Steadfast of thought,
 Well made, well wrought;
 Far may be sought
 Ere you can find
 So courteous, so kind,
 As merry Margaret,
 This midsummer flower—
 Gentle as falcon
 Or hawk of the tower.

John Skelton.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
 Thus mellowed to that tender light
 Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less
 Had half impaired the nameless
 grace,
 Which waves in every raven tress,
 Or softly lightens o'er her face;
 Where thoughts serenely sweet ex-
 press,
 How pure, how dear, their dwelling
 place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that
 brow,
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
 The smiles that win, the tints that
 glow,

But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

George Gordon Byron.

THE NIGHT-PIECE.

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the little elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-the-Wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright
thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus, to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

Robert Herrick.

PHYLLIS.

IN petticoat of green,
Her hair about her eyne,
Phyllis beneath an oak
Sat milking her fair flock;
'Mongst that sweet-strained moisture,
rare delight,
Her hand seemed milk, in milk it was
so white.

William Drummond.

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF A
YOUNG LADY.

FOUR YEARS OLD.

OLD creeping time, with silent tread,
Has stol'n four years o'er Molly's
head:

The rosebud opens on her cheek,
The meaning eyes begin to speak;
And in each smiling look is seen
The innocence which plays within.
Nor is the faltering tongue confined
To lisp the dawning of the mind,
But firm and full her words convey
The little all they have to say,
And each fond parent, as they fall,
Finds volumes in that little all.
May every charm which now appears
Increase and brighten with her years!
And may that same old creeping time
Go on till she has reached her prime,
Then, like a master of his trade,
Stand still, nor hurt the work he
made.

William Whitehead.

JULIA.

SOME asked me where the rubies grew,
And nothing did I say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.

Some asked how pearls did grow, and
where,
Then spake I to my girl,
To part her lips, and show me there
The quarelets of pearl.

One asked me where the roses grew,
I bade him not go seek;
But forthwith made my Julia shew
A bud on either cheek.

Robert Herrick.

A FAREWELL.

MY fairest child, I have no song to
give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull
and grey:
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can
leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will
be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them,
all day long;
And so make life, death, and that
vast for-ever
One grand, sweet song.

Charles Kingsley.

XIV

Poems of Praise

MORNING HYMN.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy misspent moments past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Thy talents to improve take care;
For the Great Day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and
ways.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the Angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High glory to the Eternal King.

Glory to thee! who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
wake
I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew!
Scatter my sins as morning dew:
Guard my first spring of thought and
will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do or say;
That all my powers, with all their
might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Thomas Ken.

MORNING HYMN.

Now the dreary night is done,
Comes again the glorious sun,
Crimson clouds, and silver white,
Wait upon his breaking light.

Glistening in the garden beds,
Flowers lift up their dewy heads,
And the shrill cock claps his wings,
And the merry lark upsprings.

When the eastern sky is red,
I, too, lift my little head.
When the lark sings loud and gay,
I, too, rise to praise and pray.

Saviour, to Thy cottage home
Once the daylight used to come;
Thou hast ofttimes seen it break
Brightly o'er that eastern lake.

* * * * *

With Thee, Lord, I would arise,
To Thee look with opening eyes,
All the day be at my side,
Saviour, Pattern, King, and Guide.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

OH! lovely voices of the sky
 Which hymned the Saviour's birth,
 Are ye not singing still on high,
 Ye that sang, "Peace on earth"?
 To us yet speak the strains
 Wherewith, in time gone by,
 Ye blessed the Syrian swains,
 Oh! voices of the sky!

Oh! clear and shining light, whose
 beams
 That hour Heaven's glory shed,
 Around the palms, and o'er the
 streams,
 And on the shepherd's head.
 Be near, through life and death,
 As in that holiest night
 Of hope, and joy, and faith—
 Oh! clear and shining light!

* * * * *

Felicia Hemans.

A CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

I THANK Thee, Lord, for quiet rest,
 And for Thy care of me:
 Oh! let me through this day be blest,
 And kept from harm by Thee.

Oh, let me love Thee! kind Thou art
 To children such as I;
 Give me a gentle, holy heart,
 Be Thou my Friend on high.

Help me to please my parents dear,
 And do whate'er they tell;
 Bless all my friends, both far and
 near,
 And keep them safe and well.

Mary Lundie Duncan.

PRAYERS.

WHEN I kneel down my prayers to
 say,
 I must not think of toys or play;
 No! I must think what I should be,
 To please God who is good to me.

He loves to see a little child
 Obedient—patient, too—and mild;
 Nor often angry, but inclined
 Always to do what's good and kind.

And I must love my dear mamma,
 And I must love my dear papa;
 And try to please them, and to do
 Things that are right, and say what's
 true.

For God is always pleased to see
 Even little children such as we,
 Whose hearts (as angels' are above)
 Are full of peace and full of love.

Flora Hastings.

A CHILD'S HYMN OF PRAISE.

I THANK the goodness and the grace
 Which on my birth have smil'd,
 And made me, in these Christian days,
 A happy English child.

I was not born, as thousands are,
 Where God was never known;
 And taught to pray a useless prayer,
 To blocks of wood and stone.

I was not born a little slave,
 To labor in the sun,
 And wish I were but in the grave,
 And all my labor done!

I was not born without a home,
 Or in some broken shed;
 A gipsy baby; taught to roam,
 And steal my daily bread.

My God, I thank Thee, who hast
 planned
 A better lot for me,
 And placed me in this happy land,
 Where I may hear of Thee.

Jane Taylor.

A CHILD'S GRACE.

HERE a little child I stand
 Heaving up my either hand.
 Cold as Paddocks though they be,
 Here I lift them up to Thee,
 For a Benizon to fall
 On our meat, and on us all.

Robert Herrick.

THE CREATION.

ALL things bright and beautiful,
 All creatures, great and small,
 All things wise and wonderful,
 The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
 Each little bird that sings,
 He made their glowing colors,
 He made their tiny wings;

The rich man in his castle,
 The poor man at his gate,
 God made them, high or lowly,
 And order'd their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
 The river running by,
 The sunset and the morning
 That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,
 The pleasant summer sun,
 The ripe fruits in the garden—
 He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
 The meadows where we play,
 The rushes by the water
 We gather every day;—

He gave us eyes to see them,
 And lips that we might tell
 How great is God Almighty
 Who has made all things well!

Cecil Frances Alexander.

"THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR."

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
 A kingly crown to gain;
 His blood-red banner streams afar!
 Who follows in His train?
 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
 Triumphant over pain,
 Who patient bears his cross below,
 He follows in His train!

Thy martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave;
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on Him to save:
 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them that did the
 wrong!
 Who follows in His train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came;
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
 knew,
 And mocked the cross and flame!
 They met the tyrant's brandished
 steel,
 The lion's gory mane:
 They bowed their necks, the death to
 feel!
 Who follows in their train?

A noble army—men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,—
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice
 In robes of light arrayed.
 They climbed the steep ascent of
 Heaven,
 Through peril, toil, and pain!
 O God! to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train!

Reginald Heber.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining
 frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 The unwearied sun from day to day
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land,
 The work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 Whilst all the stars that round her
 burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to
 pole.

What though in solemn silence, all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
 What though nor real voice, nor sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing as they shine!
 "The hand that made us is divine!"

Joseph Addison.

ROCK OF AGES.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee!
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure—
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone—
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring—
 Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
 Naked come to Thee for dress—
 Helpless look to Thee for grace;
 Foul, I to the Fountain fly—
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eye-strings break in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee!

Augustus Montague Toplady.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD.

THEY say that God lives very high!
 But if you look above the pines
 You cannot see our God. And why?

And if you dig down in the mines
 You never see Him in the gold,
 Though from Him all that's glory
 shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold
 Of heaven and earth across His
 face—
 Like secrets kept, for love untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
 Slides down by thrills, through all
 things made,
 Through sight and sound of every
 place:

As if my tender mother laid
 On my shut lids, her kisses'
 pressure,
 Half-waking me at night and said,
 "Who kissed you through the dark,
 dear guesser?"

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

A LITTLE LAMB WENT STRAYING.

A LITTLE lamb went straying
 Among the hills one day,
 Leaving its faithful shepherd
 Because it loved to stray;
 And while the sun shone brightly,
 It knew no thought of fear,
 For flowers around were blooming,
 And balmy was the air.

But night came over quickly,
 The hollow breezes blew—
 The sun soon ceased its shining,
 All dark and dismal grew;
 The little lamb stood bleating,
 As well indeed it might,
 So far from home and shepherd,
 And on so dark a night.

But ah! the faithful shepherd
 Soon missed the little thing,
 And onward went to seek it,
 It home again to bring;
 He sought on hill, in valley,
 And called it by its name—
 He sought, nor ceased his seeking
 Until he found his lamb.

Then to his gentle bosom
 The little lamb he pressed;
 And as he bore it homeward
 He fondly it caressed;
 The little lamb was happy
 To find itself secure;
 And won't you love the Shepherd,
 Because his lamb he bore.

And won't you love the shepherd,
 So gentle and so kind,
 Who came from brightest glory
 His little lambs to find?
 To make them, oh, so happy,
 Rejoicing in His love,
 Till every lamb be gathered
 Safe in His home above.

Albert Midlane.

THERE'S A FRIEND FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

THERE'S a Friend for little children,
 Above the bright blue sky;
 A Friend who never changes,
 Whose love can never die.
 Unlike our friends by nature,
 Who change with changing years,
 This Friend is always worthy
 The precious name He bears.

There's a rest for little children,
 Above the bright blue sky,
 Who love the blessed Saviour,
 And "Abba, Father," cry;
 A rest from every turmoil,
 From sin and danger free,
 Where every little pilgrim
 Shall rest eternally.

There's a home for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 Where Jesus reigns in glory,
 A home of peace and joy.

No home on earth is like it,
Or can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.

There's a crown for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by.
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On all who've found His favor,
And loved His name below.

There's a song for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing,
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

There's a robe for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music,
And a palm of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
Oh, come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.

Albert Midlane.

GENTLE JESUS, MEEK AND MILD.

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Teach me, Lord, to come to Thee.

Fain would I to Thee be brought,
Lamb of God, forbid it not;
In the Kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place.

Charles Wesley.

EVERYWHERE, EVERYWHERE CHRISTMAS TO-NIGHT.

CHRISTMAS in lands of the fir tree and
pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm tree
and vine;
Christmas where snow peaks stand
solemn and white,
Christmas where corn-fields lie sunny
and bright;
Everywhere, everywhere Christmas
to-night!

Christmas where children are hopeful
and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient
and gray,
Christmas where peace, like a dove in
its flight,
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of
the fight;
Everywhere, everywhere Christmas
to-night!

For the Christ-child who comes is the
Master of all;
No palace too great—no cottage too
small.
The angels who welcome Him sing
from the height,
"In the city of David a King in His
might."
Everywhere, everywhere Christmas
to-night!

Then let every heart keep its Christ-
mas within
Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's
hatred of sin,
Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's
courage for right,
Christ's dread of the darkness,
Christ's love of the light,
Everywhere, everywhere Christmas
to-night!

So the stars of the midnight which
 compass us round,
 Shall see a strange glory and hear a
 sweet sound,
 And cry, "Look! the earth is aflame
 with delight,
 O sons of the morning rejoice at the
 sight."
 Everywhere, everywhere Christmas
 to-night!

Phillips Brooks.

**O LITTLE TOWN OF
 BETHLEHEM.**

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
 How still we see thee lie!
 Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
 The silent stars go by;
 Yet in thy dark streets shineth
 The everlasting Light;
 The hopes and fears of all the years
 Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
 And, gathered all above,
 While mortals sleep, the angels keep
 Their watch of wondering love.
 O morning stars, together
 Proclaim the holy birth!
 And praises sing to God the King,
 And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
 The wondrous gift is given!
 So God imparts to human hearts
 The blessings of His heaven.
 No ear may hear His coming,
 But in this world of sin,
 Where meek souls will receive Him
 still,
 The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
 Descend to us, we pray;
 Cast out our sin, and enter in,
 Be born in us to-day.

We hear the Christmas angels
 The great glad tidings tell;
 Oh, come to us, abide with us,
 Our Lord Emmanuel!

Phillips Brooks.

"HOLY, HOLY, HOLY."

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
 Early in the morning our songs
 shall rise to Thee;
 Holy, holy, holy! merciful and
 mighty!
 God in Three Persons, Blessed
 Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore
 Thee,
 Casting down their golden crowns
 around the glassy sea,
 Cherubim and seraphim falling down
 before Thee,
 Who wert, and art, and evermore
 shalt be!

Holy, holy, holy! though the dark-
 ness hide Thee,
 Though the eye of sinful man Thy
 glory may not see,
 Only Thou art holy, there is none be-
 side Thee,
 Perfect in power, in love, and
 purity!

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
 All Thy works shall praise Thy
 name in earth and sky and sea;
 Holy, holy, holy! merciful and
 mighty!
 God in Three Persons, Blessed
 Trinity!

Reginald Heber.

LO, THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

Lo, the lilies of the field,
 How their leaves instruction yield!
 Hark to Nature's lesson, given
 By the blessed birds of heaven;
 Every bush and tufted tree
 Warbles sweet philosophy:
 "Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
 God provideth for the morrow!

"Say, with richer crimson glows
 The kingly mantle than the rose?
 Say, have kings more wholesome fare
 Than we poor citizens of air?
 Barns, nor hoarded grain have we,
 Yet we carol merrily.
 Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
 God provideth for the morrow!

"One there lives, whose guardian eye
 Guides our humble destiny:
 One there lives, who, Lord of all,
 Keeps our feathers, lest they fall.
 Pass we blithely then the time,
 Fearless of the snare and lime,
 Free from doubt and faithless sorrow;
 God provideth for the morrow."

Reginald Heber.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night!
 Seven hundred years and fifty-three
 Had Rome been growing up to might,
 And now was queen of land and sea.
 No sound was heard of clashing
 wars—
 Peace brooded o'er the hushed do-
 main:
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars
 Held undisturbed their ancient
 reign,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night!
 The senator of haughty Rome,
 Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,
 From lordly revel rolling home;
 Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
 His breast with thoughts of bound-
 less sway;
 What recked the Roman what befell
 A paltry province far away,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago?

Within that province far away
 Went plodding home a weary boor;
 A streak of light before him lay,
 Falling through a half-shut stable-
 door
 Across his path. He passed—for
 naught
 Told what was going on within;
 How keen the stars, his only thought—
 The air how calm, and cold, and
 thin,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago!

Oh, strange indifference! low and
 high
 Drowsed over common joys and
 cares;
 The earth was still—but knew not
 why,
 The world was listening, unawares.
 How calm a moment may precede
 One that shall thrill the world for-
 ever!
 To that still moment, none would
 heed,
 Man's doom was linked no more to
 sever—
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!
 A thousand bells ring out, and
 throw

Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
 The darkness—charmed and holy
 now!
 The night that erst no name had worn,
 To it a happy name is given;
 For in that stable lay, new-born,
 The peaceful prince of earth and
 heaven,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago!

Alfred Domett.

THE BIRD, LET LOOSE IN EASTERN SKIES.

THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,
 When hastening fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor
 flies
 Where idle warblers roam;
 But high she shoots through air and
 light,
 Above all low delay,
 Where nothing earthly bounds her
 flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God! from every care
 And stain of passion free,
 Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
 To hold my course to Thee!
 No sin to cloud,—no lure to stay
 My soul, as home she springs;—
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy freedom in her wings!

Thomas Moore.

THE LOST SHEEP.

(“THE NINETY AND NINE”)

THERE were ninety and nine that
 safely lay
 In the shelter of the fold;
 But one was out on the hills away,
 Far off from the gates of gold,—

Away on the mountains wild and
 bare,
 Away from the tender Shepherd's
 care.

“Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety
 and nine:

Are they not enough for thee?”

But the Shepherd made answer:

“ ’Tis of mine

Has wandered away from me;
 And although the road be rough and
 steep

I go to the desert to find my sheep.”

But none of the ransomed ever knew
 How deep were the waters crossed,
 Nor how dark was the night that the
 Lord passed through
 Ere He found His sheep that was
 lost.

Out in the desert He heard its cry—
 Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

“Lord, whence are those blood-drops
 all the way,

That mark out the mountain-
 track?”

“They were shed for one who had
 gone astray
 Ere the Shepherd could bring him
 back.”

“Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent
 and torn?”

“They are pierced to-night by many
 a thorn.”

But all through the mountains, thun-
 der-riven,

And up from the rocky steep,
 There rose a cry to the gate of heaven.

“Rejoice! I have found my sheep!”

And the angels echoed around the
 throne,

“Rejoice, for the Lord brings back
 His own!”

Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane.

CHARTLESS.

I NEVER saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

Emily Dickinson.

THE VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

THE King was on his throne,
The Satraps throng'd the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deem'd divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless Heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand:
The fingers of a man:—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The Monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice:—
“Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth.”

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill,
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.

And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore,
But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the King's command,
He saw that writing's truth;
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true!

“Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom pass'd away,
He, in the balance weigh'd,
Is light and worthless clay;
The shroud, his robe of state;
His canopy, the stone;
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne!”

George Gordon Byron.

ST. AGNES' EVE.

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon:
My breath to heaven like vapor goes:
May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent-towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord:
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and
dark,
To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee;

So in mine earthly house I am,
 To that I hope to be.
 Break up the heavens, O Lord! and
 far,
 Through all yon starlight keen,
 Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
 In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
 The flashes come and go;
 All heaven bursts her starry floors,
 And strows her lights below,
 And deepens on and up! the gates
 Roll back, and far within
 For me the Heavenly Bridegroom
 waits,
 To make me pure of sin.
 The Sabbaths of Eternity,
 One Sabbath deep and wide—
 A light upon the shining sea—
 The Bridegroom with his bride!
Alfred Tennyson.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

As Joseph was a-walking,
 He heard an angel sing,
 "This night shall be the birthnight
 Of Christ our heavenly King.

"His birth-bed shall be neither
 In housen nor in hall,
 Nor in the place of paradise,
 But in the oxen's stall.

"He neither shall be rockèd
 In silver nor in gold,
 But in the wooden manger
 That lieth in the mould.

"He neither shall be washen
 With white wine nor with red,
 But with the fair spring water
 That on you shall be shed.

"He neither shall be clothèd
 In purple nor in pall,
 But in the fair, white linen
 That usen babies all."

As Joseph was a-walking,
 Thus did the angel sing,
 And Mary's son at midnight
 Was born to be our King.

Then be you glad, good people,
 At this time of the year;
 And light you up your candles,
 For His star it shineth clear.

Unknown.

GOD REST YE, MERRY GENTLEMEN.

God rest ye, merry gentlemen; let
 nothing you dismay,
 For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was
 born on Christmas-day.
 The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem,
 the stars shone through the gray,
 When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was
 born on Christmas-day.

God rest ye, little children; let noth-
 ing you affright,
 For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was
 born this happy night;
 Along the hills of Galilee the white
 flocks sleeping lay,
 When Christ, the child of Nazareth,
 was born on Christmas-day.

God rest ye, all good Christians; upon
 this blessed morn
 The Lord of all good Christians was
 of a woman born:
 Now all your sorrows He doth heal,
 your sins He takes away;
 For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was
 born on Christmas-day.

Dinah Maria Mulock.

**WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED
THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT.**

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks
by night

All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

“Fear not,” said he; for mighty
dread

Had seized their troubled mind:
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

“To you in David’s town this day
Is born of David’s line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign.

“The heavenly Babe you there shall
find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing
bands,
And in a manger laid.”

Thus spoke the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

“All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to
men
Begin and never cease.”

Nahum Tate.

**BRIGHTEST AND BEST OF THE
SONS OF THE MORNING.**

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
morning,

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us
thine aid!

Star of the East, the horizon adorn-
ing,

Guide where our infant Redeemer
is laid!

Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are
shining,

Low lies His head with the beasts
of the stall;

Angels adore Him, in slumber reclin-
ing,

Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour
of all!

Offer Him gifts then, in costly devo-
tion,

Odors of Edom and incense divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of
the ocean,

Myrrh from the forest, and gold
from the mine.

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would His favor
secure;

Richer by far is the heart’s adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of
the poor.

Reginald Heber.

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.*

ALMIGHTY Framers of the Skies!

Oh let our pure devotion rise

Like incense in Thy sight!

Wrapt in impenetrable shade

The texture of our souls were made,

Till Thy command gave light.

The Sun of Glory gleam’d the ray,
Refined the darkness into day,

And bid the vapors fly:

Impell’d by His eternal Love

He left His Palaces above

To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day

When God appear’d in mortal clay,

The mark of worldly scorn;

When the archangel’s heavenly lays

Attempted the Redeemer’s praise,

And hail’d salvation’s morn!

* Written at the age of eleven.

A humble form of Godhead wore,
 The pains of poverty He bore,
 To gaudy pomp unknown:
 Though in a human walk He trode,
 Still was the Man Almighty God,
 In glory all His own.

Despised, oppress'd, the Godhead
 bears
 The torments of this vale of tears,
 Nor bade His vengeance rise;
 He saw the creatures He had made
 Revile His power, His peace invade,—
 He saw with Mercy's eyes.

How shall we celebrate His Name,
 Who groan'd beneath a life of shame,
 In all afflictions tried!
 The soul is raptured to conceive,
 A truth which Being must believe—
 The God eternal died.

My soul, exert thy powers—adore;
 Upon Devotion's plumage soar
 To celebrate the day;
 The God from whom creation sprung
 Shall animate my grateful tongue;
 From Him I'll catch the lay!

Thomas Chatterton.

AN ODE ON THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

IN numbers, and but these few,
 I sing Thy birth, O Jesu!
 Thou pretty baby, born here
 With sup'rabundant scorn here:
 Who for Thy princely post here,
 Hadst for Thy place
 Of birth, a base
 Out-stable for Thy court here.

Instead of neat enclosures
 Of interwoven osiers,
 Instead of fragrant posies
 Of daffodils and roses,

Thy cradle, Kingly Stranger,
 As gospel tells,
 Was nothing else
 But here a homely manger.

But we with silks (not cruells),
 With sundry precious jewels,
 And lily-work will dress Thee;
 And, as we dispossess Thee,
 Of clouts, we'll make a chamber,
 Sweet babe, for Thee
 Of ivory,
 And plaster'd round with amber.

Robert Herrick.

ST. FRANCIS' SERMON TO THE BIRDS.

AROUND Assai's convent gate
 The birds, God's poor who cannot
 wait,
 From moor and mere and darksome
 wood
 Come flocking for their dole of food.

"O brother birds," St. Francis said,
 "Ye come to me and ask for bread,
 But not with bread alone to-day
 Shall ye be fed and sent away.

"Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds,
 With manna of celestial words;
 Not mine, though mine they seem to
 be,
 Not mine, though they be spoken
 through me.

"Oh, doubly are ye bound to praise
 The great Creator in your lays;
 He giveth you your plumes of down,
 Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of
 brown.

"He giveth you your wings to fly
 And breathe a purer air on high,
 And careth for you everywhere,
 Who for yourselves so little care!"

With flutter of soft wings and songs
Together rose the feathered throngs,
And singing scattered far apart;
Deep peace was in St. Francis' heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood
His homily had understood;
He only knew that to one ear
The meaning of his words was clear.

(Condensed.)

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY.

ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a Mother laid her baby
In a manger for His bed;
Mary was that Mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall,
With the poor, and mean, and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.

And through all His wondrous child-
hood,

He would honor and obey,
Love and watch the lowly Maiden,
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He has gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high,
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

GOOD KING WENCESLAS.

Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and even.
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither:
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."

“Mark my footsteps, good my page;
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly.”

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

John Neal.

I SAW THREE SHIPS.

I SAW three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day, on Christmas
day,

I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day, in the morning.

* * * * *

Pray whither sailed those ships all
three

On Christmas day, on Christmas
day?

Pray whither sailed those ships all
three

On Christmas day, in the morning.

Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem
On Christmas day, on Christmas
day;

Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas day, in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas day, on Christmas
day;

And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas day, in the morning.

And all the angels in heaven shall
sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas
day;

And all the angels in heaven shall
sing,
On Christmas day, in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing
On Christmas day, on Christmas
day;

And all the souls on earth shall sing
On Christmas day, in the morning.

Unknown.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

Christ the Royal Master
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,

See, His banners go!

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.

Hell's foundations quiver
At the shouts of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, etc.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the Saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain;
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.
 Onward, etc.

Onward, then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph song;
 Glory, laud, and honor
 Unto Christ the King,
 This through countless ages
 Men and angels sing.
 Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the Cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
Sabine Baring-Gould.

FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand;
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand:
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile:
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown;
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high—

Can we, to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! oh, salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim;
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber.

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR HIS HOUSE.

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell,
 Wherein to dwell;
 A little house, whose humble roof
 Is weather-proof;
 Under the spars of which I lie
 Both soft and dry;
 Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
 Hast set a guard
 Of harmless thoughts, to watch and
 keep
 Me, while I sleep.
 Low is my porch, as is my fate:
 Both void of state;
 And yet the threshold of my door
 Is worn by th' poor,
 Who thither come, and freely get
 Good words, or meat.
 Like as my parlor, so my hall
 And kitchen's small;
 A little buttery, and therein
 A little bin,
 Which keeps my little loaf of bread
 Unchipt, unfleat;
 Some little sticks of thorn or briar
 Make me a fire,

Close by whose living coal I sit,
 And glow like it.
 Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
 The pulse is Thine,
 And all those other bits that be
 There placed by Thee;
 The worts, the purslain, and the mess
 Of water-cress,
 Which of Thy kindness Thou hast
 sent;

And my content
 Makes those, and my beloved beet,
 To be more sweet.
 'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering
 hearth

With guiltless mirth,
 And giv'st me wassail-bowls to drink,
 Spiced to the brink.
 Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
 That soils my land,
 And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
 Twice ten for one;
 Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
 Her egg each day;
 Besides my faithful ewes to bear
 Me twins each year;
 The while the conduits of my kine—
 Run cream, for wine—
 All these, and better, Thou dost send
 Me,—to this end,
 That I should render, for my part,
 A thankful heart.

Robert Herrick.

SAW YE NEVER IN THE MEADOWS.

Saw ye never in the meadows,
 Where your little feet did pass,
 Down below the sweet white daisies,
 Growing in the long green grass?

They are like to little children,
 Children bred in lowly cot,
 Who are modest, meek, and quiet,
 And contented with their lot.

Saw you never lilac blossoms,
 Or acacia white and red,
 Waving brightly in the sunshine,
 On the tall trees overhead?

They are like to other children,
 Children of the high and great,
 Who are gracious, good, and gentle,
 Serving God in their estate.

* * * * *

Day by day the little daisy
 Looks up with its yellow eye,
 Never murmurs, never wishes
 It were hanging up on high.

* * * * *

And God loveth all His children,
 Rich and poor, and high and low,
 And they all shall meet in Heaven,
 Who have served Him here below.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the
 land of Moab, over against Beth-peor;
 but no man knoweth of his sepulcher
 unto this day."—DEUT. xxxiv, 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
 On this side Jordan's wave,
 In a vale in the land of Moab,
 There lies a lonely grave;
 But no man built that sepulcher,
 And no man saw it e'er;
 For the angels of God upturned the
 sod
 And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
 That ever passed on earth;
 Yet no man heard the trampling,
 Or saw the train go forth:

Noiselessly as the daylight
 Comes when the night is done,
 And the crimson streak on ocean's
 cheek
 Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
 Her crown of verdure weaves,
 And all the trees on all the hills
 Unfold their thousand leaves:
 So without sound of music
 Or voice of them that wept,
 Silently down from the mountain's
 crown
 The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
 On gray Beth-peor's height
 Out of his rocky eyrie
 Looked on the wondrous sight;
 Perchance the lion stalking
 Still shuns that hallowed spot;
 For beast and bird have seen and
 heard
 That which man knoweth not.

But, when the warrior dieth,
 His comrades of the war,
 With arms reversed and muffled
 drums,
 Follow the funeral car:
 They show the banners taken;
 They tell his battles won;
 And after him lead his masterless
 steed,
 While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
 Men lay the sage to rest,
 And give the bard an honored place
 With costly marble dressed,
 In the great minster transept
 Where lights like glories fall,
 And the sweet choir sings, and the
 organ rings
 Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
 That ever buckled sword;
 This the most gifted poet
 That ever breathed a word;

And never earth's philosopher
 Traced with his golden pen
 On the deathless page truths half so
 sage
 As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?—
 The hillside for a pall!
 To lie in state, while angels wait,
 With stars for tapers tall!
 And the dark rock-pines, like tossing
 plumes,
 Over his bier to wave,
 And God's own hand, in that lonely
 land,
 To lay him in the grave!—

In that strange grave without a name,
 Whence his uncoffined clay
 Shall break again — O wondrous
 thought!—
 Before the judgment day,
 And stand, with glory wrapped
 around,
 On the hills he never trod
 And speak of the strife that won our
 life
 With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
 O dark Beth-peor's hill!
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
 And teach them to be still:
 God hath His mysteries of grace,
 Ways that we cannot tell;
 He hides them deep, like the secret
 sleep
 Of him He loved so well.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

WHAT CHRIST SAID.

I SAID, "Let me walk in the fields;"
 He said, "Nay, walk in the town;"
 I said, "There are no flowers there;"
 He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the sky is black,
There is nothing but noise and
din;"
But He wept as He sent me back—
"There is more," He said, "there
is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun;"
He answered, "Yet hearts are sick,
And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they
say;"
He answered me, "Choose to-night
If I am to miss you or they."

I pleaded for time to be given;
He said, "Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of your
Guide."

I cast one look at the field,
Then set my face to the town;
He said, "My child, do you yield?
Will you leave the flowers for the
crown?"

Then into His hand went mine.
And into my heart came He.
And I walk in a light divine
The path I had feared to see.

George Macdonald.

EVENING SONG.

LITTLE birds sleep sweetly
In their soft round nests,
Crouching in the cover
Of their mothers' breasts.

Little lambs lie quiet,
All the summer night
With their old ewe mothers,
Warm, and soft, and white.

But more sweet and quiet
Lie our little heads,
With our own dear mothers
Sitting by our beds;

And their soft sweet voices
Sing our hush-a-bies,
While the room grows darker
As we shut our eyes.

And we play at evening
Round our father's knees;
Birds are not so merry,
Singing on the trees;

Lambs are not so happy,
'Mid the meadow flowers;
They have play and pleasure,
But not love like ours.

But the heart that's loving,
Works of love will do;
Those we dearly cherish,
We must honor too.

To our father's teaching
Listen day by day,
And our mother's bidding
Cheerfully obey.

For when in His childhood
Our dear Lord was here,
He too was obedient
To His Mother dear.

And His little children
Must be good as He,
Gentle and submissive,
As He used to be.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep;
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tend'rest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil,
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night watches
May Thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy Holy Eyes.

Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, Blest Spirit
While all ages run.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

**TO HIS SAVIOUR, A CHILD; A
PRESENT BY A CHILD.**

Go, pretty child, and bear this flower
Unto thy little Saviour;
And tell him, by that bud now blown,
He is the Rose of Sharon known.
When thou hast said so, stick it there
Upon his bib or stomacher;
And tell him, for good hansel too,
That thou hast brought a whistle new,

Made of a clean strait oaten reed,
To charm his cries at time of need.
Tell him, for coral thou hast none,
But if thou hadst, he should have one;
But poor thou art, and known to be
Even as moneyless as he.
Lastly, if thou canst win a kiss
From those mellifluous lips of his;
Then never take a second on,
To spoil the first impression.

Robert Herrick.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow—
A tiny flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That bringeth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

M. Betham Edwards.

**A CHILD'S EVENING
PRAYER.**

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near
me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast cloth'd and warm'd and
fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven!

Bless the friends I love so well!
Take me, when I die, to Heaven;
Happy, there with Thee to dwell.

Mary Lundie Duncan.

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayers to
say!

O God, preserve my mother dear
In health and strength for many a
year.

And O preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due;
And may I my best thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy!

And O preserve my brothers both
From evil doings and from sloth,
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father, and our
mother!

And still, O Lord, to me impart
An innocent and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
Awake to Thy eternal day. Amen.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

EVENING HYMN.

ON the dark hill's western side
The last purple gleam has died,
Twilight to one solemn hue
Changes all, both green and blue.

In the fold and in the nest,
Birds and lambs are gone to rest,
Labor's weary task is o'er,
Closely shut the cottage door.

SAVIOUR, ere in sweet repose
I my weary eyelids close,
While my mother through the gloom
Singeth from the outer room;

While across the curtain white,
With a dim uncertain light,
On the floor the faint stars shine,
Let my latest thought be Thine.

* * * * *

If my slumbers broken be,
Waking let me think of Thee;
Darkness cannot make me fear,
If I feel that Thou art near.

Happy now I turn to sleep;
Thou wilt watch around me keep,
Him no danger e'er can harm,
Who lies cradled in Thine arm.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

XV

Miscellaneous

THE PIPER.

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

“Pipe a song about a lamb.”
So I piped with merry cheer.
“Piper, pipe that song again”;
So I piped; he wept to hear.

“Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer”:
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

“Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read—”
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs,
Every child may joy to hear.

William Blake.

I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window, where the sun
Came peeping in at morn:
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs, where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday:
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as
fresh,
To swallows on the wing.
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now;
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees, dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance:
But now, 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

Thomas Hood.

THE BOY IN THE WILDERNESS.

ENCINCTURED with a twine of leaves,
That leafy twine his only dress—
A lovely boy was plucking fruits,
By moonlight, in a wilderness.

The moon was bright, the air was free,
 And fruits and flowers together
 grew
 On many a shrub and many a tree;
 And all put on a gentle hue,
 Hanging in the shadowy air
 Like a picture rich and rare!
 It was a climate where, they say,
 The night is more beloved than day.
 But who that beauteous boy be-
 guiled,
 That beauteous boy, to linger here,
 Alone by night, a little child,
 In place so silent and so wild?—
 Has he no friend, no loving mother
 near?

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

MY LOST YOUTH.

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
 That is seated by the sea;
 Often in thought go up and down
 The pleasant streets of that dear old
 town,
 And my youth comes back to me.
 And a verse of Lapland song
 Is haunting my memory still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
 And catch in sudden gleams,
 The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
 And islands that were the Hesperides
 Of all my boyish dreams.
 And the burden of that old song,
 It murmurs and whispers still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the
 slips,
 And the sea-tides tossing free;
 And Spanish sailors with bearded
 lips,

And the beauty and mystery of the
 ships,
 And the magic of the sea.
 And the voice of that wayward
 song
 Is singing and saying still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
 And the fort upon the hill:
 The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
 The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
 And the bugle wild and shrill.
 And the music of that old song
 Throbs in my memory still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
 How it thundered o'er the tide!
 And the dead captains, as they lay
 In their graves, o'erlooking the tran-
 quil bay,
 Where they in battle died.
 And the sound of that mournful
 song
 Goes through me with a thrill:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
 The shadows of Deering's Woods;
 And the friendships old and the early
 loves
 Come back with a Sabbath sound as
 of doves
 In quiet neighborhoods.
 And the verse of that sweet old
 song
 It flutters and murmurs still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms
that dart

Across the schoolboy's brain:
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in
part

Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not
speak;

There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the
strong heart weak,

And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.

And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I
meet

When I visit the dear old town:
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each
well-known street,

As they balance up and down,

Are singing the beautiful song,

Are sighing and whispering still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and
fair,

And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days
that were,

I find my lost youth again.

And the strange and beautiful
song,

The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

LAUGHING SONG.

WHEN the green woods laugh with
the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laugh-
ing by,

When the air does laugh with our
merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the
noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively
green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the
merry scene,

When Mary and Susan and Emily
With their sweet round mouths sing
Ha, ha, he!

When the painted birds laugh in the
shade,

When our table with cherries and
nuts is spread,

Come live and be happy and join with
me
To sing the sweet chorus of Ha, ha,
he!

William Blake.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY

Came up in the cold,
Through the brown mould,
Although the March breezes
Blew keen on her face,
Although the white snow
Lay on many a place.

Daffy-down-dilly

Had heard under ground,
The sweet rushing sound
Of the streams, as they broke
From their white winter chains
Of the whistling spring winds,
And the pattering rains.

“Now then,” thought Daffy,
Deep down in her heart,
“It’s time I should start.”
So she pushed her soft leaves
Through the hard frozen ground,
Quite up to the surface,
And then she looked round.

There was snow all about her,
Gray clouds overhead;
The trees all looked dead:
Then how do you think
Poor Daffy-down felt,
When the sun would not shine,
And the ice would not melt?

“Cold weather!” thought Daffy,
Still working away;
“The earth’s hard to-day!
There’s but a half inch
Of my leaves to be seen,
And two-thirds of that
Is more yellow than green.

“I can’t do much yet,
But I’ll do what I can:
It’s well I began!
For, unless I can manage
To lift up my head,
The people will think
That the Spring herself’s dead.”

So, little by little,
She brought her leaves out,
All clustered about;
And then her bright flowers
Began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed
In her spring green and gold.

O Daffy-down-dilly,
So brave and so true!
I wish all were like you!—
So ready for duty
In all sorts of weather,
And loyal to courage
And duty together.

Anna R. Warner.

SIR LAUNFAL AND THE LEPER.

From “The Vision of Sir Launfal.”

As Sir Launfal made morn through
the darksome gate,
He was aware of a leper, crouched
by the same,
Who begged with his hand and
moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal
came;
The sunshine went out of his soul
with a thrill,
The flesh ’neath his armor did
shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood
still
Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of
stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty
nature,

And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:

“Better to me the poor man’s crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;

That is no true alms which the hand can hold:

He gives nothing but worthless gold

Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,

That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—

The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,

The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store

To the soul that was starving in darkness before.”

James Russell Lowell.

NURSE’S SONG.

WHEN the voices of children are heard
on the green

And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.

Then come home, my children, the sun
is gone down,

And the dews of night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us
away

Till the morning appears in the
skies.

No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all cover’d with
sheep.

Well, well, go and play till the light
fades away,
And then go home to bed.
The little ones leap’d and shouted and
laugh’d,
And all the hills echoed.

William Blake.

SEVEN TIMES TWO.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out
your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark’s note
as he ranges
Come over, come over to me!

Yet birds’ clearest carol by fall or by
swelling
No magical sense conveys;
And bells have forgotten their old art
of telling
The fortune of future days.

“Turn again, turn again!” once they
rang cheerily,
While a boy listened alone;
Made his heart yearn again, musing
so wearily
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good
days are over,
And mine they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing, shall aught,
aught discover;
You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green
matted heather,
And hangeth her hoods of snow;
She was idle, and slept till the sun-
shiny weather:

Oh, children take long to grow!

I wish and I wish that the spring
would go faster,
Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the foxglove
and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts
shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my
head,
“The child is a woman—the book may
close over,
For all the lessons are said.”

I wait for my story: the birds cannot
sing it,
Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it, but long
years, oh bring it!
Such as I wish it to be.

Jean Ingelow.

THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me, and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their
flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of
myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my Love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and
sing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my Love.

Christopher Marlowe.

MEG MERRILIES.

OLD Meg she was a gipsy,
And lived upon the moors:
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors.

Her apples were swart blackberries,
Her currants, pods o' broom;
Her wine was dew o' the wild white
rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her Brothers were the craggy hills,
Her Sisters larchen trees;
Alone with her great family,
She lived as she did please.

No breakfast had she many a morn,
No dinner many a noon,
And, 'stead of supper, she would stare
Full hard against the Moon.

But every morn, of woodbine fresh,
 She made her garlanding,
 And every night the dark glen Yew,
 She wove, and she would sing.

And with her fingers, old and brown,
 She plaited Mats of Rushes,
 And gave them to the Cottagers
 She met among the Bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret
 Queen,
 And tall as Amazon;
 An old red blanket cloak she wore,
 A chip hat had she on.
 God rest her aged bones somewhere:
 She died full long ago.

John Keats.

THE SONGS OF AUTOLYCUS.

I.

WHEN daffodils begin to peer,—
 With heigh! the doxy over the
 dale,—
 Why then comes in the sweet o' the
 year;
 For the red blood reigns in the
 winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the
 hedge,—
 With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how
 they sing!—
 Doth set my pugging * tooth on edge
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a
 king.

The lark that tirra-lirra chants,—
 With heigh! with hey! the thrush
 and the jay,
 Are summer songs for me and my
 aunts,
 While we lie tumbling in the hay.

* Pugging—thieving.

II.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
 And merrily hent * the stile-a:
 A merry heart goes all the day,
 Your sad tires in a mile-a.

III.

Will you buy any tape,
 Or lace for your cape,
 My dainty duck, my dear-a?
 Any silk, any thread,
 And toys for your head,
 Of the newest and finest wear-a?
 Come to the pedlar,
 Money's a meddler,
 That doth utter all men's wear-a.

IV.

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
 Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
 Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
 Masks for faces, and for noses;
 Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber;
 Perfume for a lady's chamber;
 Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
 For my lads to give their dears;
 Pins, and poking sticks of steel;
 What maids lack from head to heel;
 Come, buy of me, come; come buy,
 come buy;
 Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
 Come, buy.

William Shakespeare.

THE RAIN IT RAINETH EVERY DAY.

WHEN that I was and a little tiny
 boy,
 With heigh-ho! the wind and the
 rain,
 A foolish thing was but a toy,
 For the rain it raineth every day.

* Hent—seize hold of.

But when I came to man's estate,
With heigh-ho! the wind and the rain,
 'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut
 their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With heigh-ho! the wind and the rain,
 By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With heigh-ho! the wind and the rain;
 But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

William Shakespeare.

COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS.

COME unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands:
 Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd
 (The wild waves, whist),
 Foot it featly here and there;
 And sweet sprites, the burden
 bear.
 Hark, hark!
Burden, Bowgh, wowgh.
 The watch dogs bark:
Burden, Bowgh, wowgh.
 Hark, hark! I hear
 The strain of strutting chanciere
 Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

William Shakespeare.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

COME, dear children, let us away;
 Down and away below!
 Now my brothers call from the bay,
 Now the great winds shoreward blow,
 Now the salt tides seaward flow;

Now the wild white horses play,
 Champ and chafe and toss in the
 spray.

Children dear, let us away!
 This way, this way!
 Call her once before you go—
 Call once yet!
 In a voice that she will know:
 "Margaret! Margaret!"
 Children's voices should be dear
 (Call once more) to a mother's ear;
 Children's voices, wild with pain—
 Surely she will come again!
 Call her once and come away;
 This way, this way!
 "Mother dear, we cannot stay!
 The wild white horses foam and fret."
 Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down;
 Call no more!
 One last look at the white-wall'd town,
 And the little grey church on the
 windy shore;
 Then come down!
 She will not come though you call all
 day;
 Come away, come away!

Children dear, was it yesterday
 We heard the sweet bells over the
 bay?
 In the caverns where we lay,
 Through the surf and through the
 swell,
 The far-off sound of a silver bell?
 Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
 Where the winds are all asleep;
 Where the spent lights quiver and
 gleam,
 Where the salt weed sways in the
 stream,
 Where the sea-beasts, ranged all
 round,
 Feed in the ooze of their pasture-
 ground;

Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
 Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
 Where great whales come sailing by,
 Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
 Round the world for ever and aye?
 When did music come this way?
 Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
 (Call yet once) that she went away?
 Once she sate with you and me,
 On a red gold throne in the heart of
 the sea,

And the youngest sate on her knee.
 She comb'd its bright hair, and she
 tended it well,

When down swung the sound of a far-
 off bell.

She sigh'd, she look'd up through the
 clear green sea;

She said, "I must go, for my kinsfolk
 pray

In the little grey church on the shore
 to-day.

'Twill be Easter-time in the world—
 ah me!

And I lose my poor soul, Merman!
 here with thee."

I said: "Go up, dear heart, through
 the waves;

Say thy prayer, and come back to the
 kind sea-caves!"

She smiled, she went up through the
 surf in the bay,

Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?

"The sea grows stormy, the little ones
 moan;

Long prayers," I said, "in the world
 they say;

Come!" I said; and we rose through
 the surf in the bay.

We went up the beach, by the sandy
 down

Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the
 white-wall'd town;

Through the narrow paved streets,
 where all was still,
 To the little grey church on the windy
 hill.

From the church came a murmur of
 folk at their prayers,

But we stood without in the cold
 blowing airs.

We climb'd on the graves, on the
 stones worn with rains,

And we gazed up the aisle through
 the small leaded panes.

She sate by the pillar; we saw her
 clear:

"Margaret hist! come quick, we are
 here!

"Dear heart," I said, "we are long
 alone;

The sea grows stormy, the little ones
 moan."

But, ah, she gave me never a look,
 For her eyes were sealed to the holy
 book!

Loud prays the priest; shut stands
 the door.

Come away, children, call no more!

Come away, come down, call no more!

Down, down, down!

Down to the depths of the sea!

She sits at her wheel in the humming
 town,

Singing most joyfully.

Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
 For the humming street, and the child
 with its toy!

For the priest, and the bell, and the
 holy well;

For the wheel where I spun,

And the blessed light of the sun!"

And so she sings her fill,

Singing most joyfully,

Till the spindle drops from her hand,

And the whizzing wheel stands still.

She steals to the window, and looks at
 the sand,

And over the sand at the sea;

And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh;
For the cold strange eyes of a little
 Mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children;
Come, children, come down!
The hoarse wind blows colder;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing: "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she!
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."

But children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom,
Up the still, glistening beaches
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town,
At the church on the hill-side—
And then come back down.
Singing: "There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she!
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

Matthew Arnold.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while
 I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious vol-
 ume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, sud-
 denly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rap-
 ping at my chamber door—
" 'Tis some visitor," I muttered,
 "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in
 the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember
 wrought its ghost upon the floor;
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly
 I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—
 sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden
 whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rus-
 tling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic
 terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my
 heart, I stood repeating,
" 'Tis some visitor entreating en-
 trance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance
 at my chamber door:
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger;
 hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your
 forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so
 gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tap-
 ping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you."
 Here I opened wide the door:
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long
 I stood there, wondering, fearing,
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal
 ever dared to dream before;
 But the silence was unbroken, and the
 stillness gave no token,
 And the only word there spoken was
 the whispered word, "Lenore!"
 This I whispered, and an echo mur-
 mured back the word, "Lenore!"
 Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into my chamber turning, all
 my soul within me burning,
 Soon again I heard a rapping, some-
 thing louder than before:
 "Surely," said I, "surely that is
 something at my window lattice;
 Let me see then, what thereat is, and
 this mystery explore—
 Let my heart be still a moment, and
 this mystery explore.
 'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when,
 with many a flirt and flutter,
 In there stepped a stately Raven, of
 the saintly days of yore;
 Not the least obeisance made he, not
 a minute stopped or stayed he;
 But with mien of lord or lady, perched
 above my chamber door—
 Perched above a bust of Pallas, just
 above my chamber door—
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad
 fancy into smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum of
 the countenance it wore:
 "Though thy crest be shorn and
 shaven, thou," I said, "art sure,
 no craven;
 Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven,
 wandering from the nightly shore
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on
 the night's Plutonian shore?"
 Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl
 to hear discourse so plainly,
 Though its answer little meaning,
 little relevancy bore;
 For we cannot help agreeing that no
 living human being
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird
 above his chamber door—
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured
 bust above his chamber door
 With such name as "Never more."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that
 placid bust, spoke only
 That one word, as if his soul in that
 one word he did outpour:
 Nothing further then he uttered, not
 a feather then he fluttered,
 Till I scarcely more than muttered—
 "Other friends have flown before,
 On the morrow *he* will leave me, as
 my hopes have flown before."
 Then the bird said, "Never more."

Startled by the stillness broken by
 reply so aptly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters
 is its only stock and store,
 Caught from some unhappy master,
 whom unmerciful disaster
 Followed fast and followed faster, till
 his songs one burden bore—
 Till the dirges of his hope this melan-
 choly burden bore—
 Of 'Never, never more.' "

But the Raven still beguiling all my
 sad soul into smiling,
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in
 front of bird, and bust, and door;
 Then upon the velvet sinking, I be-
 took myself to linking
 Fancy into fancy, thinking what this
 ominous bird of yore—
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly,
 gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
 Meant in croaking "Never more."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no
 syllable expressing
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now
 burned into my bosom's core;
 This and more I sat divining, with my
 head at ease reclining
 On the cushion's velvet lining, that
 the lamp-light gloated o'er,
 But whose velvet violet lining, with
 the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, never more!

Then methought the air grew denser,
 perfumed from an unseen censer
 Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls
 tinkled on the tufted floor.
 "Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath
 lent thee—by these angels he
 hath sent thee
 Respite—respite and nepenthe from
 my memories of Lenore!
 Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe,
 and forget this lost Lenore!"
 Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil—
 prophet still, if bird or devil!
 Whether tempter sent, or whether
 tempest tossed thee here ashore
 Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this
 desert land enchanted,
 On this home by horror haunted—tell
 me truly, I implore,
 Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—
 tell me, tell me, I implore!"
 Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil!—
 prophet still, if bird or devil!
 By that heaven that bends above us—
 by that God we both adore—
 Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if,
 within the distant Aiden,
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom
 the angels name Lenore:
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden,
 whom the angels name Lenore!"
 Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

"Be that word our sign of parting,
 bird or fiend," I shrieked up-
 starting—

"Get thee back into the tempest and
 the night's Plutonian shore;
 Leave no black plume as a token of
 that lie thy soul hath spoken,
 Leave my loneliness unbroken—quit
 the bust above my door,
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and
 take thy form from off my door!"
 Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is
 sitting, still is sitting,
 On the pallid bust of Pallas, just
 above my chamber door;
 And his eyes have all the seeming of
 a demon's that is dreaming,
 And the lamp-light o'er him stream-
 ing, throws his shadow on the
 floor;
 And my soul from out that shadow,
 that lies floating on the floor,
 Shall be lifted—never more!

Edgar Allan Poe.

THE LOTOS-EATERS.

"COURAGE!" he said, and pointed to-
 ward the land,
 "This mounting wave will roll us
 shoreward soon."
 In the afternoon they came unto a
 land
 In which it seemèd always afternoon.
 All round the coast the languid air
 did swoon,
 Breathing like one that hath a weary
 dream.
 Full-faced above the valley stood the
 moon;
 And, like a downward smoke, the
 slender stream
 Along the cliff to fall and pause and
 fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
 Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
 And some through wavering lights and shadows broke,
 Rolling a slumberous sheet of foam below.

They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
 From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,
 Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
 Stood sunset-flushed; and, dewed with showery drops,
 Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset lingered low adown
 In the red West: through mountain clefts the dale
 Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
 Bordered with palm, and many a winding vale
 And meadow, set with slender gal-
 ingale;
 A land where all things always seemed the same!
 And round about the keel with faces pale,
 Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
 The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
 Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
 To each, but whoso did receive of them
 And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
 Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave

On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
 His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
 And deep-asleep he seemed, yet all awake,
 And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
 Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
 And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
 Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore
 Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
 Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
 Then some one said, "We will return no more;"
 And all at once they sang, "Our island home
 Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

Alfred Tennyson.

THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing away to the West,
 Away to the West as the sun went down;
 Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
 And the children stood watching them out of the town;
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
 Though the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse
tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun
went down,
And they looked at the squall, and
they looked at the shower,
And the night rack came rolling
up, ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women
must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and wa-
ters deep,
And the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining
sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide
went down,
And the women are watching and
wringing their hands,
For those who will never come home
to the town.
For men must work, and women
must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner
to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its
moaning.

Charles Kingsley.

THE HIDDEN MERMAIDS.

SAND, sand, hills of sand,
And the wind where nothing is
Green and sweet of the land—
No grass, no trees,
No birds, no butterfly,
But hills, hills of sand,
And a burning sky.

Sea, sea mounds of the sea,
Hollow and dark and blue,
Flashing incessantly
The whole sea through;
No flower, no jutting root,
Only the floor of the sea
With foam afloat.

Blow, blow windy shells!
And the watery fish,
Deaf to the hidden bells
In the waters plash:
No streaming gold, no eyes
Watching along the waves,
But far-blown shells, faint bells,
From the darkling caves.

“Walter Ramal.”

HOW SWEET I ROAMED.*

How sweet I roam'd from field to
field
And tasted all the summer's pride,
Till I the Prince of Love beheld
Who in the sunny beams did glide!

He shew'd me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair
Where all his golden pleasures
grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings were
wet,
And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays
with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing
And mocks my loss of liberty.

William Blake.

ON ANOTHER'S SORROW.

CAN I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

* Said to have been written when the
Author was under 14 years old.

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child,
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all,
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care;
Hear the woes that infants bear—

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast,
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away;
Oh no! never can it be:
Never, never can it be!

He doth give His joy to all:
He becomes an infant small,
He becomes a man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by:
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

Oh, He who gives to us His joy,
That our grief He may destroy:
Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan.

William Blake.

THE LOST PLAYMATE.

THERE is wind where the rose was,
Cold rain where sweet grass was,
And clouds like sheep
Stream o'er the steep
Grey sky where the lark was.

Nought gold where your hair was;
Nought warm where your hand was;
But phantom, forlorn,
Beneath the thorn
Your ghost where your face was.

Sad winds where your voice was;
Tears, tears, where my heart was;
And ever with me,
Child, ever with me
Silence where hope was.

“Walter Ramal.”

HOLY THURSDAY.

'TWAS on a Holy Thursday, their
innocent faces clean,
The children walking two and two, in
red and blue and green,
Grey-headed beadies walk'd before
with wands as white as snow,
Till into the high dome of Paul's they
like Thames' waters flow.

Oh what a multitude they seem'd,
these flowers of London town;
Seated in companies, they sit with
radiance all their own.
The hum of multitudes was there, but
multitudes of lambs,
Thousands of little boys and girls
raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to
heaven the voice of song,
Or like harmonious thunderings the
seats of heaven among.
Beneath them sit the aged men, wise
guardians of the poor;
Then cherish pity lest you drive an
angel from your door.

William Blake.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO
CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

MUCH have I traveled in the realms of
gold,
And many goodly states and king-
doms seen;
Round many western islands have
I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been
told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as
his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure
serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud
and bold;
Then felt I like some watcher of the
skies
When a new planet swings into his
ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle
eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all
his men
Looked at each other with a wild
surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

John Keats.

JOHN ANDERSON.

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:

Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

Robert Burns.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

THERE dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the River Dee;
He wrought and sang from morn till
night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be,
"I envy no man, no, not I,
And no one envies me!"
"Thou'rt wrong, my friend!" said
old King Hal,
"As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee
sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the King,
Beside the River Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap:
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three.
I owe no one I cannot pay,
I thank the River Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the
corn
To feed my babes and me!"

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed
the while,
"Farewell! and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.

Thy mealy cap is worth my crown;
 Thy mill my kingdom's fee!
 Such men as thou are England's
 boast,
 Oh, miller of the Dee!"

Charles Mackay.

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do you ask what the birds say? The
 sparrow, the dove,
 The linnet, and thrush say, "I love,
 and I love!"
 In the winter they're silent, the wind
 is so strong;
 What it says I don't know, but it
 sings a loud song.
 But green leaves, and blossoms, and
 sunny warm weather,
 And singing and loving—all come
 back together.
 But the lark is so brimful of glad-
 ness and love,
 The green fields below him, the blue
 sky above,
 That he sings, and he sings, and for
 ever sings he,
 "I love my Love, and my Love loves
 me."

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES.

THE night has a thousand eyes,
 And the day but one;
 Yet the light of the bright world dies
 With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
 And the heart but one;
 Yet the light of a whole life dies
 When love is done.

Francis William Bourdillon.

FORBEARANCE.

HAST thou named all the birds with-
 out a gun?
 Loved the wood-rose, and left it on
 its stalk?
 At rich men's tables eaten bread and
 pulse?
 Unarmed, faced danger with a heart
 of trust?
 And loved so well a high behavior,
 In man or maid, that thou from
 speech refrained,
 Nobility more nobly to repay?
 O, be my friend, and teach me to be
 thine!

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
 That serveth not another's will;
 Whose armor is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Not tied unto the world with care
 Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth
 raise
 Or vice; who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given by
 praise;
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumors freed;
 Whose conscience is his strong re-
 treat;
 Whose state can neither flatterers
 feed,
 Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend;

—This man is freed from servile
bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Henry Wotton.

THE NOBLE NATURE.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better
be;
Or standing long an oak, three hun-
dred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and
sear:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that
night,—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties
see,
And in short measures life may per-
fect be.

Ben Jonson.

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner, with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a faulchion from its
sheath,

And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and
bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

“Try not the Pass!” the old man
said,
“Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and
wide!”
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

“O stay!” the maiden said, “and
rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!”
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

“Beware the pine-tree’s withered
branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!”
This was the peasant’s last good-
night!
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow, was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner, with the strange device
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and grey,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,—
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

George Pope Morris.

CONTENTMENT.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That world affords, or grows by
kind:
Though much I want what most men
have,
Yet doth my mind forbid me crave.

Content I live—this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice—
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look—what I lack my mind sup-
plies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth
bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers oft do fall;
I see how those that sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
They get—they toil—they spend with
care:
Such cares my mind could never bear.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly wave my mind can toss;
I brook that is another's pain.
I fear no foe—I scorn no friend:
I dread no death—I fear no end.

Some have too much, yet still they
crave;
I little have, yet seek no more:
They are but poor, though much they
have,
And I am rich—with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give:
They lack, I lend: they pine, I live.

I wish not what I have at will:
I wander not to seek for more:
I like the plain; I climb no hill:
In greatest storm I sit on shore,

And laugh at those that toil in vain,
To gain what must be lost again.
This is my choice; for why—I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

Edward Dyer.

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

MORNING, evening, noon, and night,
“Praise God,” sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned,
By which the daily meal was earned.

Hard he laboured, long and well;
Over his work the boy’s curls fell:

But ever, at each period,
He stopped and sang, “Praise God.”

Then back again his curls he threw,
And cheerful turned to work anew.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, “Well
done;
I doubt not thou art heard, my son.”

“As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God, the Pope’s great
way.

“This Easter Day the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter’s dome.”

Said Theocrite, “Would God that I
Might praise Him, that great way,
and die!”

Night passed, day shone
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures alway,
A thousand years are but a day.

God said in Heaven, “Nor day nor
night
Now brings the voice of my delight.”

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow’s birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth;

Entered in flesh, the empty cell,
Lived there and played the craftsman
well:

And morning, evening, noon and
night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy, to youth he grew;
The man put off the stripling’s hue;

The man matured and fell away
Into the season of decay;

And ever o’er the trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content.

(He did God’s will; to him all one
If on the earth or in the sun.)

God said, “A praise is in my ear:
There is no doubt in it, no fear;

“So sing, old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go.

“Clearer loves sound other ways:
I miss my little human praise.”

Then forth sprang Gabriel’s wings;
off fell

The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

’Twas Easter Day: he flew to Rome,
And paused above Saint Peter’s dome.

In the tiring-room close by
The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite:

And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till on his life the sickness weighed;

And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer:

And rising from the sickness drear
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the East with praise he turned,
And on his right the angel burned.

“I bore thee from thy craftsman’s cell
And set thee here; I did not well.

“Vainly I left my angel’s sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

“Thy voice’s praise seemed weak; it
dropped—
Creation’s chorus stopped!

“Go back and praise again
The early way—while I remain.

“With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up Creation’s pausing strain.

“Back to the cell and poor employ:
Become the craftsman and the boy!”

Theocrite grew old at home;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter’s Dome.

One vanished as the other died:
They sought God side by side.

Robert Browning.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe
increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream
of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight of the
room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in
bloom,

An angel writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben
Adhem bold,

And to the presence in the room he
said,

“What writest thou?” The vision
rais’d his head,

And with a look made of all sweet
accord,

Answer’d, “The names of those who
love the Lord.”

“And is mine one?” said Abou.

“Nay, not so,”

Replied the angel. Abou spoke more
low,

But cheerly still; and said: “I pray
thee then,

Write me as one that loves his fellow
men.”

The angel wrote, and vanish’d. The
next night

It came again with a great wakening
light,

And show’d the names whom love of
God had bless’d

And lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all
the rest.

Leigh Hunt.

WOLSEY.

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a
tear

In all my miseries; but thou hast
forced me

Out of thy honest truth to play the
woman.

Let’s dry our eyes; and thus far hear
me, Cromwell;

And—when I am forgotten, as I shall
be,

And sleep in dull cold marble, where
no mention

Of me more must be heard of,—say, I
taught thee;

Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways
 of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals
 of honour,—
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to
 rise in;
 A sure and safe one, though thy
 master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that
 ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away
 ambition;
 By that sin fell the angels; how can
 man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win
 by't?
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts
 that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more than hon-
 esty.
 Still to thy right hand carry gentle
 peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just
 and fear not;
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy
 country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou
 fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!

William Shakespeare.

MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strained;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from
 heaven
 Upon the place beneath: it is twice
 blessed;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him
 that takes:
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it
 becomes
 The throned monarch better than his
 crown:
 His sceptre shows the force of tem-
 poral power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear
 of kings;
 But mercy is above the sceptred sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God Himself;
 And earthly power doth then show
 likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. There-
 fore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider
 this,
 That, in the course of justice, none of
 us
 Should see salvation. We do pray for
 mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us
 all to render
 The deeds of mercy.

William Shakespeare.

PACK CLOUDS AWAY.

PACK, clouds, away! and welcome,
 day!
 With night we banish sorrow:
 Sweet air, blow soft! mount, lark,
 aloft!
 To give my Love good-morrow;
 Wings from the wind, to please her
 mind,
 Notes from the lark I'll borrow.
 Bird, prune thy wing! nightingale,
 sing!
 To give my Love good-morrow.
 To give my Love good-morrow,
 Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast!
 Sing, birds, in every furrow!
 And from each hill let music shrill
 Give my fair Love good-morrow.
 Blackbird and thrush, in every bush—
 Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,

You pretty elves—amongst yourselves
Sing my fair Love good-morrow!
To give my Love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow!

Thomas Heywood.

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD.

HOME they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry;
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet, my child, I live for thee."

Alfred Tennyson.

THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE.

TRAMPLE! trample! went the roan,
Trap! trap! went the gray;
But pad! *pad!* PAD! like a thing that
was mad,
My chestnut broke away.
It was just five miles from Salisbury
town,
And but one hour to day.

Thud! THUD! came on the heavy roan,
Rap! RAP! the mettled gray;
But my chestnut mare was of blood
so rare,

That she showed them all the way.
Spur on! spur on!—I doffed my hat,
And wished them all good-day.

They splashed through miry rut and
pool,—
Splintered through fence and rail;
But chestnut Kate switched over the
gate,—
I saw them droop and tail.
To Salisbury town—but a mile of
down,
Once over this brook and rail.

Trap! trap! I heard their echoing
hoofs
Past the walls of mossy stone;
The roan flew on at a staggering pace,
But blood is better than bone.
I patted old Kate, and gave her the
spur,
For I knew it was all my own.

But trample! trample! came their
steeds,
And I saw their wolf's eyes burn;
I felt like a royal hart at bay,
And made me ready to turn.
I looked where highest grew the May,
And deepest arched the fern.

I flew at the first knave's sallow
throat;
One blow, and he was down.
The second rogue fired twice, and
missed;
I sliced the villain's crown,—
Clove through the rest, and flogged
brave Kate,
Fast, fast to Salisbury town!

Pad! pad! they came on the level
sword,
Thud! thud! upon the sand,—

With a gleam of swords and a burn-
ing match,
And a shaking of flag and hand;
But one long bound, and I passed the
gate,
Safe from the canting band.

Walter Thornbury.

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT.

A Hindoo Fable.

It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The *First* approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
“God bless me! but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!”

The *Second*, feeling of the tusk,
Cried, “Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me ’tis mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!”

The *Third* approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
“I see,” quoth he, “the Elephant
Is very like a snake!”

The *Fourth* reached out an eager
hand,
And felt about the knee.
“What most this wondrous beast is
like

Is mighty plain,” quoth he;
“’Tis clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!”

The *Fifth* who chanced to touch the
ear,
Said: “E’en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!”

The *Sixth* no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
“I see,” quoth he, “the Elephant
Is very like a rope!”

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right
And all were in the wrong!

MORAL

So oft in theologic wars,
The disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
And prate about an Elephant
Not one of them has seen!

John Godfrey Saxe.

THE EARTH AND MAN.

A LITTLE sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the
west—
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountain’s
breast.

So simple is the earth we tread,
 So quick with love and life her
 frame:
 Ten thousand years have dawned and
 fled,
 And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
 A soft impulse, a sudden dream—
 And life as dry as desert dust
 Is fresher than a mountain stream.

So simple is the heart of man,
 So ready for new hope and joy:
 Ten thousand years since it began
 Have left it younger than a boy.

Stopford Augustus Brooke.

THE ORPHAN'S SONG.

I HAD a little bird,
 I took it from the nest;
 I prest it and blest it,
 And nurst it in my breast.

I set it on the ground,
 I danced round and round,
 And sang about it so cheerly,
 With "Hey, my little bird, and ho!
 my little bird,
 And oh! but I love thee dearly!"

I make a little feast
 Of food soft and sweet,
 I hold it in my breast,
 And coax it to eat;

I pit, and I pat,
 I call this and that,
 And I sing about so cheerly,
 With "Hey, my little bird, and ho!
 my little bird,
 And ho! but I love thee dearly."

Sydney Dobell.

YOUNG AND OLD.

From "The Water Babies."

WHEN all the world is young, lad,
 And all the trees are green;
 And every goose a swan, lad,
 And every lass a queen;
 Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
 And round the world away;
 Young blood must have its course, lad,
 And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
 And all the trees are brown;
 And all the sport is stale, lad,
 And all the wheels run down:
 Creep home, and take your place
 there,
 The spent and maimed among:
 God grant you find one face there
 You loved when all was young.

Charles Kingsley.

THE PILGRIM.

WHO would true valour see,
 Let him come hither!
 One here will constant be,
 Come wind, come weather;
 There's no discouragement
 Shall make him once relent
 His flint-avow'd intent
 To be a Pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
 With dismal stories,
 Do but themselves confound;
 His strength the more is.
 No lion can him fright;
 He'll with a giant fight;
 But he will have a right
 To be a Pilgrim.

Nor enemy, nor friend,
 Can daunt his spirit;
 He knows he at the end
 Shall Life inherit:—

Then, fancies, fly away;
He'll not fear what men say;
He'll labour, night and day,
To be a Pilgrim.

John Bunyan.

THE DREAMER.

BRING not bright candles, for her eyes
In twilight have sweet company;
Bring not bright candles else they fly,
Her phantoms fly,
Gazing aggrieved on thee.

Bring not bright candles; startle not
The phantoms of a vacant room
Flocking above a child that dreams—
Deep, deep, in dreams,
Hid in the gathering gloom.

Bring not bright candles to those eyes
That between earth and stars de-
sery,
Lovelier for the shadows there,
Children of air,
Palaces in the sky.

“Walter Ramal.”

IF I HAD BUT TWO LITTLE
WINGS.

If I had but two little wings
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly:
I'm always with you in my sleep!
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch
bids:

So I love to wake ere break of day:
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet while 'tis dark, one shuts one's
lids,

And still dreams on.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

From “The Autocrat of the Breakfast
Table.”

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets
feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled
wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren
sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun
their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more un-
furl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont
to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing
shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless
crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for
the new,
Stole with soft step its shining arch-
way through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and
knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message
 brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap, forlorn!
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is
 born
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd
 horn!
 While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I
 hear a voice that sings—

Build thee more stately mansions, O
 my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the
 last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome
 more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's
 unresting sea!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN.

SOULS of Poets dead and gone,
 What Elysium have ye known,
 Happy field or mossy cavern,
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
 Have ye tippled drink more fine
 Than mine host's Canary wine?
 Or are fruits of Paradise
 Sweeter than those dainty pies
 Of venison? O generous food!
 Dressed as though bold Robin Hood
 Would, with his Maid Marian,
 Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
 Mine host's sign-board flew away
 Nobody knew whither, till
 An Astrologer's old quill

To a sheepskin gave the story,—
 Said he saw you in your glory,
 Underneath a new-old Sign
 Sipping beverage divine,
 And pledging with contented smack
 The Mermaid in the Zodiac!

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
 What Elysium have ye known—
 Happy field or mossy cavern—
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

John Keats.

THE BELLS.

I.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
 Silver bells!
 What a world of merriment their
 melody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinabulation that so mu-
 sically swells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 From the jingling and the tinkling
 of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
 Golden bells!
 What a world of happiness their
 harmony fortells!
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight!—
 From the molten golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats

To the turtle-dove that listens, while
she gloats

On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony volumi-
nously wells!

How it swells

How it dwells

On the Future; how it tells

Of the rapture that impels

To the swinging and the ringing

Of the bells, bells, bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—

To the rhyming and the chiming of
the bells!

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells—

Brazen bells!

What a tale of terror now, their tur-
bulency tells;

In the startled air of night

How they scream out their af-
fright!

Too much horrified to speak

They can only shriek, shriek,

Out of tune,

In the clamorous appealing to the
mercy of the fire,

In the mad expostulation with the
deaf and frantic fire.

Leaping higher, higher, higher,

With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavour

Now—now to sit or never,

By the side of the pale-faced moon,

Oh, the bells, bells, bells!

What a tale their tenor tells
of Despair!

How they clang and crash and roar!

What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air!

Yet the air it fully knows,

By the twanging,

And the clanging,

How the danger ebbs and flows;

Yet the air distinctly tells,

In the jangling,

And the wrangling,

How the danger sinks and swells,

By the sinking or the swelling in the
anger of the bells—

Of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—

In the clamor and the clangor of the
bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—

Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their
melody compels!

In the silence of the night,

How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their
tone!

For every sound that floats

From the rust within their throats

Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people—

They that dwell up in the steeple,

All alone.

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,

In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in the rolling

On the human heart a stone—

They are neither man nor woman—

They are neither brute nor human—

They are Ghouls:

And their king it is who tolls;

And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls.

A pæan from the bells!

And his merry bosom swells

With the pæan from the bells!

And he dances and he yells;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the throbbing of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells—

To the sobbing of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the moaning and the groaning of
 the bells.

Edgar Allan Poe.

ULYSSES.

(Extracts)

* * * * *

THERE lies the port; the vessel puffs
 her sail:
 There gloom the dark, broad seas. My
 mariners,
 Souls that have toiled, and wrought,
 and thought with me—
 That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and
 opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and
 I are old;
 Old age hath yet his honor and his
 toil;
 Death closes all: but something ere
 the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be
 done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with
 gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the
 rocks:
 The long day wanes: the slow moon
 climbs: the deep
 Moans round with many voices. Come,
 my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order
 smite

The sounding furrows; for my pur-
 pose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the
 baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us
 down:
 It may be we shall touch the Happy
 Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we
 knew.
 Though much is taken, much abides;
 and though
 We are not now that strength which
 in old days
 Moved earth and heaven; that which
 we are, we are;—
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but
 strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to
 yield.

Alfred Tennyson.

KUBLA KHAN.

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree:
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea.
 So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled
 round:
 And there were gardens bright with
 sinuous rills
 Where blossomed many an incense-
 bearing tree;
 And here were forests ancient as the
 hills,
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.
 But oh! that deep romantic chasm
 which slanted
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn
 cover!
 A savage place! as holy and enchanted

As e'er beneath a waning moon was
 haunted
 By woman wailing for her demon-
 lover!
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless
 turmoil seething,
 As if this earth in fast thick pants
 were breathing,
 A mighty fountain momentarily was
 forced:
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted
 burst
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebound-
 ing hail,
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's
 flail:
 And 'mid these dancing rocks at once
 and ever
 It flung up momentarily the sacred river,
 Five miles meandering with a mazy
 motion
 Through wood and dale the sacred
 river ran,
 Then reached the caverns measureless
 to man,
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard
 from far
 Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Floated midway on the waves;
 Where was heard the mingled
 measure
 From the fountain and the caves.
 It was a miracle of rare device,
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of
 ice!
 A damsel with a dulcimer
 In a vision once I saw:
 It was an Abyssinian maid,
 And on her dulcimer she played,
 Singing of Mount Abora.
 Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,
 To such a deep delight 'twould
 win me

That with music loud and long,
 I would build that dome in air,
 That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
 And all who heard should see them
 there,
 And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
 Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

THE HAUNTED PALACE.

IN the greenest of our valleys,
 By good angels tenanted,
 Once a fair and stately palace—
 Radiant palace—reared its head.
 In the monarch Thought's dominion—
 It stood there!
 Never seraph spread a pinion
 Over fabric half so fair.
 Banner yellow, glorious, golden,
 On its roof did float and flow;
 (This—all this—was in the olden
 Time long ago)
 And every gentle air that dallied,
 In that sweet day,
 Along the ramparts plumed and
 pallid,
 A wingèd odour went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley
 Through two luminous windows saw
 Spirits moving musically
 To the lute's well-tunèd law,
 Round about a throne were sitting
 (Porphyrogene!)
 In state his glory well befitting,
 The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
 Was the fair palace door,
 Through which came flowing, flowing,
 flowing,
 And sparkling evermore,

A troup of Echoes whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate;
(Ah! let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home, the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers now within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows, see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While like a rapid ghastly river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

Edgar Allan Poe.

L'ALLEGRO.

(Extracts)

* * * * *

HASTE thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and Wreathèd
Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unprovèd pleasures free;

To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
Or the twisted Eglantine.

While the Cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the Barn-door,
Stoutly struts his Dames before,
Oft listening how the Hounds and
horn

Clearly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some Hoar Hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Some time walking not unseen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks
green,

Right against the Eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and Amber light,
The clouds in thousand Liveries dight.
While the Plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the Furrowed Land,
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorne in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new
pleasures

Whilst the Landscape round it meas-
ures,

Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest:
Meadows trim with Daisies pied,
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.
Towers, and Battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted Trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighboring eyes.
Hard by a Cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged Oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,

Are at their savory dinner set
 Of Herbs, and other Country Messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis
 dresses;
 And then in haste her Bower she
 leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the Sheaves;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tanned Haycock in the Mead.
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The up-land Hamlets will invite,
 When the merry Bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the Chequered shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a Sunshine Holyday,
 Till the live-long day-light fail;
 Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How Faery Mab the junkets eat.
 She was pinched, and pulled she said;
 And he, by Friar's Lantern led,
 Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,
 To earn his Cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of
 morn,
 His shadowy Flail hath threshed the
 Corn,
 That ten day-laborers could not end;
 Then lies him down the Lubbar Fiend,
 And stretched out all the Chimney's
 length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And Crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first Cock his Matin rings.
 Thus done the Tales, to bed they creep
 By whispering Winds soon lulled
 asleep.

Towered Cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of Knights and Barons
 bold,
 In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of Ladies, whose bright
 eyes

Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
 To win her Grace, whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique Pageantry,
 Such sights as youthful Poets dream
 On Summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learnèd Sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's
 child,
 Warble his native Wood-notes wild;
 And ever, against eating Cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian Airs,
 Married to immortal verse
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cun-
 ning,
 The melting voice through mazes run-
 ning;
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his
 head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the
 ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regained Eurydice.
 These delights, if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

John Milton.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the
 green holly;
 Most friendship is feigning, most lov-
 ing mere folly:
 Then, heigh, ho, the holly!
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot:
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friends remember'd not.
 Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! etc.

William Shakespeare.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.*

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields
 with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with at-
 tire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him
 shade
 In winter fire.

Blest who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days and years slide soft
 away.
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
 Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
 And innocence, which most does
 please,
 With meditation.

* Written when the Author was about
 twelve years old.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

Alexander Pope.

O FOR A MOON TO LIGHT ME HOME.

O FOR a moon to light me home!
 O for a lanthorn green!
 For those sweet stars the Pleiades,
 That glitter in the twilight trees;
 O for a lovelorn taper! O
 For a lanthorn green!

O for a frock of tartan!
 O for clear, wild, grey eyes!
 For fingers light as violets,
 'Neath branches that the blackbird
 frets;
 O for a thistly meadow! O
 For clear, wild grey eyes.

O for a heart like almond boughs!
 O for sweet thoughts like rain!
 O for first-love like fields of grey,
 Shut April—buds at break of day!
 O for sleep like music!
 For still dreams like rain!

“Walter Ramal.”

PEACE BE AROUND THEE.

PEACE be around thee, wherever thou
 rov'st;
 May life be for thee one summer's
 day,
 And all that thou wishest, and all that
 thou lov'st,
 Come smiling around thy sunny
 way!
 If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
 May even thy tears pass off so
 lightly,

Like spring-flowers, they'll only make
The smiles that follow shine more
brightly.

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er
all,

And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er thee let years so gently fall,
They shall not crush one flower be-
neath.

As half in shade and half in sun
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun's upon,
Be all that e'er shall meet thy
glances!

Thomas Moore.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

OFT in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

Thomas Moore.

**FULL FATHOM FIVE THY
FATHER LIES.**

FULL fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls, that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them—ding, dong,
dell.

Burden, Ding-dong.

William Shakespeare.

**THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE, OR
THE WONDERFUL "ONE-
HOSS SHAY."**

A Logical Story.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-
hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then of a sudden, it—ah, but
stay,
I'll tell you what happened without
delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their
wits,—
Have you heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German
hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her
down,
And Braddock's army was done so
brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss
shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you
 what,
 There is always *somewhere* a weakest
 spot,—
 In hub, tire, fellow, in spring or thill,
 In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
 In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurk-
 ing still,
 Find it somewhere you must and
 will,—
 Above or below, or within or with-
 out,—
 And that's the reason, beyond a
 doubt,
 That a chaise *breaks down*, but
 doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
 With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell
 yeou")
 He would build one shay to beat the
 taown
 'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry
 raoun';
 It should be so built that it *couldn'*
 break daown:
 "Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's
 mighty plain
 Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the
 strain;
 'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
 Is only jest
 T' make that place uz strong uz the
 rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village
 folk
 Where he could find the strongest oak,
 That couldn't be split nor bent nor
 broke,—
 That was for spokes and floor and
 sills;
 He sent for lancewood to make the
 thills;
 The crossbars were ash, from the
 straightest trees,

The panels of white-wood, that cuts
 like cheese,
 But lasts like iron for things like
 these;
 The hubs of logs from the "Settler's
 ellum,"—
 Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell
 'em,
 Never an axe had seen their chips,
 And the wedges flew from between
 their lips,
 Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-
 tips;
 Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
 Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
 Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
 Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and
 wide;
 Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
 Found in the pit when the tanner
 died.
 That was the way he "put her
 through."
 "There!" said the Deacon, "naow
 she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
 She was a wonder, and nothing less!
 Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
 Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
 Children and grandchildren—where
 were they?
 But there stood the stout old one-hoss
 shay
 As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-
 day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and
 found
 The Deacon's masterpiece strong and
 sound.
 Eighteen hundred increased by ten;
 "Hahnsum kerridge" they called it
 then.
 Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
 Running as usual; much the same.

Thirty and Forty at last arrive,
And then come Fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth
year
Without both feeling and looking
queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its
youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and
truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra
charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the Earth-
quake-day,—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss
shay.
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's
art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to
start.
For the wheels were just as strong as
the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as
the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the
floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor
more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the
fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss
shay,

Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked
bay.
“Huddup!” said the parson.—Off
went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's
text,—
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped per-
plexed
At what the—Moses—was coming
next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill;
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a
spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a
rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house
clock,—
Just the hour of the Earthquake
shock!
What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or
mound,
As if it had been to the mill and
ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a
dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

OLD GRIMES.

OLD Grimes is dead; that good old
man
We never shall see more:
He used to wear a long black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
 His feelings all were true;
 His hair was some inclined to gray—
 He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
 His breast with pity burned;
 The large, round head upon his cane
 From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all;
 He knew no base design:
 His eyes were dark and rather small,
 His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
 In friendship he was true;
 His coat had pocket-holes behind,
 His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pol-
 lutes
 He passed securely o'er,
 And never wore a pair of boots
 For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
 Nor fears misfortune's frown:
 He wore a double-breasted vest—
 The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
 And pay it its desert:
 He had no malice in his mind,
 No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse—
 Was sociable and gay:
 He wore large buckles on his shoes,
 And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
 He did not bring to view,
 Nor made a noise, town-meeting days,
 As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
 In trust to fortune's chances,
 But lived (as all his brothers do)
 In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
 His peaceful moments ran;
 And everybody said he was
 A fine old gentleman.

Albert Gorton Greene.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting
 day,
 The lowing herds wind slowly o'er
 the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his
 weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness
 and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape
 on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness
 holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his
 droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the dis-
 tant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled
 tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon
 complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret
 bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew
 tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a
 mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet
 sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing
morn,
The swallow twittering from the
straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echo-
ing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their
lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth
shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening
care:
No children run to lisp their sire's
return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss
to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle
yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe
has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team
a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their
sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful
toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny ob-
scure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful
smile
The short and simple annals of the
poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of
power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth
ere gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the
grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these
the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no
trophies raise,

Where through the long-drawn aisle
and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note
of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting
breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent
dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear
of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with
celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might
have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample
page
Rich with the spoils of time did
ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble
rage,
And froze the genial current of the
soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray
serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean
bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush
unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the
desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with
dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields with-
stood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here
may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his
country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to
 command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to
 despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's
 eyes.

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed
 alone
 Their growing virtues, but their
 crimes confined;
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to
 a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on
 mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious
 truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous
 shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and
 Pride,
 With incense kindled at the Muse's
 flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ig-
 noble strife
 Their sober wishes never learned to
 stray,
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of
 their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to
 protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected
 nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless
 sculpture decked
 Implores the passing tribute of a
 sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the
 unlettered Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply:

And many a holy text around she
 strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to
 die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a
 prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er
 resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheer-
 ful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look
 behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul
 relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye
 requires;
 Even from the tomb the voice of na-
 ture cries,
 Even in our ashes live their wonted
 fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the un-
 honoured dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale
 relate;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation
 led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire
 thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may
 say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep
 of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dew
 away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland
 lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding
 beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots
 so high,

His listless length at noontide would
he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that
babbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as
in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he
would rove;
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one
forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in
hopeless love.

“One morn I missed him on the ’cus-
tomed hill,
Along the heath and near his fa-
vourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood
was he;

“The next, with dirges due in sad
array
Slow through the church-way path
we saw him borne;
Approach and read (for thou canst
read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon
aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of
Earth,
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame
unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his hum-
ble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for
her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul
sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely
send:

He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven (’twas all
he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their
dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope
repose),
The bosom of his Father and his
God.

Thomas Gray.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could
utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman’s boy,
That he shouts with his sister at
play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the
bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish’d
hand,
And the sound of a voice that is
still.

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is
dead
Will never come back to me.

Alfred Tennyson.

A FAREWELL.

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver;
No more by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
 A rivulet then a river;
 Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,
 For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,
 And here thine aspen shiver;
 And here by thee will hum the bee
 For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
 A thousand moons will quiver;
 But not by thee my steps shall be,
 For ever and for ever.

Alfred Tennyson.

RING OUT WILD BELLS.

RING out wild bells to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light;
 The year is dying in the night;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
 The year is going, let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
 For those that here we see no more;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful
 rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and
 blood,
 The civic slander and the spite;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
 Ring out the narrowing lust of
 gold;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Alfred Tennyson.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

THE world is too much with us; late
 and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste
 our powers:
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sor-
 did boon!
 This sea that bares her bosom to the
 moon,
 The winds that will be howling at all
 hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleep-
 ing flowers;
 For this, for everything, we are out of
 tune;
 It moves us not.—Great God! I'd
 rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant
 lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me
 less forlorn;

Have sight of Proteus rising from the
sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd
horn.

William Wordsworth.

**SONNET COMPOSED UPON
WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.**

September 3, 1802.

EARTH has not anything to show more
fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could
pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment,
wear
The beauty of the morning; silent,
bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and
temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smoke-
less air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or
hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so
deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet
will:
Dear God! the very houses seem
asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying
still!

William Wordsworth.

THE INVITATION.

BEST and brightest, come away,—
Fairer far than this fair Day,
Which, like thee, to those in sorrow
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
To the rough year just awake
In its cradle on the brake.
The brightest hour of unborn Spring
Through the winter wandering,
Found, it seems, the halcyon morn

To hoar February born;
Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth,
It kiss'd the forehead of the earth,
And smiled upon the silent sea,
And bade the frozen streams be free,
And waked to music all their foun-
tains,
And breathed upon the frozen moun-
tains,
And like the prophetess of May
Strew'd flowers upon the barren way,
Making the wintry world appear
Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

Away, away, from men and towns,
To the wild wood and the downs—
To the silent wilderness
Where the soul need not repress
Its music, lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of Nature's art
Harmonizes heart to heart.

Radiant Sister of the Day
Awake! arise! and come away!
To the wild woods and the plains,
To the pools where winter rains
Image all their roofs of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves
Of sapless green, and ivy dun,
Round stems that never kiss the sun;
Where the lawns and pastures be
And the sandhills of the sea;
Where the melting hoar-frost wets
The daisy-star that never sets,
And wind-flowers and violets
Which yet join not scent to hue
Crown the pale year weak and new;
When the night is left behind
In the deep east, dim and blind,
And the blue moon is over us,
And the multitudinous
Billows murmur at our feet,
Where the earth and ocean meet,
And all things seem only one
In the universal Sun.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

A THING OF BEAUTY.

(From *Endymion*.)

A THING of beauty is a joy forever :
 Its love increases ; it will never
 Pass into nothingness ; but still will
 keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and
 quiet breathing.
 Therefore, on every morrow, we are
 wreathing
 A flowery band to bind us to the
 earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman
 dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-dark-
 en'd ways
 Made for our searching : yea, in spite
 of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away the
 pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun,
 the moon,
 Trees old and young, sprouting a
 shady boon
 For simple sheep ; and such are daffo-
 dils
 With the green world they live in ;
 and clear rills
 That for themselves a cooling covert
 make
 'Gainst the hot season ; the mid forest
 brake,
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-
 rose blooms :
 And such too is the grandeur of the
 dooms
 We have imagined for the mighty
 dead ;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or
 read :
 An endless fountain of immortal
 drink,
 Pouring into us from the heaven's
 brink.

John Keats.

WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY.

To thee, fair freedom ! I retire
 From flattery, cards, and dice, and
 din ;
 Nor art thou found in mansions
 higher
 Than the low cot, or humble inn.
 'Tis here with boundless power I
 reign ;
 And every health which I begin,
 Converts dull port to bright cham-
 pagne ;
 Such freedom crowns it, at an inn.
 I fly from pomp, I fly from plate !
 I fly from falsehood's specious grin !
 Freedom I love, and form I hate,
 And choose my lodgings at an inn.
 Here, waiter ! take my sordid ore,
 Which lackeys else might hope to
 win ;
 It buys, what courts have not in store ;
 It buys me freedom at an inn.
 Whoe'er has traveled life's dull
 round,
 Where'er his stages may have been,
 May sigh to think he still has found
 The warmest welcome, at an inn.
 William Shenstone.

THE DEAREST POETS.

WERE I to name, out of the times
 gone by,
 The poets dearest to me, I should say,
 Pulci for spirits, and a fine, free way ;
 Chaucer for manners, and close, silent
 eye ;
 Milton for classic taste, and harp
 strung high ;
 Spenser for luxury, and sweet, sylvan
 play ;
 Horace for chatting with, from day to
 day ;

Shakespeare for all, but most, society.
But which take with me, could I take
but one?

Shakespeare,—as long as I was un-
oppressed

With the world's weight, making sad
thoughts intenser;

But did I wish, out of the common sun
To lay a wounded heart in leafy rest,
And dream of things far off and heal-
ing,—Spenser.

Leigh Hunt.

TWILIGHT AT SEA.

THE twilight hours, like birds, flew by,
As lightly and as free,

Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand on the sea;

For every wave, with dimpled face,
That leaped upon the air,

Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there.

Amelia Coppuck Welby.

NATURE.

O NATURE! I do not aspire
To be the highest in thy choir,—
To be a meteor in thy sky,
Or comet that may range on high;
Only a zephyr that may blow
Among the reeds by the river low;
Give me thy most privy place
Where to run my airy race.

In some withdrawn, unpublic mead
Let me sigh upon a reed,
Or in the woods, with leafy din,
Whisper the still evening in:
Some still work give me to do,—
Only—be it near to you!

For I'd rather be thy child
And pupil, in the forest wild,

Than be the king of men elsewhere,
And most sovereign slave of care;
To have one moment of thy dawn,
Than share the city's year forlorn.

Henry David Thoreau.

SPRING SONG IN THE CITY.

WHO remains in London,
In the streets with me,
Now that Spring is blowing
Warm winds from the sea;
Now that trees grow green and tall,
Now the sun shines mellow,
And with moist primroses all
English lanes are yellow?

Little barefoot maiden,
Selling violets blue,
Hast thou ever pictured
Where the sweetlings grew?
Oh, the warm wild woodland ways,
Deep in dewy grasses,
Where the wind-blown shadow strays,
Scented as it passes!

Peddler breathing deeply,
Toiling into town,
With the dusty highway
You are dusky brown;
Hast thou seen by daisied leas,
And by rivers flowing,
Lilac-ringlets which the breeze
Loosens lightly blowing?

Out of yonder wagon
Pleasant hay-scents float,
He who drives it carries
A daisy in his coat:
Oh, the English meadows, fair
Far beyond all praises!
Freckled orchids everywhere
Mid the snow of daisies!

Now in busy silence
 Broods the nightingale,
 Choosing his love's dwelling
 In a dimpled dale;
 Round the leafy bower they raise
 Rose-trees wild are springing;
 Underneath, through the green haze,
 Bounds the brooklet singing.

And his love is silent
 As a bird can be,
 For the red buds only
 Fill the red rose-tree;
 Just as buds and blossoms blow
 He'll begin his tune,
 When all is green and roses glow
 Underneath the moon.

Nowhere in the valleys
 Will the wind be still,
 Everything is waving,
 Wagging at his will:
 Blows the milkmaid's kirtle clean
 With her hand pressed on it;
 Lightly o'er the hedge so green
 Blows the plowboy's bonnet.

Oh, to be a-roaming
 In an English dell!
 Every nook is wealthy,
 All the world looks well,
 Tinted soft the Heavens glow,
 Over Earth and Ocean,
 Waters flow, breezes blow,
 All is light and motion!

Robert Buchanan.

IN CITY STREETS.

YONDER in the heather there's a bed
 for sleeping,
 Drink for one athirst, ripe black-
 berries to eat;
 Yonder in the sun the merry hares go
 leaping,
 And the pool is clear for travel-
 wearied feet.

Sorely throb my feet, a-tramping
 London highways,
 (Ah! the springy moss upon a
 northern moor!)
 Through the endless streets, the
 gloomy squares and byways,
 Homeless in the City, poor among
 the poor!

London streets are gold—ah, give me
 leaves a-glinting
 'Midst gray dikes and hedges in the
 autumn sun!
 London water's wine, poured out for
 all unstinting—
 God! For the little brooks that
 tumble as they run!

Oh, my heart is fain to hear the soft
 wind blowing,
 Soughing through the fir-tops up
 on northern fells!
 Oh, my eye's an ache to see the brown
 burns flowing
 Through the peaty soil and tinkling
 heather-bells.

Ada Smith.

THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS.

WEST wind, blow from your prairie
 nest,
 Blow from the mountains, blow from
 the west.
 The sail is idle, the sailor too;
 O wind of the west, we wait for you!
 Blow, blow!
 I have wooed you so,
 But never a favor you bestow.
 You rock your cradle the hills be-
 tween,
 But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail and unship the mast:
 I wooed you long, but my wooing's
 past;
 My paddle will lull you into rest:
 O drowsy wind of the drowsy west,

Sleep, sleep!
 By your mountains steep,
 Or down where the prairie grasses
 sweep,
 Now fold in slumber your laggard
 wings,
 For soft is the song my paddle sings.

Be strong, O paddle! be brave, canoe!
 The reckless waves you must plunge
 into.
 Reel, reel,
 On your trembling keel,
 But never a fear my craft will feel.

We've raced the rapids; we're far
 ahead:
 The river slips through its silent bed.
 Sway, sway,
 As the bubbles spray
 And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,
 A fir tree rocking its lullaby
 Swings, swings,
 Its emerald wings,
 Swelling the song that my paddle
 sings.

E. Pauline Johnson.

THE QUIET LIFE.

WHAT pleasure have great princes
 More dainty to their choice
 Than herdsmen wild, who careless
 In quiet life rejoice,
 And fortune's fate not fearing
 Sing sweet in summer morning?

Their dealings plain and rightful,
 Are void of all deceit;
 They never know how spiteful
 It is to kneel and wait
 On favorite, presumptuous,
 Whose pride is vain and sumptuous.

All day their flocks each tendeth;
 At night, they take their rest;
 More quiet than who sendeth
 His ship unto the East,
 Where gold and pearl are plenty;
 But getting, very dainty.

For lawyers and their pleading,
 They 'steem it not a straw;
 They think that honest meaning
 Is of itself a law:
 Whence conscience judgeth plainly,
 They spend no money vainly.

O happy who thus liveth!
 Not caring much for gold;
 With clothing which sufficeth
 To keep him from the cold.
 Though poor and plain his diet
 Yet merry it is, and quiet.

William Byrd.

A STRIP OF BLUE.

I do not own an inch of land,
 But all I see is mine,—
 The orchards and the mowing-fields,
 The lawns and gardens fine.
 The winds my tax-collectors are,
 They bring me tithes divine,—
 Wild scents and subtle essences,
 A tribute rare and free;
 And, more magnificent than all,
 My window keeps for me
 A glimpse of blue immensity,—
 A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
 Great fleets and argosies;
 I have a share in every ship
 Won by the inland breeze
 To loiter on yon airy road
 Above the apple-trees.
 I freight them with my untold
 dreams;
 Each bears my own picked crew;

And nobler cargoes wait for them
 Than ever India knew,—
 My ships that sail into the East
 Across that outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living
 shapes,—
 The people of the sky,—
 Guests in white raiment coming down
 From Heaven, which is close by;
 I call them by familiar names,
 As one by one draws nigh,
 So white, so light, so spirit-like,
 From violet mists they bloom!
 The aching wastes of the unknown
 Are half reclaimed from gloom,
 Since on life's hospitable sea
 All souls find sailing-room.

The ocean grows a weariness
 With nothing else in sight;
 Its east and west, its north and south,
 Spread out from morn to night;
 We miss the warm, caressing shore,
 Its brooding shade and light.
 A part is greater than the whole;
 By hints are mysteries told.
 The fringes of eternity,—
 God's sweeping garment-fold,
 In that bright shred of glittering sea,
 I reach out for, and hold.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
 Float in upon the mist;
 The waves are broken precious
 stones,—
 Sapphire and amethyst,
 Washed from celestial basement walls
 By suns unsetting kissed.
 Out through the utmost gates of space,
 Past where the gray stars drift,
 To the widening Infinite, my soul
 Glides on, a vessel swift;
 Yet loses not her anchorage
 In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child:
 The threshold of God's door
 Is that clear band of chrysoprase;
 Now the vast temple floor,
 The blinding glory of the dome
 I bow my head before:
 Thy universe, O God, is home,
 In height or depth, to me;
 Yet here upon thy footstool green
 Content am I to be;
 Glad, when is opened unto my need
 Some sea-like glimpse of Thee.

Lucy Larcom.

THE COUNTRY FAITH.

HERE in the country's heart,
 Where the grass is green,
 Life is the same sweet life
 As it e'er hath been.

Trust in a God still lives,
 And the bell at morn
 Floats with a thought of God
 O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the rain,
 And the crop grows tall—
 This is the country faith
 And best of all!

Norman Gale.

SHAKESPEARE.

OTHERS abide our question. Thou art
 free.
 We ask and ask—Thou smilest and
 art still,
 Out-topping knowledge. For the lofti-
 est hill,
 Who to the stars uncrowns his
 majesty,
 Planting his steadfast footsteps in the
 sea,
 Making the heaven of heavens his
 dwelling-place,

Spares but the cloudy border of his
base
To the foiled searching of mortality;
And thou, who didst the stars and
sunbeams know,
Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-hon-
ored, self-secure,
Didst tread on earth unguessed at.—
Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must
endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs
which bow,
Find their sole speech in that victori-
ous brow.

Matthew Arnold.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF SHAKES-
PEARE PREFIXED TO THE
FIRST FOLIO EDITION, 1623.

THIS figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature to outdo the life:
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then sur-
pass
All that was ever writ in brass.
But since he cannot, Reader, look
Not at his picture, but his book.

Ben Jonson.

REQUIEM.

UNDER the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the
hill.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

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